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A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,

FOR

Camp Meetings, Revivals, &c.

FOR THE USE OF THE

✓
PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

~~~~~  
BY

HUGH BOURNE.  
~~~~~

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MDCCCXLIV.

## ON WORSHIP IN THE OPEN AIR, AND CAMP MEETINGS

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WORSHIP in the open air commenced with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, when in a state of innocence.

After the fall of man, worship by sacrifice was instituted, which must, of course, be in the open air. Noah, Job, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, celebrated worship in the open presence of heaven. So also did the children of Israel at Mount Sinai, and it was established by the hand of Moses.

In the Promised Land, the ten thousands of Israel regularly celebrated the worship of God in the open air.

Our Lord Jesus Christ carried on religious services in the open air, and his apostles followed the example.

Sometime about the year 1801, or 1802, Camp Meetings were begun in the United States of North America. They soon rose to a great height, and have been attended with great success. It is believed that as many souls have been brought to God in America, by means of Camp Meetings, as by all other means put together.

In England, the first religious meeting ever known to bear the title of "A CAMP MEETING," was held on Sunday, May 31, 1807, upon Mow, a large mountain running between Staffordshire and Cheshire.

A day's praying upon Mow was first proposed in 1801. The thought simply arose from a zeal for praying, which had recently sprung up in that neighbourhood. But the thing was not carried into effect till May 31, 1807, since which time the English CAMP MEETINGS have got an establishment.

It is a striking circumstance, that the thought which led to these meetings should, without any communication, arise in two nations nearly at the same time.

HUGH BOURNE.

BEMERSLEY, }  
September 6, 1824. }

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# H Y M N S .

---

1

*All 7's.*

- 1 **C**HRIST he sits on Zion's hill,  
He receives poor sinners still;  
Will you serve this blessed King?  
Come, enlist, and with me sing—  
*I his soldier sure shall be,  
Happy in eternity.*
- 2 I by faith enlisted am,  
In the service of the Lamb;  
Present pay I now receive,  
Peace of conscience he doth give—&c.
- 3 What a Captain I have got!  
Is not mine a happy lot?  
Therefore will I take the sword,  
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord—&c.
- 4 Let the world their forces join,  
With the pow'rs of hell combine,  
Greater is my King than they,  
Surely I shall win the day—&c.
- 5 Wicked men I'm not to fear,  
Though they persecute me here;  
Though they may my body kill,  
Yet my King's on Zion's hill—&c.
- 6 Brother soldiers, still fight on,  
Till the battle you have won;  
The great Captain you have chose,  
Never did a battle lose—&c.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Zion! rise and shine,  
Behold thy light is come;  
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,  
To take his exiles home;  
His Spirit now is pouring out,  
To set poor captives free;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 The glorious gospel of the Lord,  
Is spreading far and near;  
And those who hear the quick'ning word,  
Are mov'd with godly fear;  
But soon they tell to all around,  
That Christ has set them free;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 3 Brave soldiers dear, pray don't you fear,  
Our Captain is above:  
Behold him stand at God's right hand,  
His bowels melt with love;  
O Christians, help to praise the Lamb,  
Who died for you and me;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.
- 4 Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,  
O Zion now be bold;  
Ye saints, now raise your voices high,  
And sing, both young and old;  
The year of my redeem'd is come,  
To set poor sinners free;  
The day of wonder now is come,  
The year of Jubilee.

3

P. M.

1 COME, angels, seize your harps of gold,  
 The song of love to man unfold;  
 Assist our joys, exalt our praise,  
 Another sinner sav'd by grace;  
 Glory, glory, let us sing,  
 While heaven and earth with glory ring—  
*Hosannah to the Lamb of God.*

2 A leper wash'd from every stain,  
 Requires a louder, bolder strain;  
 The Spirit stamp'd and seal'd within,  
 The blood of Christ has cleans'd from sin;  
 Satan feels his power is gone,  
 He falls, like lightning, from his throne—*Hos.*

3 Come, let us sing, and pray, and praise,  
 For soon this warring strife shall cease,  
 When lost in love—o'erflow'd with God,  
 With Christ we take our blest abode;  
 Hark! the trumpet speaks him nigh,  
 Hark! he comes, while myriads cry—*Hos.*

4 We, little flock, by all contemn'd,  
 O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd, condemn'd,  
 With names traduc'd, and lives abhorr'd  
 We suffer with our murder'd Lord;  
 Yet when the flames ascend the higher,  
 We'll shout, triumphant, in the fire—*Hos.*

4

C. M.—DYING PILGRIM.

1 COME, all my brethren in the Lord,  
 Whose hearts are join'd in one;  
 Hold up your heads with courage bold,  
 Your race is almost run:

Above the clouds behold him stand,  
And smiling, bid you come ;  
And angels whisp'ring you away,  
To your eternal home.

2 O Christians, are you ready now,  
To cross the rolling flood ?  
On Canaan's happy shore, behold,  
And see your smiling God ;  
The dazzling charms of those bright worlds,  
Attract my soul above ;  
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,  
When perfected in love.

3 A pilgrim, on his dying bed,  
With glory in his soul,  
Upward he lifts his longing eyes,  
Towards the blissful goal ;  
While friends and children weep around,  
And loath to let him go,  
He shouts with his expiring breath,  
And leaves them all below.

## 5

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

1 **C**OME, all my partners in distress,  
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness  
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;  
Be ready now for all alarms,  
Gird on your helmets and your arms ;  
Our Captain's gone before.

2 Apollyon's armies we must fight,  
And put the troops of hell to flight,  
To gain that heav'nly land ;  
Come on, ye soldiers in the rear,  
Be stout and bold, and never fear ;  
Come, join the conqu'ring band.

3 APOLLYON. Good morning, brother traveller,  
Pray tell me, what's your name?  
And where it is you're travelling to,  
Also from whence you came?

PILGRIM. My name it is the Pilgrim bold,  
To Canaan I am bound;  
I'm from the howling wilderness,  
And the enchanted ground.

4 APOL. Pray what is that upon your head,  
Which shines so clear and bright?  
Also the covering of your breast,  
So dazzling to my sight?  
What kind of shoes are those you wear,  
On which you boldly stand?  
Likewise the shining instrument,  
You bear in your right hand?

5 PIL. 'Tis glorious hope upon m<sup>y</sup> head,  
And on my breast my shield;  
With this bright sword I mean to fight,  
Until I win the field:  
My feet are shod with gospel peace,  
On which I boldly stand;  
And I'm resolv'd to fight till death,  
And win fair Canaan's land.

6 APOL. You'd better stay with me, young man,  
And give your journey o'er;  
Your Captain now is out of sight,  
His face you'll see no more:  
Apollyon, sir, I am by name,  
This land belongs to me;  
And for thy arms and pilgrim's dress,  
I'll give it all to thee.

7 PIL. O no, reply'd the Pilgrim bold,  
Your offer I disdain;  
A glitt'ring crown of righteousness  
I shortly shall obtain:

- 3 King Jesus' banners mounted high,  
And colours of sweet liberty,  
Behold each glitt'ring star!  
Hark! hark! the watchmen wind the horn,  
The echo sounds, each soul to warn,  
To Zion's glorious war.
- 4 The watchmen march around the wall,  
In close array the armies all,  
And boast their thousands slain;  
In triumph, hark, the soldiers cry—  
'Thro' Christ, we all our foes defy,  
And count their malice vain.
- 5 'We'll shout above the fiery void,  
And view the earth in flames destroy'd,  
And tune our harps of gold;  
Salvation to our glorious King,  
We'll make the heav'nly mansions ring,  
'Thro' ages yet untold.'

## 6

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye wand'ring pilgrims dear,  
Who are to Canaan bound;  
Take courage and fight valiantly,  
Obey the trumpet's sound.  
Our Captain is before us gone,  
He's God's eternal Son;  
Then pilgrims dear, pray don't you fear,  
But let us follow on.
- 2 Thro' a dark howling wilderness,  
Where chilling winds do roar,  
A land of drought, of pits, and snares,  
To Canaan's peaceful shore:  
But Jesus Christ will with us go,  
And lead us by the way;  
Should enemies examine us,  
He'll teach us what to say.

Oh ! if I only faithful prove,  
 To my great Lord's commands,  
 I jointly shall be heir with him,  
 To Canaan's richest lands.

7

P. M.—REDEMPTION.

1 COME, friends and relations, let's join heart  
 and hand,  
 The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;  
 Let's all walk together, and follow the sound,  
 We'll march to the place where redemption is  
 found.

CHO. All glory to Jesus, who died on the tree,  
 And purchas'd salvation for you and for me.

2 The place it is hidden to souls dead in sin,  
 Who don't see the sorrowful state they are in ;  
 The place is in Jesus,—to him let us go,  
 And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

3 And if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,  
 Rise up and press forward, for you he doth call ;  
 Or if you are tempted to doubt or despair,  
 Then come unto Jesus,—redemption is there.

4 And you, my dear brethren, who now love the  
 Lord, [word,  
 Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his  
 Let patience attend you wherever you go,  
 Your Saviour hath purchas'd salvation, you know.

5 We read of commotions and signs in the skies,  
 The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in  
 disguise,  
 And when you shall see all these tokens appear,  
 Then hold up your heads, your redemption is  
 near.

- 6 O then the archangel the trumpet shall sound,  
And wake all the nations that sleep under ground,  
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you arise,  
To meet your redemption with love and surprise.
- 7 And then the Lord Jesus our souls will receive,  
From bonds of corruption our bodies retrieve!  
Then we shall be all uncorrupted and free,  
And sing of redemption wherever we be.
- 8 Redeem'd from all sin and redeemed from death,  
Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the  
earth, [woe,  
Redeem'd from all sorrow, redeem'd from all  
We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.
- 9 Redeem'd from all pain, and redeem'd from  
distress,  
The fruits of redemption no tongue can express,  
Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus's love,  
We'll sing of redemption in heaven above.

## 8

## P. M.—UNION.

- 1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell  
The wonders of Immanuel,  
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,  
And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
And gave me heav'nly union.
- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me, as he pass'd by,  
'With God you have no union.'
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry,  
I look'd this way and that, to fly;  
It griev'd me sore that I must die;  
I strove salvation for to buy,  
But still I had no union.



## P. M.—INVITATION.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
CHO. *Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his dear name;  
Glory, honour, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord is come to reign.*
- 2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify!  
True belief and true repentance,  
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh—&c.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requires,  
Is, to feel your need of him—&c.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all—&c.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies—&c.
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,  
Pleads the merit of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude—&c.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven,  
Sweetly echo with his name—&c.

## 10

P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, farewell, fare you well,  
My friends, I must be gone,  
I have no home nor stay with you;  
I take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view.

CHO. *Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
My friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortals, cares, nor bliss;  
I must leave here, and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is—&c.

- 3 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
My brethren in the Lord,  
To you I'm bound with cords of love;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
Ere long we all shall meet above—&c.

- 4 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
Old soldiers of the cross,  
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,  
You've counted all things else but loss;  
Fight on, the crown will soon be giv'n.

CHO. *Fight on, fight on, fight on,  
The crown will soon be giv'n.*

- 5 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
Ye blooming sons of God,  
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;  
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,  
Till Canaan's happy land you view—&c.

- 6 Farewell, farewell, fare you well,  
Poor careless sinners too,  
It grieves my soul, to leave you here;  
Eternal vengeance waits for you!  
O turn! and find salvation near.

CHO. *O! turn, O! turn, O! turn,  
And find salvation near.*

## 11

4 S's and 2 6's.—VINEYARD.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's into his vineyard come,  
 The blossoms yield a rich perfume,  
 The ripening fruits appear;  
 The Sun of Righteousness breaks forth,  
 The showers refresh the teeming earth,  
 And glory crowns the year.
- 2 Beneath his hand his children rise,  
 Like cedars tow'ring to the skies,  
 And shed perfumes around;  
 Their roots are by the waters spread,  
 The heav'nly dew rests on their head,  
 With grace and glory crown'd. H. B.

## 12

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters,  
 They sound for volunteers:  
 On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount,  
 Behold the officers!  
 Their horses white, their garments bright,  
 With crown and bow they stand,  
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,  
 To march for Canaan's land.
- 2 The armies now are in parade,  
 How martial they appear!  
 All dress'd and arm'd in uniform,  
 They look like men of war:  
 They follow their brave General,  
 The great eternal Lamb,  
 His garments stain'd in his own blood,  
 King Jesus is his name.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,  
 And drive the hosts of hell;  
 How dreadful is our God in arms!  
 The great Immanue'!

Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,  
 Th' eternal Son of God!  
 And march with us to Canaan's land,  
 Beyond the swelling flood.

## 13

All 7's.

- 1 **H**ASTE again, ye days of grace!  
 When assembled in one place,  
 Signs and wonders mark'd the hour!  
 All were fill'd and spoke with power!  
 Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflow'd,  
 Hearts enlarged, self destroy'd,  
 All things common now we'll prove,  
 All our common stock be love.

CHO. Jesus now his work revives,  
 Now his quick'ning spirit strives;  
 O! let preachers, people—all,  
 Listen to the glorious call!  
 Join the simple lively throng,  
 Catch the fire, and swell the song;  
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
 Spread the life through all the land.

- 2 O, that each may now prevail!  
 Act the faith that cannot fail!  
 Rise and pull the blessing down!  
 Seize the kingdom for their own!  
 Fire our hearts with holy zeal;  
 Glowing still for Zion's weal;  
 Heaven open! blessings pour!  
 Spirit, work this present hour!—Jesus now, &c.
- 3 Lo! the knife we boldly take,  
 Bind our Isaacs to the stake;  
 Freely part with all for thee;  
 Welcome, King of liberty!  
 Now we die to self and sin,  
 Nothing feel but love within,  
 May this faith in works abound,  
 Shine and burn to all around.

- CHO. Pilgrims! soon the journey's done!  
 Warriors! soon the battle's won!  
 Where your doubts, your cares, your fears,  
 See, the glitt'ring crown appears!  
 Hark! the angels shouting cry,  
 'Welcome, welcome to the sky!'  
 Jesus calls, and calls for thee,  
 'Faithful servant, come to me.'
- 4 Satan fill'd with hellish spite,  
 Veil'd in robes of borrow'd light,  
 Strove to scatter ruin wide;  
 Disunite, and then divide!  
 Still his utmost skill shall fail,  
 Patient love shall still prevail;  
 Clust'ring closer, now we'll cling,  
 Swarm and hive around our King—Pilgrims, &c.

## 14

## P. M.—INVITATION.

- 1 COME, O come, thou vilest sinner,  
 Christ is ready to receive;  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesu's balm can cure more;  
 Halleluia, halleluia, halleluia to the Lamb.
- 2 Welcome, welcome, brother Christian,  
 To a rich and heav'nly place:  
 Enter in, thou heaven-born creature,  
 Christ is here—there's nothing sweeter—&c.
- 3 Oh, how dead we all have been!  
 Christ revives his work again;  
 He is bringing to his fold,  
 Rich and poor, and young and old—&c.
- 4 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
 To the God of all our praise:  
 He that sends us light from high:  
 There let all our wishes fly—&c.

- 5 When we reach that blissful place,  
We shall with our Jesus feast,  
We shall with him happy be;  
Sing to all eternity—Halleluia, &c.
- 6 We shall stand before his throne,  
We shall wear a glorious crown:  
We shall shine like stars above,  
Drink the living streams of love—&c.
- 7 We shall there be cloth'd in white,  
All our garments glitt'ring bright:  
Christ will wipe all tears away,  
We shall with him ever stay—&c.
- 8 There we shall with angels stand,  
Golden harps in all our hands;  
In bright mansions there proclaim,  
The wonders of a Saviour's name—&c.

## 15

## P. M.—JUDGEMENT.

- 1 **Y**ONDER see the Lord descending,  
Mark his chariot drawing nigh,  
Starry vault before him rending,  
Flaming troops descend the sky.  
CHO. *Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,  
Sound the praise of his great name;  
Glory, honour, and salvation,  
Christ the Lord is come to reign.*
- 2 Heaven is shaking, earth is quaking,  
Mountains fly before his face;  
See the dead their graves forsaking,  
Nature sinking in a blaze—Turn, &c.
- 3 Now behold the shining warriors  
Rising from their dusty beds,  
Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,  
Glitt'ring crowns upon their heads—&c.

- 4 Now he's crowned with a rainbow,  
Brighter than the sardine stone,  
Coming with the clouds of heaven,  
Sitting on his great white throne—&c.
- 5 Once a bleeding on the mountain,  
There his precious blood did run:  
Now he's brought us to the fountain,  
Springing from his Father's throne—&c.

## 16

All 7's.

- 1 **O** YE children of the light,  
Keep your garments always white;  
Then with all the sanctified,  
Christ will claim you for his bride!  
*CHO. Then you'll ever with him be,  
Happy in eternity.*
- 2 O ye mourning, seeking souls,  
See! for you the torrent rolls:  
Now believe with all your might,  
Christ will make your garments white—&c.
- 3 O ye ransom'd sinners, come,  
Christ is bringing wand'ers home;  
Now repent, and turn to God,  
Wash your robes in Jesu's blood—&c. H. B.

## 17

P. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends,  
And taste the pleasures Jesus sends;  
Let nothing cause you to delay,  
But hasten on the good old way,  
And I'll sing halleluia:  
*CHO. And glory be to God on high;  
And I'll sing halleluia:  
There's glory beaming through the sky,  
And I'll sing halleluia.*

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,  
Shall not prevent our victory;  
If we but strive, and watch, and pray,  
Like soldiers in the good old way—And I'll, &c.
- 3 O good old way, how sweet thou art,  
May none of us from thee depart;  
But may our actions always say,  
We're marching in the good old way—&c.
- 4 Tho' Satan may his pow'rs employ,  
Our happiness for to destroy,  
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,  
And shout and sing the good old way—&c.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,  
And view by faith the promis'd land,  
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,  
And march along the good old way—&c.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,  
Remember, glory's at the end!  
Our God will wipe all tears away,  
When we have run the good old way—&c.
- 7 Then far beyond the mortal shore,  
We'll meet with those who're gone before,  
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,  
By marching in the good old way—&c.

## 18

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,  
Around the steady pole;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
And I must launch thro' endless deeps,  
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between!  
And whisper as they fly,



- ‘Unthinking man, remember this,  
 ‘Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
     ‘That thou must groan and die.’
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call;  
 Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,  
     And thou must take thy flight,  
 Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
 To sing above, as angels do,  
     Or sink in endless night.
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe,  
 Hang on this point of time below!  
     On this precarious breath:  
 The Lord of nature only knows,  
 Whether another year shall close,  
     Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere this sun shall run his round,  
 I may be buried under ground,  
     And there in silence rot;  
 Alas! an hour may close the scene,  
 And ere twelve months shall roll between,  
     My name be quite forgot.

## 19

P. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul's full of glory, which inspires my  
     tongue,  
 Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song,  
 I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,  
 And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.
- 2 Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their  
     prey, [day:  
 'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at noon-  
 O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,  
 In mansions of glory, thy praises to sing.
- 3 A glimpse of bright glory o'erpowers my soul,  
 I sink in sweet vision, to view the bright goal;  
 My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;  
 This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.

- 4 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me  
    come,  
Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going home;  
Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear,  
'Away to thy Saviour, thy spirit we'll bear.'

## 20

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart with love inflame,  
That I may in thy holy name,  
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
While I have breath to raise my voice;  
Then will I shout, then will I sing,  
I'll make the heav'nly arches ring;  
I'll sing and shout for evermore,  
On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O, hope of glory! Jesus come,  
And keep my heart thy humble home;  
For the small remnant of my days,  
I want to sing and shout thy praise.  
O! give me, Lord, a heart to pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
To praise thy name in every thing,  
And sing and shout, and shout and sing,
- 3 When on my dying bed I lie,  
Lord, give me strength to shout and cry,  
And praise thee with my latest breath,  
Until my voice is still'd by death:  
Then, brothers—sisters—shouting, come,  
My body follow to the tomb,  
And as you march the solemn road,  
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,  
We'll shout and praise the God we love;  
Until that great and glorious day,  
When Christ shall shout, and wake our clay:

Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
And shout, 'O death! where is thy sting?  
O grave! where is thy victory?'  
We'll shout to all eternity.

- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,  
'Well done,' the Sovereign of the skies,  
Will smiling to his children say,  
'Come reign with me in endless day:'  
Then on that happy, happy shore,  
We'll sing and shout our suff'rings o'er;  
We'll sing and shout and shout and sing,  
And make the heav'nly Zion ring.

## 21

C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye,  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.  
O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
'That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.  
All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, no pois'nous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more:  
When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

- 4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay ;  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away :  
There on those high and flow'ry plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
But in perpetual joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

**22**

C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS! how soon the body dies!  
'Tis but an earthly clod ;  
Each passing moment loudly cries,  
Prepare to meet thy God.
- 2 Behold, he comes, in yonder cloud,  
All nature feels his nod !  
The whole creation cries aloud,  
Prepare to meet thy God.
- 3 The man who slights the Saviour's grace,  
Must bear his vengeful rod !  
Sinner, lest this should be thy case,  
Prepare to meet thy God.

**23**

C. M.

- 1 **O** UR souls, by love together knit,  
Cemented, mixt in one,  
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
'Tis heaven on earth begun ;  
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake,  
And glow'd with sacred fire,  
He stopt, and talk'd, and fed, and blest,  
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- CHO. A Saviour, let creation sing ;  
A Saviour, let all heaven ring ;  
He's God with us, we feel him ours ;  
His fulness in our souls he pours :

'Tis almost done; 'tis almost o'er;  
 We're joining them who're gone before;  
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore;  
 We then shall meet to part no more.

- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,  
 Let trembling cowards fly:  
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixt,  
 With Christ to live and die!  
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,  
 We'll cut our passage through;  
 Let foes unite, or friends desert,  
 We'll seize the crown our due—&c.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,  
 The heavens are big with rain,  
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,  
 And all its moisture drain;  
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,  
 But pour the mighty flood!  
 O sweep the nations! shake the earth,  
 Till all proclaim thee God!—&c.
- 4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And sett'st thy starry crown;  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaim'd by thee, thine own;  
 May we—a little band of love—  
 Be sinners sav'd by grace,  
 From glory unto glory chang'd,  
 Behold thee face to face—&c.

## 24

C. M.

- 1 **P**OOOR Zion lies in sore distress,  
 Her walls are broken down,  
 The briers of the wilderness  
 Her walks have overgrown:  
 Her palaces are desolate;  
 Her courts, a place for owls;  
 (The satyr there doth meet his mate,  
 And nests for other fowls.

A dreadful curse hath overspread  
The land, both far and wide;  
The nations mourn for lack of bread,  
The springs of water dri'd.  
Go, go, ye priests, before the Lord,  
And at his altar mourn;  
That he may sheathe his dreadful sword,  
And let his grace return.

3 Methinks the cloud begins to move;  
Sweet spring is drawing near;  
The voice of the sweet turtle dove,  
The land begins to cheer:  
Methinks I hear the watchmen cry,  
O Zion, now be bold—  
With eagles' wings you soon shall fly,  
The feathers ting'd with gold.

4 Your walls again shall be rebuilt,  
Your palaces around;  
The Lord who has remov'd your guilt,  
Doth in rich grace abound:  
He'll pave your streets with purest gold,  
Your gates with diamonds bright;  
Your riches never can be told,  
You are the Lord's delight.

## 25

P. M.—*Part First.*

1 **S**EE how the Scriptures are fulfilling,  
Poor sinners are returning home;  
The time the prophets were fortelling,  
With signs and wonders now is come;  
The gospel trumpets loud are roaring,  
From sea to sea, from land to land;  
God's Holy Spirit is down-pouring,  
And Christians joining heart and hand.

- 2 Ten thousands fall before Jehovah,  
 For mercy—mercy, loud they cry;  
 They rise with shouts of halleluia,  
 And glory be to God on high:  
 But many say—'Tis all disorder,  
 And disbelieve God's holy word;  
 Yet still they cry and shout the louder,  
 All glory, glory to the Lord.
- 3 O sinners, hear our invitation!  
 You are but feeble dying worms;  
 O fly to Jesus for salvation,  
 Or you will meet God's awful storms!  
 We charge you in the name of Jesus,  
 The awful Judge of quick and dead;  
 But if you do refuse to hear us,  
 Your blood will be on your own head.
- 4 Now God is calling every nation,  
 The bond and free, the rich and poor:  
 These are the days of visitation,  
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er:  
 The Lord will come in clouds and thunder,  
 And light'ning beaming from his eye;  
 He then will cut his foes asunder,  
 And hurl them where the damned lie.
- CHO. *Save poor sinners, save poor sinners,  
 Save poor sinners from their sins.*

This chorus admits of variety, as, "Save backsliders"—  
 "whole families"—"our children"—"our parents"—  
 "our neighbours"—&c

- 1 **T**HE sea and land together burning,  
 The flames ascend the melting sky;  
 All nature now to nought returning,  
 Hark! hark! the herald angels cry:

- See millions of poor wretched creatures,  
 Compell'd by justice to appear;  
 Deep horror's painted in their features,  
 And colours them with dark despair.
- 2 Dire their cries and lamentation,  
 But no relief can then be found;  
 The Judge pronounces condemnation,  
 And seven thunders echo round;  
 Down to the lake of burning fire,  
 And never more my face to see:  
 You're doom'd to bear my dreadful ire,  
 And blow the flames eternally.
- 3 Now devils drag them down the centre,  
 Into the gulf of burning woe:  
 Poor wretches, how they dread to enter!  
 But, forc'd by vengeance, down they go!  
 Now they are paid for persecuting,  
 And hindering the work of God;  
 For all the time they spent disputing,  
 And trampling on a Saviour's blood.
- 4 O Christians, double your exertions,  
 And boldly march the heav'nly road;  
 Remember, dreadful controversions  
 Will fall on those that turn from God!  
 Your children all must be converted,  
 Or they can never rest with you.  
 God's word cannot be controverted;  
 God bless you all.—Amen.—Adieu!

27

C. M.

- 1 **A**T Jacob's well, a stranger sought  
 His drooping frame to cheer;  
 Samaria's daughter little thought,  
 That Jacob's God was there.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind  
 For richer draughts had sigh'd;  
 Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
 Those richer draughts deni'd.



3 This ancient well, no glass so true,  
Columbia's image shows ;  
Now Jesus goes our country through,  
But who the stranger knows ?

4 But we must all the stranger know,  
Or soon our loss deplore ;  
Behold, the living waters flow !  
Come drink, and thirst no more.

## 28

P. M.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go,  
Can you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe ?  
Hell beneath is gaping wide,  
Vengeance waits the dread command,  
Soon to stop your sport and pride,  
And sink you with the damn'd.

CHO. *Once again I charge you stop,  
For unless you warning take,  
'Ere you are aware, you'll drop  
Into the burning lake.*

2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose ?  
Fear you not that iron-rod,  
With which he breaks his foes ?  
Can you stand in that great day,  
When he judgement shall proclaim,  
And the earth shall melt away,  
Like wax before the flame ?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,  
And drag you to the bar ;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair :

All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of blood and crimson die;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what will you reply?

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,  
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass;  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 (Tho' they now despise his grace,)  
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face!

5 But as yet there is a hope,  
 You may his mercy know;  
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow.  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners he invites to come  
 None who come shall be denied;  
 He says, There still is room.

## 29

C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,  
 Lie just before mine eye;  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd to those rivers fly.  
 I'd rise superior to my pain,  
 With joy outstrip the win'<sup>d</sup>;  
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stor'<sup>y</sup> my main,  
 And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'<sup>d</sup> here below,  
 In anguish, p<sup>a</sup>in, and smart;  
 Oft time those troubles I forego,  
 When love surrounds my heart;  
 In darkest shadows of the night,  
 Faith mounts the upper sky;  
 I then behold my heart's delight,  
 And would rejoice to die.

3 A few more days, or years at most,  
 My troubles will be o'er;  
 I hope to join the heav'nly hoſt  
 On Canaan's happy ſhore:  
 My rapt'rous ſoul ſhall drink and feaſt,  
 In love's unbounded ſea;  
 The glorious hope of endless reſt,  
 Is raviſhing to me.

## 30

*C. M.—Part First.*

- 1 **T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,  
 When Zion's light ſhall come;  
 She ſhall ariſe and ſhine on high,  
 Bright as the riſing ſun;  
 The north and ſouth their ſons reſign,  
 And earth's foundations bend,  
 Adorn'd as a bride, Jeruſalem  
 All glorious ſhall deſcend.
- 2 The King who wears the glorious crown,  
 The azure flaming bow,  
 The holy city ſhall bring down,  
 To bleſs the church below:  
 When Zion's bleeding conq'ring King,  
 Shall ſin and death deſtroy,  
 The morning ſtars ſhall together ſing,  
 And Zion ſhout for joy.
- 3 The holy bright muſician band,  
 Who ſing on harps of gold,  
 Juſt by the courſe along they ſtand,  
 Their gentle numbers roll;  
 Deſcending with ſuch melting ſtrains,  
 Jehovah they adore:  
 Such ſhouts thro' earth's extended plains,  
 Were never heard before.

# 31

*C. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **L**ET Satan rage and boast no more,  
Nor think his reign is long;  
Tho' saints are feeble, weak, and poor,  
Their great Redeemer's strong;  
In storms he is their hiding place,  
A covert from the wind;  
A stream from th' rock i' th' wilderness,  
Runs thro' this weary land.
- 2 This crystal stream runs down from heav'n,  
It issues from the throne;  
The floods of strife away are driven,  
The church becomes but one:  
That peaceful union she shall know,  
And live upon his love;  
And shout and sing his name below,  
As angels do above.
- 3 A thousand years shall roll around,  
The church shall be complete;  
Call'd by the trumpet's glorious sound,  
Their Saviour for to meet;  
They rise with joy, and mount on high,  
They fly to Jesu's arms;  
And gaze with wonder and delight,  
On their beloved's charms.

# 32

*4 S's and 2 6's.—Part First.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord's into his garden come,  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing streams of grace divine,  
From Jesus flow, that living Vine  
Which makes the dead revive.
- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground,  
With springs of water may be found,  
And fruitful soil become:

The desert blooms, the Lord is come,  
To make his people join in one,  
And party zeal begone.

3 That glorious day is rolling on,  
That gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is;  
I taste and know that grace is free,  
And all mankind, as well as me,  
May come to Christ, and live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour, pitiful and kind,  
Who will them all receive:  
None are too vile who will repent;  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
The Lord did him relieve.

5 If sinners only knew their Lord,  
Or could but taste his gracious word,  
His sweet forgiving love;  
They'd rush thro' storms of ev'ry kind,  
And leave all earthly cares behind,  
To gain a crown above.

## 33

4 S's and 2 6's.—*Part Second.*

1 COME, brethren dear, who know the Lord,  
Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word,  
In Jesu's ways go on;  
Our poverty and trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

2 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from th' eternal throne,  
From Jesu's throne on high;  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

- 3 But when to that bright world we come,  
And all surround the glorious throne,  
We'll drink a full supply ;  
Jesus will lead his ransom'd forth,  
To living streams of richest worth,  
That never will run dry.
- 4 O, then we'll shine, and shout, and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
When all the saints get home :  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
We soon shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.
- 5 Amen ! amen ! my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,  
And claim a mansion there :  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in the heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

## 34

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand drest in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But, tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

- 5 Could we but make those doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And view the Canaan that we love,  
 With unclouded eyes—
- 6 Could we but climb were Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er—  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

## 35

L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field—the world below,  
 In which the sower came sow :  
 Jesus the Wheat—satan the tares ;  
 For so the word of God declares.
- CHO. *And soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 Most awful truth! and is it so?  
 Must all the world the harvest know?  
 Is every man a wheat or tare?  
 Then for the harvest, O prepare—&c.
- 3 To love my sins—a saint t'appear—  
 To grow with wheat, and be a tare—  
 May serve me while on earth below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow—&c.
- 4 But, all who truly righteous be,  
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see ;  
 Shine like the sun for ever there:  
 He that hath ears, then let him hear—&c.

## 36

P. M.

- 1 **W**AND'RING pilgrims, mourning Christians,  
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
 Who endure great tribulation,  
 And with griefs are much distress'd ;

Christ has sent me to invite you,  
To a rich and costly feast;  
Let not shame nor pride prevent you;  
Come, the rich provision taste.

2 If your heart be unbelieving,  
Doubting Jesu's pard'ning love,  
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting  
'Till the troubl'd waters move.  
If no one appear to help you,  
All their efforts prove but talk;  
Jesus, Jesus! he will cleanse you:  
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.

3 If, like Peter, you are sinking  
In the sea of unbelief,  
Wait with patience, (constant praying,,  
Christ will grant you sweet relief.  
He will give you grace and glory,  
All your wants shall be suppli'd;  
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you!  
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.

4 Death shall not destroy your comfort;  
Christ shall guide you through the gloom;  
Down he'll send a heav'nly concert,  
To convey you to your home.  
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
Free from every want and care;  
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour!  
Fain my spirit would be there.

CHO. *I'm bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with me?  
Halleluia, praise the Lord.*

37

P. M.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace cries, Escape to  
the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race he has open'd a fountain,



S. B.      *Salvation through Christ.*

For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

*Halleluia to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon:  
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan.*

2 This fountain's so wide, we may all find salvation;  
In Jesus's side there is plenteous redemption;  
Tho' your sins be increased as high as a mountain,  
His blood can remove them—it streams from the  
fountain. *Halleluia, &c.*

3 In Jesus rejoice, triumphantly glorious;  
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than vic-  
torious;  
With shouting proclaim, Oh, trust in his passion!  
We all may be sav'd with a certain salvation: &c.

4 Our Jesus proclaims his name all victorious,  
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious:  
To Jesus our King, the great congregation  
With triumph will sing, in ascribing salvation: &c.

5 On Zion we shall stand when escap'd to the shore,  
With palms in our hands we will praise him the  
more:  
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of  
the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever: &c.

38

P. M.

**W**HAT sound is this salutes my ear?  
Methinks its Jubal's trump I hear;  
Long look'd for now is come—  
It shakes the heaven, earth, and sea,  
Proclaims the year of Jubilee:  
Return, ye exiles, home.

2 Behold the new Jerusalem,  
Illuminated by the Lamb,  
In glory doth appear—

Fair Zion rising from the tombs,  
To meet the Bridegroom, lo, she comes,  
And hails the Jub'lee year!

- 3 King Jesus takes her in his arms:  
Transported with his lovely charms,  
She thus begins to sing—  
'The howling winter's gone and past;  
The smiling season's come at last;  
Behold the rosy spring!'
- 4 The lark and linnet gladly sing,  
(While hills and vales around them ring,)  
'Scap'd from the fowler's snare;  
A thousand years she here shall dwell,  
And sing, while satan's chain'd in hell;  
Which ends the Jub'lee year.
- 5 The dragon is let loose once more;  
All round the earth his trumpets roar,  
And is for war again:  
But, he that sits upon the throne,  
Drives satan and his armies down,  
To plough the fiery main.

## 39

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE Jesus dwelt on earth below,  
Among the sons of men,  
He spar'd no pains to let them know,  
They must be born again.
- 2 We all have broke Jehovah's laws,  
And guilty must remain;  
Condemn'd to all the pains of hell,  
Till we are born again,
- 3 Alas! whate'er good works we do,  
His favour to obtain,  
They can't our sinful hearts renew:  
We must be born again.

- 4 Were we baptiz'd a thousand times,  
It would be all in vain;  
This cannot wash away our crimes:  
We must be born again.
- 5 This is Jehovah's great decree;  
He always will maintain,  
That sinners, such as you and me,  
Must all be born again.
- 6 The word of God is firm and sure,  
And always will remain:  
Eternal wrath we must endure,  
Unless we're born again.
- 7 There's but one way for our escape  
From everlasting pain;  
And that is, through the narrow gate,  
Of being born again.

## 40

L. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **WE'VE** found the rock! (the travellers cried,)  
O glory! halleluia.  
The precious stone the prophets tried:  
Come, sinners, taste the balmy dew,  
Which flows from Christ, who died for you.  
Sing glory! halleluia.
- 2 This costly mixture cures the soul—&c.  
Which sin and guilt have made so foul.  
Sinners, repent—believe in God,  
And wash in Christ's atoning blood—&c.
- 3 O hearken, then! 'tis Christ says, 'Come!'  
The bride is ready: let us run,  
For shelter in his bleeding side:  
The fountain still is open wide—&c.
- 4 In him what glory for the soul!  
Come, mourners, feel the torrent roll!  
Welcome, dear friends! 'tis joy, 'tis heav'n,  
To know and feel your sins forgiv'n—&c.

- 5 With that blest sight we'll soar away,  
 Enraptur'd with eternal day!  
 Come, children, view your Maker stand,  
 With palms of vict'ry in his hand—&c.

## 41

*L. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **O** COUNT this world below as dross!  
 In hope of joy, sustain the cross!  
 Who bear the cross, shall wear the crown,  
 And on their Father's throne sit down—&c.
- 2 In hope of that ecstatic joy,  
 Let us our every hour employ;  
 And if we to the end endure,  
 The crown of life for us is sure—&c.
- 3 His fiery chariots now do wait,  
 To waft us through th' eternal gate,  
 Where glitt'ring millions we shall join,  
 To sound the praise of love divine—&c.
- 4 'Tis there we'll blow the golden lute,  
 And praise the Lamb who gain'd our suit!  
 Hail! great Emanuel! Lord of host!  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!—&c.

## 42

*C. M.—Part First.*

- 1 **C**OME, all ye weary travellers,  
 And let us join and sing,  
 The everlasting praises  
 Of Jesus Christ our King:  
 We've had a tedious journey,  
 And tiresome, it is true;  
 But see how many dangers  
 The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 In faith, in love, in patience,  
 We now are going on  
 The pleasant road to Canaan,  
 Where Jesus Christ is gone,

- In peace and consolation  
We're going to rejoice,  
And Jesus and his people  
Shall ever be our choice.
- 3 Sinners! why stand ye idle,  
While we do march along?  
Has conscience never told you  
That you are going wrong?  
Down the broad road to ruin,  
To bear an endless curse?  
Forsake your ways of sinning,  
And go along with us.
- 4 But if you do refuse us,  
We'll bid you now farewell:  
We're on the road to Canaan,  
And you the way to hell;  
We're sorry thus to leave you,  
And rather you would go:  
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,  
And feel salvation flow.

## 43

*Part Second.*

- 1 **A**T first when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him;  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin;  
The world, the flesh, and satan,  
Will prove to us a snare,  
Except we do reject them,  
By faith and humble pray'r.
- 2 But by our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We long have had to wander  
In a dark wilderness:  
Where we might soon have fainted  
In that enchanted ground,  
But now and then a cluster  
Of pleasant grapes we found.

3 The pleasant road to Canaan  
 Brings life, and joy, and peace;  
 Revives our drooping spirits,  
 And faith and love increase:  
 We confess our Lord and Master,  
 And run at his command,  
 And hasten on our journey  
 Unto the promis'd land.

4 Oh, sinners! be alarmed  
 To see your dismal state;  
 Repent, and be converted,  
 Before it be too late:  
 Turn to the Lord by praying,  
 And daily search his word;  
 And never rest contented,  
 Until you find the Lord.

5 Now to the King immortal,  
 Be everlasting praise,  
 For in his holy service  
 We mean to spend our days,  
 Till we arrive at Canaan,  
 That glorious world above;  
 With everlasting praises,  
 Sing his redeeming love.

# 44

C. M.

1 **A**RISE. O Zion! rise and shine!  
 Behold thy light is come!  
 Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,  
 To take his exiles home.  
 His trumpet's sounding through the sky,  
 To set poor captives free;  
 The day of wonder now is come,  
 The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,  
 The earth shall know her doom;  
 Go spread the news from pole to pole,  
 Behold the Judge is come!

Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,  
Consume the rolling flood!  
While every star shall disappear,  
Go turn the moon to blood!

3 Arise, ye nations under ground!  
Before the Judge appear!  
All tongues and languages shall come,  
Their final doom to hear!  
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,  
Ten thousand angels round;  
And Gabriel, with a silver trump,  
Echoes an awful sound.

4 The glorious news of gospel grace,  
To sinners, now is o'er;  
The trump in Zion now is still,  
And to be heard no more:  
The watchmen all have left the walls,  
And with the flocks above,  
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,  
And shout, redeeming love.

## 45

C. M.

1 **T**HE gospel news is sounding  
To nations far and near:  
Come listen to the echo,  
Now while 'tis sounding here.  
It brings you news of pardon,  
And joy, and love, and peace,  
And everlasting happiness,  
If you will it embrace.

2 You all may come, and welcome;  
This is the gospel news:  
So life and death's before you:  
Come, take you which you choose.  
I pray you be persuaded:  
Obey the gospel call,  
And taste the virtue of the blood  
Of him who died for all.

- 3 The way you now are trav'ling  
 Leads down to the red sea,  
 Where thousands all in ruin lie,  
 Who travell'd the broad way.  
 You're on the brink of ruin  
 And everlasting woe;  
 And turn to God you quickly must,  
 Or down to hell you'll go.
- 4 There you must weep, and gnash your teeth,  
 With bitter groans and cries;  
 No rest you'll have by day or night;  
 You'll never close your eyes.  
 The pains of death will pierce your soul,  
 Yet death will flee away;  
 And though in flames you ever burn,  
 You'll never burn away.
- 5 The gospel's sent to save you;  
 The kingdom's near at hand:  
 Repent, and be converted,  
 And join our little band.  
 We're marching to fair Canaan,  
 To joys at God's right hand,  
 Where all the ransom'd sons of God  
 Around the throne do stand.

# 46

All 7's.

- 1 COME, and taste along with me,  
 Glory, glory, glory!  
 Consolation flowing free,  
 Praise him, halleluia!  
 From our Father's wealthy throne,  
 Glory, &c.  
 Sweeter than the honey-comb,  
 Praise, &c.

*Blow ye the trumpet, Glory, glory, glory,  
 Jesus Christ has died for you, Praise him, halleluia.*



- 2 Wherefore should I feast alone?  
Two are better far, than one;  
The more come in, with free good will,  
Make the banquet sweeter still—&c.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,  
Asking for a little more:  
Jesus gives a double share,  
Calling me his chosen heir—&c.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream,  
Through the new Jerusalem;  
And now by constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens earth and heaven both—&c.
- 5 Heaven here, and heaven there,  
Comforts flowing every where:  
This I boldly do profess,  
That my soul has got a taste—&c.
- 6 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume:  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God—&c.
- 7 Saints in glory sing aloud,  
Now they are the heirs of God;  
Coming in at heaven's door,  
Making of the number more—&c.
- 8 Soon in heaven we shall be,  
There our smiling Saviour see;  
Palms of vict'ry in our hands;  
Shining millions round us stand—&c.
- 9 Kingdoms we shall have above,  
Feast upon redeeming love:  
Crowns of gold we there shall wear,  
All our Father's blessings share—&c.

## 47

C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, ye servants of the Lord,  
Arise, his handmaids too,  
And preach to all his sacred word,  
And set the prize in view.
- 2 A kingdom offer, and a crown,  
With truth and righteousness,  
And bring by faith, the blessing down,  
The floods of saving grace.
- 3 The seed of life eternal sow,  
In every waiting heart;  
Our God will make the harvest grow,  
And all his love impart.
- 4 Both sons and daughters shall arise,  
With peace and pardon blest;  
And you shall share above the skies,  
An everlasting rest.

## 48

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are!  
Zion, behold thy Saviour King!  
He reigns and triumphs here!
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear the joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And joyful tidings bring;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn to sing.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm,  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour, and their God.

## 49

C. M.

1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry skies,  
Far as th' eternal hills,  
There in those boundless worlds of light,  
My great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At his right hand with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.

3 Hail, Prince! they cry, for ever hail!  
Whose unexampled love,  
Caus'd him to quit those glorious realms,  
And royalties above.

4 Through all his travels here below,  
They did his steps attend:  
Oft wond'ring how, and where, at length,  
The mystic scene would end.

5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
With love and grief run o'er;  
They saw him break the bands of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear him to his throne;  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd,  
The glorious work is done!

# 50

P. M.

- 1 **I**'M glad I ever saw the day—Sing glory,  
glory, glory,  
We ever met to sing and pray—&c.  
I've glory, glory in my soul—Sing glory, &c.  
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold—&c.
- 2 I hope to praise him when I die—In glory, &c.  
And shout salvation as I fly—To glory, &c.  
Sing glory, glory, through the air—Glory, &c.  
And meet my Father's children there—In glo-  
ry, &c.
- 3 A few more rising suns at most—Sing glory,  
glory, &c.  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast—In glo-  
ry, &c.  
There on mount Zion I shall stand—Glory, &c.  
Crown on my head, and harp in hand—Sing, &c.
- 4 There I shall sing the song of praise—In glo-  
ry, &c.  
With Jesus Christ, my hiding place—Sing  
glory, &c.  
And spend a long eternity—Sing glory, &c.  
In praising on the heav'nly key—In glory, &c.
- 5 With Abraham and Isaac too—Sing glory, &c.  
And we have got the prize in view—Sing  
glory, &c.  
Come on, my friends, let's mend our pace—&c.  
For we shall see him face to face—In glory, &c.
- 6 Come, sinners, come along with us—To glo-  
ry, &c.  
For there is room, in that blest house—In  
glory, &c.  
Repent, believe for holiness—Glory, &c.  
And you shall go and sing with us—The song  
of glory, &c.

- 7 There Jesus sits upon his throne—In glory, &c.  
 And he shall bring his exiles home—To glory, &c.  
 He'll raise the top-stone, shouting grace—&c.  
 While our hosannas fill the place—With glory, &c.
- 8 Higher, still higher swells the strain—In glory &c.  
 The Lamb shall ever, ever reign—In glory, &c.  
 There bursting joys the note prolong—Glory, &c.  
 And halleluias crown the song—Of glory, &c.

## 51

P. M.

- 1 **I**S there any body here like weeping Mary?  
 Call to my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh;  
 O glory, glory, halleluia,  
 Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 2 Is there any body here like sinking Peter?  
 3 Is there any body here like blind Bartimeus?  
 4 Is there any body here like faithless Thomas?  
 5 Is there any body here that wants salvation?

## 52

P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, my brethren, let us try,  
 For a little season,  
 Every burden to lay by;  
 Come, and let us reason:  
 What is it that casts you down?  
 What are they that grieve you?  
 Speak, and let the worst be known;  
 Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Christ at times by faith I view,  
 And it doth relieve me;  
 But my doubts return anew;  
 These are they that grieve me:

Troubled like the restless seas,  
Feeble, faint, and fearful;  
Plagu'd with every sore disease,  
How can I be cheerful?

- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,  
In the gloomy garden;  
Sweating blood at every pore,  
To procure your pardon!  
View him nail'd on yonder tree,  
Bleeding, groaning, grieving!  
See, he suffered this for thee;  
Therefore be believing.

A. a H. B.

## 53

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far to small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 54

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **C**AMP Meetings with success are crown'd:  
The wilderness and barren ground  
Now blossom as the rose;  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The rising lilies kindly bloom,  
And heavenly wisdom grows.

- 2 The num'rous praying, preaching host,  
 Baptized with the Holy Ghost,  
     The heavenly standard raise:  
 They preach, and pray, and sweetly sing,  
 And hills, and fields, and vallies ring,  
     With the Creator's praise.
- 3 Now, sinners turning to the Lord,  
 And falling down beneath the word,  
     For mercy loudly cry;  
 But when they taste his pard'ning love,  
 And feel the witness from above,  
     They rise, and shout for joy.
- 4 To him who does our hearts inspire,  
 Baptizes all our souls with fire,  
     And makes us meet for Heaven;  
 To Christ, the Lord, who reigns on high,  
 Who rules the ocean, earth, and sky,  
     Be endless praises given.

H. B.

## 55

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE harvest fields are whitening,  
 The labourers are few;  
 The rising sun is bright'ning,  
 The Master calls for you:  
 The first ripe fruits appearing,  
 Require your instant care;  
 The wheat its brightness bearing,  
 Calls for your labours here.
- 2 See, how the fields are bending  
 With loads of golden grain;  
 The love of God descending,  
 Enlivens all the plain:  
 Your fleeting lives are wasting;  
 Arise, and come away;  
 The day of God is hasting  
 The awful Judgement Day.

- 3 The world will then be burning,  
While sinners quake with fear,  
But you with sheaves returning,  
Will see the Lord appear ;  
And in his glory shining,  
You'll with the reapers come,  
And with archangels joining,  
You'll shout the harvest home.

H. B.

## 56

P. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Send us now a gracious rain :  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.

CHO. *Pour thy Spirit, pour thy Spirit,  
Into every longing breast ;  
And begin in this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.*

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every part look'd gay and green ;  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd :  
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed !  
Help can only come from thee.

## 57

P. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 WHERE are those we counted Leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth.



CHO. *Pour thy Spirit, pour thy Spirit,  
Into every longing breast;  
And begin in this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.*

- 2 Some in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;  
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 3 Younger plants, the sight how pleasant,  
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frosts have nipt them in the bud.
- 4 Gracious Saviour! hasten hither;  
Thou canst make them bloom again;  
O permit them not to wither;  
Let not all our hopes be vain.
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayer;  
Keep each one esteem'd thy servant,  
From the world's bewitching snare.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

## 58

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **F**ARE ye well, ye fav'rite few,  
I must bid you all adieu!  
But the Lord is with you still:  
Fear you not, but fare you well!
- 2 Fare ye well, ye little flock,  
Whom the world revile and mock;  
Keep the way to endless bliss,  
Then you cannot fare amiss.

- 3 Fare ye well, my Lord's elect !  
Trials you must all expect,  
From the world, the flesh, and hell,  
But the faithful shall fare well.
- 4 You who taste a Saviour's love,  
Feel his drawings from above,  
Still endeavour to excel ;  
You shall finally fare well.
- 5 Feeble souls, with fears opprest,  
Jesus bears you on his breast ;  
He will all your foes dispel ;  
Fear ye not, but fare you well.
- 6 When a few more storms are o'er,  
We shall meet to part no more ;  
Meet, with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
In a world where all fare well.

## 59

P. M.

- 1 **B**EAUTEOUS are the feet of those,  
Who on the mountains move,  
Winning souls to Christ, the Lord :  
We welcome such in love.

*Halleluia, praise the Lord.*

- 2 Happy few who wield the sword,  
Whom Jesus doth approve ;  
Winning souls to Christ, the Lord :  
We welcome such in love—&c.
- 3 Blest ambassadors of God,  
Who every blessing prove,  
Cleansed in the purple flood :  
We welcome such in love—&c.
- 4 We receive the messengers,  
From Jesus' courts above,  
Joyfully : blest harbingers !  
We welcome such in love—&c.

## 60

L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
In every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word!  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## 61

7's and 6's.

- 1 **G**O labour in the vineyard,  
You'll find a sure reward;  
You hear a whisper inward,—  
It is your dying Lord.
- 2 His voice to you is calling,  
Why stand you here all day?  
The aged poor are falling;  
Go work, and watch, and pray.
- 3 The infant buds are blooming,  
Go prune each rising shoot;  
The vintage day is coming:  
Go load yourself with fruit.
- 4 And call your friends and neighbours,  
To share this work of love;  
Till resting from your labours,  
You shine with Christ above.

## 62

6 8's.

- 1 **A** GAIN with wonder and delight,  
To God we now our voices raise;  
Our ransom'd powers shall all unite  
To speak the great Creator's praise;  
To him alone the praise belongs:  
He is the theme of all our songs.

2 'Twas he who call'd us from the womb,  
And gently sooth'd our little fears ;  
Tho' oft our minds to earth would roam,  
His mercy crown'd our tender years ;  
He kept us in our infant days,  
And taught us how to lisp his praise.

3 He is our help in time of need ;  
Both life and health to us are giv'n :  
On temporal food our bodies feed ;  
Our souls partake the bread of heav'n :  
From him our every blessing flows,  
Ten thousand gifts his hand bestows.

4 How oft have we his goodness seen,  
And feasted on his tender care ;  
He has our kind preserver been,  
E'er since we breath'd the vital air :  
His gentle hand supports us still,  
And leads us to his holy hill.

## 63

C. M.—*Love-Feast.*

1 **L**ET all who make the Lord their choice,  
The pious Love-feast keep ;  
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep.

2 'Twas Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,  
Who did the wine-press tread ;  
And thro' his gracious name alone,  
Are all his children fed.

3 Come, brethren, now declare his love !  
Come, sisters, speak his praise :  
He sends us manna from above,  
And lengthens out our days.

4 All glory be to Christ, the Lord,  
Who shed his precious blood,  
And sends his Spirit, and his word,  
To bring us back to God !

## 64

S. M.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, to thee I bow,  
Opprest with sin and pain;  
I ask thy grace, believing now,  
Nor can I ask in vain.
- 2 Thou lov'st to hear me cry;  
Though I deserve thy frown:  
Now let my faith ascend the sky,  
And bring the blessing down.
- 3 I long to hear thee say,  
My vengeful wrath is o'er:  
Go now in peace; pursue thy way;  
Believe, and sin no more.

## 65

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **T**HY sons and daughters, Lord, behold,  
More precious than the finest gold,  
O guide them with thine eye!  
Thy Holy Spirit richly pour,  
And fill their hearts, this gracious hour,  
That they may prophecy.
- 2 May signs and wonders still be wrought,  
And numbers, by their preaching, brought  
To know the truth divine:  
May all the powers of hell give way,  
And thousands, taught to sing and pray,  
In holy worship join.
- 3 Endue them, Lord, with power and grace,  
To preach thy word in every place,  
To sinners, born to die; 'A  
Enlarge their power of doing good,  
That millions, sprinkled with thy blood,  
May meet thee in the sky.

- 4 Bring them at last to see thy face,  
And triumph in redeeming grace,  
With all thy saints in light:  
And, seated round thy throne divine,  
With angels and archangels join,  
To worship in thy sight.

H. B.

## 66

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY and Eternal God,  
Look from the place of thine abode,  
On us, who here agree;  
Who rise on faith's triumphant wings,  
And mount above all earthly things,  
Thy lovely face to see.
- 2 We come to thee, the sinner's Friend!  
Before thy gracious throne we bend,  
And pour a ceaseless pray'r;  
We do not worship thee alone,  
In temples made of brick or stone,  
But in the open air.
- 3 Camp-meetings thou delight'st to bless;  
Our fathers, in the wilderness,  
Laid the foundation stone:  
Thou didst their humble hearts inspire,  
And we, like them, have caught the fire,  
And make salvation known.
- 4 And while we now thy grace proclaim,  
May sinners catch the heav'nly flame,  
And know their sins forgiv'n.  
Now, Lord, thy choicest gifts impart;  
Write thy new name on every heart,  
And make us meet for heav'n.

W. S.

## 67

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, accept my longing heart;  
The creatures long have had a part;  
But now to thee I all resign;  
O take it, Lord, and seal it thine!
- 2 My secret thoughts, tho' dark as night,  
Are all expos'd before thy sight:  
Thine eye has all my wanderings seen;  
Tbou know'st how cold my love has been.
- 3 But still I feel a spark within;  
O let it burn up every sin!  
My littleness of love I mourn,  
And fain I would to thee return.
- 4 Still, Lord, shall I ungrateful be,  
And love the creature more than thee?  
Ah, no, I'll give my wand'rings o'er,  
And pray for grace to love thee more.

## 68

4 7's.

- 1 **F**ARE ye well, ye pious band,  
March ye on for Canaan's land;  
Tread on all the powers of hell:  
March in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 2 Fare ye well, brave soldiers dear,  
Crowns of life ye all may wear;  
Christ will all your foes repel:  
Fight in faith, and you'll fare well.
- 3 Fare ye well, ye saints of God,  
Wash'd and cleans'd in Jesus' blood;  
Strive in goodness to excel:  
Live to God, and you'll fare well.
- 4 Fare ye well, poor sinners too,  
Jesus Christ still waits far you;  
Now repent, and 'scape from hell:  
Flee to Christ, and you'll fare well.

## 69

C. M.

**D**IRECT me in thy way, O Lord,  
And guide me in the race ;  
That I may feed upon thy word,  
And daily grow in grace.

- 2 May wisdom shine upon my path,  
And fill my soul with light ;  
Teach me to walk by living faith,  
And act as in thy sight.
- 3 May hope my steadfast anchor prove,  
In every trying hour :  
Give me to feel thy dying love,  
And know thy rising power.
- 4 Impart, O Lord, thy heavenly grace,  
To every waiting soul ;  
And may the fruits of righteousness  
Adorn and crown the whole!

H. B.

## 70

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Nicodemus came by night,  
To see the Son of Man,  
Christ show'd him by the gospel light,  
He must be born again.
- 2 A kingdom, Jesus Christ made known,  
Which always shall remain ;  
But we can never share his throne,  
Unless we're born again.
- 3 Black darkness must our portion be,  
If we in sin remain ;  
God's kingdom we can never see,  
Except we're born again.
- 4 But sure as you can feel the wind,  
You may his grace obtain :  
You may with Jesus Christ be join'd,  
And know you're born again.



- 5 From every sin at once depart,  
 And cast off every chain;  
 Believe in Christ with all your heart,  
 And you'll be born again.

H. B.

71

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 While ye surround the throne.  
 Let those refuse to sing,  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But servants of the heavenly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,  
 That all the earth surveys,  
 That rides upon the stormy sky,  
 And calms the roaring seas;  
 This awful God is ours,  
 Our Father and our Love;  
 He will send down his heavenly powers,  
 To carry us above.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Emanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

72

6 8's.

- 1 **G**REAT Author of eternal day,  
 Disclose the beauties of thy face;  
 Chase all the gloom of guilt away,  
 And shed abroad thy heavenly grace:  
 Thou great victorious Chief, go on,  
 And give the heathen to thy Son.

- 2 Now let thy glorious gospel spread  
O'er all the nations here below:  
Speak, mighty God, and raise the dead,  
And to the world salvation show!  
Shed forth thy light and truth around,  
That all may know the joyful sound.
- 3 Let sinners hear thy pardoning voice,  
And know, and feel their sins forgiven;  
Bid every mourning soul rejoice,  
And find on earth the way to heaven:  
With purest love their hearts inspire,  
And fill the world with heavenly fire.

## 73

P. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, Christ has suffer'd,  
You from every sin to free;  
Life eternal now is offer'd,  
Through his death upon the tree.  
Christ will give you consolation,  
If from sin you will refrain.  
O repent, and seek salvation!  
Christ the Lord is come to reign!
- 2 While to Jesus you are strangers,  
You no comfort can enjoy:  
You're expos'd to sin and dangers;  
Death and hell before you lie!  
Can you bear God's indignation?  
Can you dwell in endless pain?—O, &c.
- 3 If you feel your sins a burthen;  
If you are with griefs oppress;  
You may now find peace and pardon  
Christ invites you to his breast.  
Can you slight the invitation?  
Crucify your Lord again?—O, &c.

## 74

P. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, you will soon be dying!  
 Death will give the dreadful wound!  
 Then for mercy you'll be crying:  
 Mercy then may not be found!  
 All will then be consternation;  
 Worldly prospects will be vain.  
 O repent, and seek salvation!  
 Christ the Lord is come to reign!
- 2 Tho' his grace you long have slighted,  
 He receiveth sinners still;  
 Thieves and harlots are invited!  
 All may come, whoever will.  
 O how free the invitation!  
 Can you still in sin remain?—O repent, &c.
- 3 Jesus reigns, and saints adore him;  
 Devils tremble at his rod!  
 Angels veil their face before him:  
 Worms of earth, behold your God!  
 Turn to Jesus, every nation!  
 Let his love each heart constrain—O, &c.

## 75

C. M.

- 1 **W**E seek a glorious rest above,  
 A land of endless light;  
 A heaven of happiness and love,  
 A city out of sight.
- 2 We seek a house not made with hands,  
 Where pleasures never die;  
 Which on a sure foundation stands—  
 Eternal in the sky.
- 3 We many sore temptations meet,  
 While in this vale of woe;  
 But these will make our joys more sweet,  
 When we to glory go.

- 4 Then let us now, as soldiers, fight  
Against the world and sin;  
For if we keep our armour bright,  
We shall the battle win.
- 5 Though the Egyptians are behind,  
And rocks on either hand,  
We who in Christ are sweetly join'd,  
Shall reach the promis'd land.
- 6 We'll bid farewell to all our grief;  
Our cares will soon be o'er:  
A few more storms will land us safe  
On that eternal shore.

## 76

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons and daughters of the Lord,  
Arise, and preach his sacred word:  
Go forth, endu'd with power and grace,  
And preach the word in every place.
- 2 In streets and lanes declare his name,  
And in highways his truth proclaim;  
In open fields the standard raise,  
And sound the great Jehovah's praise.
- 3 To wretched outcasts straight make known  
What Christ the Lord for them hath done:  
Go lead them to the Saviour's blood,  
That they may praise a pardoning God.
- 4 Unlock the treasures of his grace,  
To every child of Adam's race;  
Teach them in righteousness to grow,  
And perfect holiness below.

## 77

4 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath devis'd a plan  
To restore rebellious man;  
And hath made the way so plain,  
We may all be born again.

- 2 Yea, he by his death alone,  
Did for all our sins atone;  
Other sacrifice is vain;  
We must all be born again.
- 3 He the sure foundation is;  
All may share immortal bliss;  
But we ne'er with him can reign,  
Unless we are born again.
- 4 Truly we are dead in sin,  
Till we feel his power within:  
We shall in our sins remain,  
Until we are born again.
- 5 Sinners, now his grace implore:  
Trust in vanity no more:  
All such trusts are dead and vain:  
You must all be born again.
- 6 Satan bids you not to pray—  
But, ye sinners, come away:  
Christ, the Lamb on Calvary slain,  
Cries, "Ye must be born again." W. S.

78

*4 8's and 2 6's.*

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> Jesus' track we still pursue,  
In the highways and hedges too,  
At his command we go.  
We, like a trumpet, cry aloud,  
And lift our voice among the crowd,  
That all his truth may know.

79

*4 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day is drawing near,  
When earth her instant doom shall hear,  
And all in smoke expire.  
Behold, th' Almighty Judge draws nigh!  
He rides triumphant in the sky,  
Reveal'd in flaming fire!

- 2 I see him now in glory crown'd,  
While skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
All tremble at his rod!  
Our nature he no more assumes,  
But with th' archangel's voice he comes,  
And with the trump of God.
- 3 He comes—to seal the sinners' doom!  
At his command they leave the tomb,  
And tremble with affright!  
They sink beneath his awful frown,  
While devils drag their spirits down  
To realms of endless night!
- 4 He comes—to make his people blest;  
To hide the pilgrims in his breast,  
And bid their troubles end.  
If now we humbly watch and pray,  
Tho' heaven and earth may pass away,  
The Judge will be our friend. W. S.

## 80

L. M.

- 1 **C**AMP Meetings with thy presence crown,  
And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down:  
Fill every heart with holy zeal,  
And all thy righteousness reveal.
- 2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,  
And all our various movements guide:  
The praying companies attend,  
And show thyself the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,  
And visit thy anointed ones:  
May every virgin trim her lamp,  
And glory rest upon our camp.
- 4 May prayer and praise, united, rise  
Like holy incense, to the skies:  
In all our hosts display thy power!  
May souls be born again this hour! H. B.

## 81

S. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, behold thy Son,  
 Who suffer'd, bled, and died !  
 Hearken to his expiring groan,  
 And draw me to his side.
- 2 There shall my soul be blest ;  
 There let me ever dwell ;  
 Hide me, O hide me, in thy breast,  
 From all the powers of hell.
- 3 Suffer me not to stray ;  
 I trust in thee alone ;  
 Keep me, till call'd from earth away,  
 Then take me to thy throne.

W. S.

## 82

C. M.

- 1 **U**P into thee, our living Head,  
 Let us in all things grow :  
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
 And spotless here below.
- 2 Then when the mighty work is wrought,  
 Receive thy ready bride ;  
 Give us in heaven a happy lot,  
 With all the sanctified.

## 83

6 8's.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a bush that burns with fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd amidst the flame !  
 Moses beheld, with strange desire,  
 Not knowing how or whence it came :  
 He turn'd aside with humble fear,  
 But little thought that God was there.
- 2 Truly the Burning Bush appears,  
 An emblem of the church below ;  
 Tho' much opprest with doubts and fears,  
 From conqu'ring we to conquer go :  
 While unconsum'd amidst the flame,  
 We shout our great Deliverer's name.

- 3 He hears the cry of all his saints,  
 For he was once opprest with grief;  
 His heart is touch'd with their complaints,  
 And soon he gives them sweet relief:  
 He bears a part in all their pain,  
 And joins them with the dazzling train.
- 4 Though daily tried as in the fire,  
 They shall come forth as gold refin'd;  
 On wings of faith they shall aspire,  
 And leave the world and sin behind:  
 The church shall find eternal rest,  
 When safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast. w. s.

## 84

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **T**HE seventh trumpet we shall hear;  
 The great white throne shall then appear,  
 Ten thousand angels round:  
 Jehovah turns the moon to blood,  
 Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,  
 And burns the solid ground.
- 2 Arise, ye nations, and come forth,  
 From east and west, and south and north!  
 Behold the Judge is come!  
 What horror strikes each guilty breast,  
 Compell'd to stand the solemn test,  
 And hear their final doom!
- 3 'Depart, ye cursed, down to hell!  
 'With howling fiends for ever dwell,  
 'No more to see my face!  
 'My gospel calls ye have withstood,  
 'And traml'd on my precious blood,  
 'And laugh'd at offer'd grace.'
- 4 See, parents and their children part!  
 Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,  
 Never to meet again:



In fiery chariots Zion flies,  
And quickly gains the upper skies,  
On Canaan's dazzling plain.

My soul is struggling to be there ;  
I long to rise and wing the air,  
To trace the heavenly road.  
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things !  
O that I had some angel's wings,  
I'd quickly see my God.

## 35

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow !  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow !
- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume !  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call !  
Spirit of burning, come !

## 36

P. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Judge descending !  
See, on the plains of light,  
Ten thousand saints attending,  
Array'd in spotless white !  
With rapture they adore him,  
The Judge of quick and dead ;  
While vengeance rolls before him,  
And justice crowns his head.
- 2 The trumpet's voice, like thunder,  
Sounds thro' this earthly ball ;  
The tombs are rent asunder ;  
The dead obey his call.

With joy the saints assemble  
 Before the judgement seat;  
 While guilty sinners tremble,  
 Their fearful doom to meet.

- 3 Tho' once the Saviour suffer'd,  
 And did for sin atone;  
 Mercy no more is offer'd,  
 But justice fills the throne:  
 He pours his indignation  
 Upon the guilty race,  
 Who would not seek salvation,  
 But scorn'd his offer'd grace.

W. S.

87

4 7's.

- 1 **C**OME, ye children, young and dear,  
 Harken to the Teacher's voice:  
 Christ will teach you whom to fear;  
 Christ will make your hearts rejoice.

- 2 Would you wish for length of days?  
 Would you wish to know what's good?  
 Would you wish your Lord to praise?  
 Would you wish to feel his blood?

- 3 Keep your tongue from ev'ry ill;  
 Keep your lips from speaking guile:  
 Wait to know your Saviour's will;  
 Strive to walk beneath his smile.

- 4 From all evil straight depart;  
 Follow Christ in doing good:  
 Seek for peace with all your heart;  
 Seek for peace in Jesus' blood.

H. B.

88

C. M.

**I**'LL look, perhaps my Lord may come!  
 If I turn back, hell is my doom;  
 If I ne'er find that sacred road,  
 I'll perish, crying out for God.

89

4 S's and 2 G's.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden comes,  
 The dreary desert richly blooms,  
 And all the spices grow;  
 The sun breaks forth with shining beams,  
 And grace descends in living streams,  
 To bless the church below.
- 2 Among the lilies now he walks,  
 And with his children sweetly talks,  
 And fills their hearts with love:  
 In storms, he is their hiding place,  
 He gently leads them by his grace,  
 And hides their life above.
- 3 Come, brethren, now declare his name:  
 Come, sisters, come, his grace proclaim,  
 And sing his dying love;  
 Join, every heart, and every hand,  
 To do whate'er our Lord command,  
 Until we meet above.

90

C. M.

**R**EFINING fire, go through my heart!  
 Illuminate my soul!  
 Scatter thy life through every part,  
 And sanctify the whole.

91

L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a table richly spread,  
 With wine, and milk, and heav'nly bread!  
 A plenteous feast of gospel grace;  
 A feast prepar'd for all our race.
- 2 The Saviour's name is now ador'd,  
 By thousands who surround the board:  
 Jesus invites poor sinners still,  
 And all may come, whoever will.

- 3 Ye worms of earth, no longer doubt;  
The Saviour will not cast you out.  
Why should you meet an awful doom,  
When Jesus cries, There yet is room?
- 4 Room in the precious means of grace;  
Room in the Saviour's sweet embrace;  
Room in the fountain of his blood:  
Come, now, and plunge beneath the flood.
- 5 Room in the kingdom of his love;  
Room in the Father's house above;  
Ten thousand saints his name adore:  
But still he cries, There's room for more.

W. S.

## 92

S. M.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
Ye people give him praise,  
Who gives us plenteously his word,  
And lengthens out our days.

- 2 His mercy flows in living streams,  
His promise is divine;  
His truth displays its glorious beams,  
And shall for ever shine.

## 93

C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION in sweet flowing streams,  
Thro' Canaan's land doth roll,  
Proceeding from the throne of God,  
To bathe a pilgrim's soul.  
Ten thousand thousand crowns of gold,  
All set with diamonds bright;  
And there my Lord and Saviour reigns,  
And fills me with delight.

- 2 My soul's on fire, with warm desire,  
 To see Jerusalem;  
 The city bright, the saints' delight,  
 Whose keeper is the Lamb.  
 A holy flame runs through my frame;  
 Methinks the King I see,  
 In glory bright, cloth'd all in light,  
 And immortality.
- 3 My soul, what glories do appear  
 Throughout that land to thee!  
 There all the saints are cloth'd in white,  
 And walk in liberty.  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit one,  
 In blazing glories shine,  
 With countless harps, and flaming tongue,  
 Employ'd in hymns divine.

## 93\*

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,  
 In majesty come down;  
 Stretch out thine arm, Omnipotent,  
 And seize me for thine own.
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn  
 The stubble of thy foe;  
 My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,  
 And make the mountains flow!

## 94

L. M.

**O** GRACIOUS Lord, how good thou art!  
 Thou still dost to a worm impart  
 Thy glorious grace, with faith and love,  
 And feed'st me from thy courts above.

## 95

4 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **L**OOK, Jesus, from thy lofty throne,  
And make to us thy goodness known,  
Who in thy service join:  
Disperse the gloom of hellish night,  
And let a ray of heav'nly light,  
In every bosom shine.
- 2 The work already is begun ;  
Now, Jesus, let thy gospel run  
Throughout this earthly ball:  
Where satan long has fix'd his throne,  
Let thy redeeming love be known,  
And let his kingdom fall.
- 3 Many already know thy name ;  
Now, mighty God, thyself proclaim  
To all our helpless race :  
Revive thy work, victorious King,  
And let the barren deserts sing  
The glories of thy grace.

## 96

P. M.

- 1 **S**ERVANTS of the great Jehovah,  
Now go forth at his command ;  
He will bless your feeble efforts,  
Own the labours of your hand :  
Run, ye heralds,  
Spread the gospel through the land.
- 2 Enter every town and village,  
Light and truth shall then abound ;  
Tell poor guilty dying sinners,  
What a Saviour you have found :  
Lift your voices,  
Though the powers of hell surround.

- 3 Satan's kingdom now is falling ;  
Courage, your great Captain cries ;  
Though you may be counted foolish,  
Truly you confound the wise :  
Nought can harm you,  
Though the rich and poor despise.
- 4 Tho' you are expos'd to dangers,  
While you o'er the deserts roam ;  
Trust in Jesus for protection,  
Till to brighter worlds you come :  
Be not weary :  
Soon you will arrive at home. w. s.

## 97

L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my soul begin to sing  
The praises of my God and King ?  
Who left his Father's throne above,  
And stoop'd to win a mortal's love.
- 2 Behold, he quits the realms of day !  
Ye messengers, prepare his way :  
Proclaim the saving power abroad,  
And cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'
- 3 Prepare the way, a herald cries :  
Ye mountains, fall ! ye valleys, rise !  
He visits now our mean abode :  
Sinners ! behold the Lamb of God !
- 4 He liv'd a suffering life below,  
To save us from eternal woe :  
This spacious earth on which he trod,  
Cries out, 'Behold the Lamb of God !'
- 5 Hark ! how he groans upon the tree !  
He suffers this for you and me :  
His sweat, his agony, and blood,  
Cry out, 'Behold the Lamb of God !'

- 6 'Tis finish'd,' our Emanuel cries,  
Then bows his sacred head, and dies:  
He bows beneath our heavy load,  
And shows himself the 'Lamb of God.'

93

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, how wonderful art thou,  
In all thy works and ways!  
The heav'nly hosts before thee bow;  
Creation speaks thy praise.

- 2 But though thou art exalted high,  
In brighter worlds above,  
On earth thou cast'st a gracious eye,  
And mortals taste thy love.

- 3 Thou now art calling all around,  
That sinners may repent;  
O, may thy gospel's joyful sound  
Make every heart relent!

- 4 From east to west, from south to north,  
Let all thy heralds fly;  
Yea, at thy word they now go forth,  
And to the nations cry.

W. S.

99

C. M.

- 1 THOU choosest not the rich and great  
To spread thy truth around;  
By foolish men, of low estate,  
Thou dost the wise confound.

- 2 These are expos'd to rain and wind,  
While o'er the wastes they roam;  
They leave their dearest friends behind,  
Their kindreds, and their home.



- 3 They lift the standard of the cross,  
That all the world may see;  
All earthly things they count but loss,  
And give up all for thee.
- 4 O crown their labours with success,  
Thou God of love divine!  
O condescend their work to bless,  
And be the glory thine!

## 100

## 4 7's.—LOVE-FEAST.

- 1 **J**ESUS, view our feast of love!  
Met we are thy grace to prove;  
Met from different places here;  
In our midst do thou appear.
- 2 Now the flame of love impart;  
Enter every waiting heart;  
Purge away our every stain;  
Conqu'ring Jesus, come and reign.
- 3 May we all improve the hour,  
Sing and pray, and speak, with power.  
Now to inward work attend;  
Now from wand'rings, Lord, defend.
- 4 May each waiting heart be free;  
Every thought be fix'd on thee:  
Pride, and shame, and fear, give way;  
May we speak for God to-day.

## 101

## C. M.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my soul begin to sing  
The great Redeemer's love?  
To praise the everlasting King,  
Who left his throne above?

- 2 O love, what a delightful theme!  
How charming is the sound!  
'Twas love that did the world redeem;  
No other help was found.
- 3 Angels have strove, but all in vain,  
To view the great design:  
'Tis mystery all! they can't explain  
The depth of love divine.
- 4 My feeble voice I cannot raise,  
As angels do above;  
Yet, while I've breath, I'll sing the praise  
Of his redeeming love.
- 5 And when I lose this stammering tongue,  
I'll sing as loud as they:  
Salvation shall be all my song,  
Through one eternal day.

W. S.

## 102

4 6's and 2 8's.

- 1 COMMISSION'D, Lord, by thee,  
We raise the joyful sound;  
By men of low degree,  
Thou spread'st thy truth around:  
The wise and great with wonder gaze,  
While babes and sucklings shout thy praise.
- 2 While thou, the sinner's Friend,  
Didst for our coming wait,  
Thou lov'dst to condescend  
To men of low estate:  
The world was fill'd with great amaze,  
While babes and sucklings sung thy praise.
- 3 Tho' high exalted now  
In brighter worlds above,  
Thou dost so lowly bow,  
That all may taste thy love:

While saints in light their triumphs raise,  
Let babes and sucklings shout thy praise.

4 Tho' fools and madmen, we  
Are counted here below,  
Our hearts are up to thee,  
From whom all blessings flow:  
We shall be counted truly wise,  
When landed far above the skies.

W. S.

## 103

P. M.

1 GREAT Jehovah, God Almighty,  
God supreme, in persons three!  
All creation speaks thy greatness,  
Heaven and earth are full of thee!  
Angels cannot  
Sound the depths of Deity.

2 Didst thou not in the beginning,  
Speak ten thousand worlds from nought?  
Sure thy power can find no limits;  
Matchless works thy hands have wrought!  
Mighty wonders!  
Far above all human thought!

3 Now we praise thee for creation;  
Thanks and praise to thee belong:  
But the precious gift of Jesus,  
Still demands a nobler song:  
How amazing!  
Praise him, every heart and tongue!

4 Thou thyself didst freely give him,  
To redeem our fallen race;  
O, that all might now receive him,  
Fly to his lov'd embrace!  
Come, ye sinners,  
Come and taste a Saviour's grace.

W. S.

## 104

C. M.

1 **B**Y nature we are prone to sin,  
And all our thoughts are vain;  
Eternal life we ne'er can win,  
Till we are born again.

2 In vain we seek for bliss below,  
While sin doth in us reign;  
True happiness we ne'er can know,  
Till we are born again.

3 No sacrament, no outward form,  
Can save from endless pain:  
We must be of the Spirit born;  
We must be born again.

4 Sinners, we ne'er can enter heaven,  
Or life eternal gain,  
Until we know our sins forgiven,  
And feel we're born again.

## 105

4 S's and 2 6's.

1 **H**ARK, how the gospel trumpet charms!  
Enlist with Christ, take up your arms,  
Gird on your sword and shield:  
While glory bright inspires the fight,  
We'll slay the bloody sons of night,  
And thus we'll gain the field.

2 O then we'll meet our blessed Lord,  
Then we'll not need a shield or sword,  
But nobler arms employ:  
When millions of bright years are gone,  
Eternity has just begun,  
A never ending joy!

3 All glory be to God on high,  
Who made the ocean, earth, and sky!  
Glory to him be given:

I long to see my gracious King;  
My soul's now rising while I sing,  
To scale the mount of heaven.

- 4 I long to gain the mountain's height:  
To see the Lord, my soul's delight,  
I'm flaming with desire:  
To join the dazzling armies bright,  
Ten thousand thousands, cloth'd in white,  
In blazing worlds of fire.

## 106

C. M.

1 **Y**E guilty souls, to Jesus bow,  
Who made your peace with heaven;  
'Tis he himself invites you now;  
Repent, and be forgiven.

2 Your sins may be in number more  
Than sand by tempest driven,  
But, if his mercy you implore,  
You may be all forgiven.

3 No longer slight his offer'd love,  
Lest you to hell be driven;  
He left his Father's throne above,  
That you might be forgiven.

4 Only believe the record true;  
Believe, and yours is heaven:  
Believe that Jesus died for you,  
And all your sin's forgiven.

## 107

P. M.

1 **H**OW beauteous are the garments  
The bride of Christ doth wear!  
He adorns with his presence,  
And feeds her with his care:

He decks her with rich jewels,  
And crowns her with his love;  
And by his mighty power  
He'll bear her safe above.

- 2 We'll bid farewell to sorrow,  
To sickness, care, and pain,  
And mount aloft with Jesus,  
For ever there to reign:  
We'll join and sing his praises,  
Above the ethereal blue;  
And then, poor careless sinners,  
What will become of you?

# 108

4 S's and 2 6's.

- 1 **B**UT will my soul be e'er extinct,  
And cease to live, and cease to think?  
It cannot, cannot be!  
No: my immortal cannot die!  
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,  
When death shall set thee free?
- 2 Will mercy then her arms extend?  
Will Jesus be thy guardian Friend,  
And heaven thy dwelling place?  
Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
And drag thee down to dark despair,  
Below the reach of grace?
- 3 A heaven or hell, and these alone,  
Beyond the present life are known;  
There is no middle state.  
To-day attend the call divine;  
To-morrow may be none of thine;  
Or it may be too late.
- 4 O do not pass this as a dream:  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,  
To poor unthinking man!  
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow!  
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,  
What it would tell me then.

- 5 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to choose the better way,  
That leads to joys on high.  
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live,  
Such as I dare not die.

## 109

C. M.

- 1 **O** WHAT a glorious sight appears  
To my believing eyes!  
Methinks I see Jerusalem,  
A city in the skies!  
Bright angels whispering me away,  
'O come, to glory come!'  
And I am willing to be gone  
To my eternal home.
- 2 By faith I see my gracious God  
On his eternal throne;  
At his right hand the loving Lamb,  
The Spirit, Three in One.  
O that my faith was strong to rise,  
To bear my soul away;  
I'd shout salvation in the skies,  
To all eternity.

## 110

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E worldly pleasures, now begone;  
I bid you all adieu;  
From strength to strength I travel on,  
With glory in my view.
- 2 I haste to brighter worlds above,  
Where sin can never come;  
Jesus shall keep me, lest I rove,  
And grace shall lead me home.
- 3 O Christians, let your willing feet  
The heavenly way pursue;  
And when I reach the blissful seat,  
I hope to meet with you.

- 4 Then we no more shall parted be,  
But all in love unite;  
We shall the King of Glory see,  
And worship in his sight.

**111**

P. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **M**Y soul is now united  
To Christ, the living Vine:  
His grace I long have slighted,  
But now I feel him mine.  
I was to God a stranger,  
Till Jesus took me in;  
He free'd my soul from danger,  
And pardon'd all my sin.
- 2 Soon as my all I ventur'd  
On the atoning blood,  
His Holy Spirit enter'd,  
And I was born of God.  
Still, Christ is my salvation:  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation:  
My Father's wrath is o'er.
- 3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I now my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded,  
With glory in my view.  
I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
And need not fear a frown:  
Christ is my joy and treasure,  
My glory and my crown.

**112**

P. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **T**HOU' in a world of sickness,  
While on my Saviour's breast,  
He strengthens all my weakness,  
And makes me truly blest:



He cheers my drooping spirit,  
And fills me with his love,  
And soon I shall inherit  
Those shining realms above.

2 While on the banks of Jordan,  
I now would launch away ;  
But O, this earthly burden  
Still forces me to stay.  
Could I but see my Jesus,  
And scale the mountain's height,  
How would I shout his praises  
In yonder realms of light.

3 Christians, be not faint-hearted,  
Tho' least among the flock ;  
From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,  
While built upon the Rock.  
Let's mend our pace to glory ;  
We soon shall meet above,  
And sing the pleasing story  
Of his redeeming love. W. S. & H. B.

113

P. M.

**W**HEN the sixth seal shall open,  
The trumpet shall sound,  
To awake God's dear children,  
Who sleep under ground :  
Their souls and their bodies  
Shall then join in one ;  
And each from their Saviour  
Receive a bright crown.

114

4 8's and 2 6's.

**O** CHRISTIANS, don't you want to go,  
And leave your cares and fears below,  
To see that heavenly place?  
And never to return again,  
To this dark world of sin and pain,  
From his sweet smiling face?

- 2 No nauseous thing for us to fear,  
No sin nor pain can enter there,  
    To interrupt our peace:  
But drink and swim in seas of love,  
God's perfect holiness to prove,  
    All glory still increase.
- 3 O sinners, what think you of this,  
Ye restless wand'ers after bliss?  
    Stop, and no longer roam:  
The road you're in leads down to hell,  
Where fury, flames, and dragons dwell,  
    Where hope can never come.
- 4 Hark! from the skies your Saviour cries;  
And stands, your bleeding sacrifice,  
    And offers you his love:  
Sinners, awake! see your mistake!  
And strive to shun the fiery lake,  
    And reign with him above.

# 115

P. M.

- 1 **H**OW prone are professors to rest on their  
    lees!  
To study their profit, their pleasure, and ease!  
Tho' God says, Arise, and escape for your life!  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning receive!  
'Tis Jesus that warns you—the message believe!  
While dangers are pending, escape for your life!  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay;  
And tell you, no dangers are found in the way:  
He means to deceive you—Escape for your life!  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!
- 4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd!  
With specious temptations how many defil'd!  
Then be not deluded—Escape for your life!  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife!

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford :  
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord.  
Forsake, then, the world, and escape for your life !  
And look not behind you—Remember Lot's wife !

6 But if you're determin'd the call to refuse,  
And venture the way of destruction to choose,  
For hell you will part with the blessings of life,  
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's wife !

# 116

4 7's.

1 SAVIOUR, give us power to pray,  
While assembled here to-day :  
Let not now our waiting heart  
From the living God depart.

2 Saviour, give us faith to claim  
All that's promis'd in thy name ;  
Raise us from the grave of sin ;  
Now the quick'ning work begin.

3 Now the mighty moving give ;  
Let the dead begin to live ;  
All our doubts remove away ;  
Give us power to watch and pray.

4 Visit every waiting heart ;  
Now the life of God impart ;  
Let us now together sing ;  
Nearer now thy blessing bring.

5 Now the blind begin to see ;  
Now the captive soul is free :  
Soldiers, all begin to sing,  
Glory to the conqu'ring King !

## 117

P. M.

- 1 **O**H, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,  
 You must die, and wear the shroud!  
 Time will rob you of your bloom!  
 Death will drag you to the tomb!

CHO. *Then you'll cry, and want to be  
 Happy in eternity!*

- 2 Will you go to heaven or hell?  
 One you must, and there to dwell:  
 Christ will come, and quickly too:  
 I must meet him, so must you—&c.
- 3 The white throne will soon appear;  
 All the world must then draw near:  
 Sinners will be driven down;  
 Saints will wear a starry crown—&c.

## 118

6 8's.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous love and grace!  
 When we were wretched and undone,  
 To save our ruin'd helpless race,  
 The Father gave his only Son!  
 Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
 No gift like this could ever shine.
- 2 Jesus, to save us from our fall,  
 Was made incarnate here below:  
 This was the greatest gift of all!  
 Heav'n could no greater gift bestow  
 On him alone our sins were laid.  
 'Tis finish'd now—the ransom's paid.
- 3 O gift of love unspeakable!  
 O gift of mercy all divine!  
 We once were heirs of death and hell,  
 But now we in his image shine:  
 For other gifts our songs we raise,  
 But this demands our highest praise.

- 4 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours,  
Till we, with all the hosts above,  
Extol his name with nobler powers,  
Lost in the ocean of his love.  
While angel choirs with wonder gaze,  
We'll fill the heavens with shouts of praise.

W. S.

## 119

C. M.

- 1 **O** COME, my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me thro' the sky;  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;  
Make haste, and bring it nigh.  
I long to see thy glorious face,  
And in thine image shine;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be for ever thine.
- 2 Then will I tune my harp of gold,  
To my eternal King:  
Thro' ages that can ne'er be told,  
I'll make his praises ring.  
All hail, eternal Son of God,  
Who died on Calvary;  
And sav'd me by thy precious blood,  
From endless misery!
- 3 Ten thousand thousands join in one,  
To praise th' eternal Three;  
Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
In deep humility.  
They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
And sweep th' immortal lyre;  
And ages that can ne'er be told,  
Shall raise thy praises higher.

## 120

6's and 7's.

1 **C**OME, sinners, come to Jesus,  
 Who died for you and me;  
 'Tis he alone who frees us  
 From endless misery:  
 In deep humiliation,  
 His blessing now implore:  
 The day of visitation  
 With you will soon be o'er.

2 Sinners, what are you doing,  
 Upon the verge of hell?  
 You're hast'ning on to ruin,  
 Where fiends and devils dwell.  
 Can you endure for ever  
 The vengeance of a God?  
 Methinks I see you shiver  
 Beneath his angry rod.

3 We all are prone to wander;  
 How can we thus depart?  
 But if to God we render  
 An undivided heart,  
 Though in the day of wonders,  
 He comes reveal'd in fire,  
 Amidst ten thousand thunders,  
 We'll raise his praises higher.

## 121

C. M.

1 **Y**E sons and daughters of the Lord,  
 Arise, and prophesy;  
 Make known, make known his pard'ning word,  
 To sinners doom'd to die.

3 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,  
 Shall back the living word;  
 And numbers by his grace forgiven,  
 Shall rise and praise the Lord.

- 3 May thousands and ten thousands rise,  
 To claim a heavenly crown;  
 And reign with Christ above the skies,  
 And on his throne sit down.

H. B.

## 122

P. M.

- 1 **S**OME who make a great profession,  
 Meet in Jesus' church below;  
 Yet alas! have no possession;  
 Not a single fig to show.
- 2 O ye barren souls! remember,  
 Tho' his anger may be slow,  
 Tho' he's merciful and tender,  
 Yet he'll surely give the blow!
- 4 Cumb'ers, you can't go unpunish'd;  
 Justice orders, 'Cut them down!'  
 Tho' your souls he oft admonish'd,  
 Yet you're cumb'ers of the ground.

## 123

4 7's.

- 1 **O** YE nations, hear the word  
 Of your Saviour, Christ the Lord!  
 He cries out, Ye sons of men,  
 You must all be born again.
- 2 Weak by nature, prone to sin,  
 All unholy, all unclean;  
 You will still in sin remain,  
 Till your souls are born again.
- 3 Christ hath died to save you all  
 From the ruins of the fall;  
 Died, forgiveness to obtain:  
 You may now be born again.
- 4 Now with every idol part;  
 Turn to God with all your heart;  
 Throw off every sinful chain:  
 You may now be born again.

5 Christ will wash you with his blood ;  
Christ will bring your souls to God ;  
He will cleanse your every stain :  
You will then be born again.

H. B.

## 124

C. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,  
Until we meet again !  
Perhaps in time, or as we rise  
Above the fiery main.
- 2 We'll join the royal armies bright,  
In the presence of the Lamb ;  
We'll tune our harps, and sing free grace,  
In love's eternal flame.

## 125

*10's and 11's.—Part First.*

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail, And dangers affright ;  
Tho' friends should all fail, And foes all  
unite ;  
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide ;  
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds, without barn Or storehouse, are fed ;  
From them let us learn To trust for our bread :  
His saints, what is fitting Shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, By tempests be tost  
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost :  
Tho' satan enrages, The wind and the tide  
The Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, Like Abraham of old :  
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold :  
For tho' we are strangers, We have a sure Guide ;  
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.



## 126

10's and 11s.—Part Second.

- 1 **W**HEN satan appears To hedge up our path,  
And fills us with fears, We conquer thro'  
faith:  
He cannot take from us, Tho' oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will  
provide.
- 2 He tells us we're weak, Our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek, We ne'er shall obtain:  
But when such temptations Our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 3 No strength of our own, Nor goodness we claim:  
Our trust is alone In Jesus's name:  
In this our strong tower, For safety we hide;  
The Lord is our power, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 4 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,  
The word of his grace Shall bring us safe thro';  
Nor fearing nor doubting, With Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

## 127

C. M.

- 1 **A** THOUSAND oracles divine,  
Their common beams unite;  
That sinners may with angels join,  
To worship God aright:  
To praise a Trinity ador'd  
By all the hosts above;  
And One thrice happy God and Lord,  
Thro' endless ages love.
- 2 Triumphant host! they never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of Holiness,  
Whose glory fills the sky;

Whose glory to the earth extends,  
 When God himself imparts,  
 And the whole Trinity descends  
 Into our waiting hearts.

## 128

All 7's.

- 1 COME, my Christian brethren, come,  
 Let us take our journey home;  
 Tho' we many trials meet,  
 Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHO. *We shall soon with Jesus be,  
 Happy in eternity.*

- 2 Brother Christians, doubt no more,  
 Christ your Saviour's gone before;  
 He himself has mark'd the way,  
 Leading to eternal day—We, &c.
- 3 Let us never be afraid,  
 For on Christ our help is laid;  
 He will all our foes o'ercome,  
 He will take his exiles home—We, &c.
- 4 Tho' the world revile and mock,  
 We are built upon the Rock;  
 And while thus we dwell secure,  
 Christ will make our goings sure—We, &c.
- 5 Let us then in faith go on,  
 Till our heavenly race is run;  
 Though the world and satan frown,  
 We shall soon obtain a crown—We, &c.

## 129

L. M.

- 1 THOU holy God, whom saints adore,  
 Whom cherubims stand veil'd before,  
 How shall I now approach thy throne,  
 And make to thee my sorrows known?
- 2 Thy offer'd grace I long withstood,  
 And still my works I counted good:  
 But now I trust thy grace alone,  
 For I've no merits of my own.

3 Come, Jesus, come, thou heav'nly guest,  
And take possession of my breast;  
Destroy in me the love of sin,  
And ever reign thyself within.

4 Take my poor heart, and make it new;  
My passion and my pride subdue:  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;  
O make me perfect all like thee.

5 Accomplish now the great design,  
And let my will be lost in thine:  
O might I into nothing fall,  
And humbly crown thee Lord of all.

W. S.

## 130

C. M.

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,  
Unaw'd by shame or fear;  
Till a new object struck my sight,  
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 Methought I saw one on the tree,  
In agony and blood;  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge *me* with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair:  
I saw, *my sins* his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,  
I freely all forgive:  
My blood was for thy ransom paid;  
I die, that thou may'st live.

## 131

4 6's and 2 8's.

1 **H**ARK! hear the trumpet's sound!  
It blows both loud and shrill!  
The soldiers now surround  
The top of yonder hill!  
See! see the flag on yonder pole!  
The very sight delights my soul!

2 What numbers round it stand!  
They seem as if combin'd  
To fight with heart and hand,  
And with undaunted mind!  
Determin'd to maintain their ground,  
Tho' devils, earth, and hell surround!

3 The sergeant says, 'I'm here,  
In Jesus' name to-day!  
Come, be a volunteer;  
No longer now delay:  
Come, join the ranks; be not afraid;  
The King himself is on parade.

4 Your clothing will be white,  
Your bounty very large;  
You'll never need to fight  
A warfare at your charge.  
But all that come, must surely be  
Determined, Lord, to fight for thee

5 'Tis Jesus who commands:  
'Tis he who does desire  
To pluck you all as brands  
Out of eternal fire.

O, seize your arms! to Jesus fly  
Resolv'd for him to live and die

- 1 **P**RINCES shall feed your flocks, and keep  
With tender care the lambs;  
They'll safely lead the older sheep,  
And number all their names.  
The Lord's your everlasting light:  
Your mourning days are past:  
Your city is the Lord's delight,  
And shall no more be waste.
- 2 Your mountains shall with honey flow;  
The hills, with milk and wine;  
The valleys, full of corn shall grow;  
And pastures, full of kine.  
My glory your reward shall be,  
And I'll before you go,  
Until you come my face to see,  
And all my goodness know.
- 3 My signs in heaven you shall see,  
And hear my trumpet blow;  
The sun and moon shall darken'd be.  
By this you all may know,  
The year of my redeem'd is come,  
To set poor Zion free.  
Return, return, ye exiles, home!  
It is the Jubilee!
- 4 My lightning round the world shall fly,  
While rumbling thunders roll;  
But you shall mount the melting sky,  
And gain the happy goal.  
There on a bright and flowery plain,  
Your blazing harps shall ring.  
The Lamb that was on Calvary slain,  
Shall sound from every string.

# 133

L. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, from whom all blessings rise,  
'Tis thou that rul'st the lofty skies;  
Exalted far above all height,  
In yon thrice-happy world of light.
- 2 Hallowed be thy sacred name,  
Whom all the angel choirs proclaim;  
Who wast, and shalt for ever be,  
The One Supreme, Eternal Three.
- 3 Thy kingdom come in righteousness,  
That heathen worlds thy name may bless;  
Now let the powers of darkness fall,  
And Jesus Christ be Lord of all.
- 4 Jehovah, now thy righteous will  
Give us with meekness to fulfil,  
As saints in brighter worlds unknown,  
Who bow before th' eternal throne.

# 134

L. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **W**E have by thee been richly fed;  
Still give us, Lord, our daily bread;  
And O, we pray thee now impart  
The Bread of Life to every heart.
- 2 Grant this, that we thy praise may show.  
As we forgive our every foe,  
Do thou our trespasses forgive,  
And let us to thy glory live.
- 3 Leave us not in the trying hour,  
But save us from temptation's power;  
Lest it should lead our feet astray,  
And draw us from the narrow way.

- 4 Take now the kingdom for thine own ;  
Thine is the power, and thine alone ;  
Thy vast dominion we adore ;  
Thine is the glory evermore.
- 5 While angels raise their grateful songs,  
Let earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Extol the glories of thy reign,  
And every creature say—Amen.

V. S.

## 135

C. M.—CHRISTMAS.

- 1 **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your eyes !  
And send your fears away !  
News from the region of the skies !  
A Saviour's born to-day !
- 2 Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you :  
To-day he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies.  
And see his humble throne :  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.
- 4 Glory to God who reigns above !  
Let peace surround the earth !  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love  
At their Redeemer's birth.
- 5 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise ?  
Oh, may we lose these useless tongues,  
When we forget to praise !
- 6 Glory to God, who reigns above,  
Who pitied us forlorn !  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born !

133

C. M.—*Part First.*

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.

137

C. M.—*Part Second.*

1 **J**ESUS! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease:  
Tis music in the sinner's ears:  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

2 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin;  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean:  
His blood avail'd for me.

138

C. M.—*Part Third.*

1 **H**EAR him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ!  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

2 With me, by faith, ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven:  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.



## 139

L. M.

**T**AKE my poor heart, and let it be  
 For ever clos'd to all but thee:  
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
 That pledge of love for ever there.

## 140

6 Lines 8's.

1 **O** LOVE Divine, what hast thou done?  
 Th' incarnate God hath died for me!  
 The Father's co-eternal Son  
 Bore all my sins upon the tree!  
 Th' incarnate God for me hath died!  
 My Lord, my love, is crucified!

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace:  
 Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
 And say, was ~~ever~~ grief like his?  
 Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
 My Lord, my love, is crucified.

## 141

C. M.

1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful ~~songs~~,  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died! they cry,  
 To be exalted thus!  
 Worthy the Lamb! our hearts reply,  
 For he was slain for us!

## 142

C. M.

1 **Q**UICK as the apple of an eye,  
 O God, my conscience make:  
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
 And keep it still awake.

2 O may the least omission, pain ·  
 My well instructed soul!  
 And drive me to the blood again,  
 Which makes the wounded whole!

143

6 Lines 8's.

**P**EACE, doubting heart! my God's I am!  
 Who form'd me man, forbids my fear.  
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name;  
 The Lord protects for ever near:  
 His blood for me did once atone,  
 And still he loves and guards his own.

144

C. M.

1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry,  
 Thee only would I know;  
 Thy purifying blood apply,  
 And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;  
 Purge my iniquity.  
 Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
 I have no part with thee.

145

C. M.

**B**EHOLD, for me the victim bleeds!  
 His wounds are open'd wide!  
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
 And speaks me justify'd!

146

6 Lines 8's.

**C**OME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see;  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with thee:  
 With thee all night I mean to stay.  
 And wrestle till the break of day.

147

S. M.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have:  
A God to glorify;

A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age;

My calling to fulfil:

O may it all my powers engage,  
'To do my Master's will.

148

C. M.

1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God!  
A heart from sin set free!

A heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine!

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good!  
A copy, Lord, of thine!

149

6 Lines 8's.

**O** LOVE, thou bottomless abyss,  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee!

Cover'd is my unrighteousness,

Nor spot of guilt remains on me.

While Jesu's blood thro' earth and skies,  
Mercy—free, boundless, Mercy—cries!

150

C. M.

1 **H**ELP us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear.

Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up;

Our little stock improve.

Increase our faith; confirm our hope;  
And perfect us in love.

## 151

C. M.

1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

## 152

L. M.—ASKING A BLESSING.

**B**E present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and every where ador'd;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with thee.

## 153

L. M.—RETURNING THANKS.

**W**E thank thee, Lord, for this our food;  
We praise thee more for Jesu's blood:  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

## 154

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing:  
Bid us now depart in peace:  
Still on gospel manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation:  
Up to thee our voice we raise.  
When we reach thy blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

L A R G E

# H Y M N B O O K,

FOR THE USE OF THE

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

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COMPILED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS, AND ENRICHED WITH

ORIGINAL HYMNS,

BY

HUGH BOURNE.

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*Revised and Altered for the use of the Amer. Primitive Methodists,  
by Thomas Taylor, Treasurer.*

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“I will sing with the *Spirit*, and I will sing with the  
understanding also.”—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

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*Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by  
THOMAS TAYLOR, Treasurer, in trust for the American Primitive  
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## P R E F A C E .

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THE singing service, or service of song, is used, in Scripture, to set forth the praises of God, to record his wondrous works, and make known his goodness and loving kindness to the children of men; it is used also for reproof, correction, admonition, and instruction in righteousness.

### *On the Service of Song in the Old Testament.*

The first service of this kind, of which we have any knowledge, is recorded in Job, xxxviii. 6, 7, where the Lord himself informs us, that when he laid the foundations of the earth, "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This shows us that there was joy in heaven when creation first arose; and when God makes a new creation in the hearts of sinners, there is joy both in heaven and on earth. In Luke, xv. 7, our Lord speaks of joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; and on earth, the children of God rejoice in the work of the Lord. On such occasions, they might say, as in hymn 20,

"Thee, in thy glorious realms, they praise,  
And bow before thy throne;  
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:  
The kingdoms are but one."

When the Lord brought the children of Israel out of Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm, and through the Red Sea, on dry ground, they raised a song of triumph unto the Lord, saying, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." Exod. xv. When the nation thus sung unto the Lord, their united voices would sound like the voice of many waters.

When Moses had nearly finished his course, and before he went up to the top of Pisgah to view the land and die, he, by the Eternal Spirit, delivered a song for correction, exhortation, and instruction in righteousness; and said, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." Deut. xxxii. 2.

In the times of the judges, when the Lord wrought out a mighty deliverance by the hand of Deborah and Barak, they raised a song unto the Lord, saying, "Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves." Judges, v. 2.

When David rose up to be the sweet psalmist of Israel, he, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, composed many psalms unto the Lord, which have been a blessing to the children of God, from generation to generation. He also set the singing service in order, and appointed Levites over the service of song in the house of the Lord. 1 Chron. vi. 31.

David, being seated on the throne of Israel, prepared a place for the ark of God, and brought it up with great joy. The singers, Heman, Asaph, and Jeduthun, were appointed to sound with cymbals of brass. Others had psalteries and harps. Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song. The trumpets were blown before the ark of God, and all Israel brought up the ark of the covenant of the Lord with shouting, &c. 1 Chron. xv. And when David had nearly finished his earthly course, he delivered a psalm of praise unto the Lord, saying, "Blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen." Ps. lxxii. 17.

After David was gathered to his fathers, the Lord raised Solomon, his son, to the throne of Israel; appointed him to build him an house, and gave him wisdom beyond any that were before him. "And when Solomon and all Israel dedicated the temple, the singers were set in order, and with them one hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. And it came to pass as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." 2 Chron. v. 12—14.

The singers, on some occasions, had to undertake important enterprises; and their faith was fully tried when Jehoshaphat appointed them unto the Lord, to praise the beauty of holiness, and face the enemy, marching

before the army when on the point of entering into battle. But faith prevailed; for when they began to sing and praise, (and the army, no doubt, joined in with them,) then the Lord wrought out a great deliverance. 2 Chron. xx. 21, 22.

When Joash was raised up to the throne of Israel, Jehoiada appointed the officers of the house of the Lord, to offer the burnt-offerings of the Lord with rejoicing and singing. 2 Chron. xxiii. 18.

The pious king Hezekiah, when raised to the throne, restored the worship of the Lord, and commanded to offer the burnt-offerings upon the altar. And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also. And all the congregation worshipped, and the singers sang, and the trumpets sounded: and all this continued until the burnt-offering was finished. 2 Chron. xxix. 27, 28.

In the reign of Zedekiah, the children of Israel were carried away captive; and by the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept, and hanged their harps upon the willows. For there they that carried them away captive required a song. But their thought was, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Psal. cxxxvii. 1—4.

But when the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing. And when the foundation of the temple was laid, they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever unto Israel. "And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid; and the noise was heard afar off." Ezra, iii. 11—13.

After this, when Nehemiah had raised up the ruins of Jerusalem, they kept the dedication of the wall with gladness, with thanksgivings, and with singings. Nehe. xii. 27.

Throughout the Old Testament, the service of song formed an eminent part in the worship of God. It was also employed in giving reproof, correction, admonition, and instruction, in righteousness. The Lord raised up Moses, David, Asaph, and the holy prophets, who, by



the Eternal Spirit, composed songs and psalms unto the Lord; and wrote them for instruction, for celebrating the holy worship of Jehovah, and to be a blessing to the children of God in all ages.

*On the Service of Song in the New Testament.*

In the fullness of time, Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea; and there was in the same country, shepherds watching over their flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Luke, ii.

At the Feast of the Passover, when our Lord was about to be offered up, he instituted the ordinance called the Supper of the Lord; on which occasion, he and his disciples sung a hymn. Mark, xiv. 26.

Paul and Silas, in prison at Philippi, prayed, and sang praises unto the Lord at midnight. And the Lord sent an earthquake, and wrought out a mighty deliverance. Acts, xvi. 25.

From this instance, it appears that, at times, the singing assists in growing into faith. It may be remarked, too, that when the three kings sought unto Elisha for deliverance, he said, "Bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him." 2 Kings, iii. 15.

In the New Testament, we have peculiar directions for the performance of this service. In 1 Cor. xiv. 15, the apostle says, "I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." And Ephes. v. 18, 19, says, "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts unto the Lord." In Col. iii. 16, we have this farther instruction, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns

and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

As we advance in the New Testament, the singing service grows upon us. In Rev. v. John saw the Lamb take the book sealed with seven seals, and a new song was sung, saying, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests; and we shall reign upon the earth."

In Rev. xiv. the Lamb and his company sung, as it were, a new song. And in Rev. xv. those who stand on the sea of glass, have the harps of God; and sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. And in Rev. xix. after Babylon was fallen, a voice came out of the throne, saying, "Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great." And John heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, "Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

### *General Observations.*

'The Lord hath not only raised pious and holy men to compose psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, but he has, from time to time, raised up suitable persons to conduct the singing service; men and women who can sing with grace in their hearts unto the Lord, and whose singing is accompanied with the power of God, and is a general blessing to the people. These are appointed of the Lord: all others would bring a vain oblation, and would injure both themselves and the congregation. None should be suffered to take any part in leading the singing service, but such as can "sing with grace in their hearts unto the Lord." These are the people whom the Lord calls into this service; and their faith and piety is a blessing to all the people. Their zeal is to bring the whole congregation forward in the singing service, to lead them into faith, and enable them, as much as possible, to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also, and with grace in their hearts unto the Lord.

The Lord, in ancient times, raised up holy men to write songs and psalms as a part of the Scriptures of Truth; and in latter ages he has raised up others, who have performed a very useful, though a different, service. These have not been called to write with the authority of those who penned the Scriptures of Truth; but they have composed a variety of hymns, in different languages, for the edification of the children of God. In England, have been Isaac Watts, Charles Wesley, and a variety of others, who have laboured in this service with considerable success.

*Of the present Book.*

In compiling the present hymn book, great care has been taken to select the best hymns from the best authors; and a considerable number of original hymns have been composed expressly for this work. These are of a superior cast; they lead into the mystery of faith, and embrace a variety of subjects.

For the greater agreeableness, the authors' names, when known, are usually inserted, by way of signature, at the close of the hymns.

One great excellency in this book, is, its being suited to the varieties of meetings and worship. It is not only suited to the different ordinances, but the varieties in the lengths of the hymns will be a great accommodation. At the opening of the service, a hymn of considerable length is generally used; and, as the worship proceeds, shorter ones are usually required. And here are an excellent proportion of long hymns; and, it is hoped, a sufficiency of shorter ones. Again, in prayer meetings, and on various other occasions, hymns, consisting of one or two verses, are almost constantly wanted: and great care has been taken to provide a considerable number of these. Nevertheless, if the excellent short hymns be found too few, a verse or two from any long hymn, may be occasionally given out. And, for the saving of time, the short hymns should mostly be given out from memory.

## ON WORSHIP.

The more constant and frequent services of worship, are, Private Prayer, Preachings, Prayer-Meetings, and Class-Meetings; such as Love-Fests and Camp-Meetings, are excellent and powerful, but not so frequent.

### *Private Prayer.*

In private prayer a person may, through the Mediator, enter into conversation with the Almighty, and lay open his whole soul unto him. He may press through temptation, grow into faith, and take hold of the strength of the Lord. At times, however, it is difficult to wrestle, through the force of temptation, and get into the fullness of faith, till the Holy Ghost powerfully descends. But in this, as in other means, he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

### *Preaching Service.*

Preaching services usually open with singing and prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer. Singing again follows, (usually short,) after which, a sermon or discourse is delivered, for about twenty, or from that to thirty minutes. It should scarcely ever exceed thirty minutes; and the preacher, if possible, should so fully get into faith, as to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.\* In order to this, he should keep clear of all improprieties, all reflections on individuals or societies, and all other unprofitable things; using only, "Sound speech, that cannot be condemned,†" and, as far as wisdom is given to him, preaching a pure gospel, and nothing but the gospel. After sermon or discourse, the service closes with singing and prayer. The whole service takes up about an hour or an hour and a quarter.

When the pious praying labourers are in proper discipline, (and not addicted to dragging out to too great lengths,) prayer meetings are introduced after preachings, with very great success. The prayer meeting usually commences at the conclusion of the preaching service, and is carried on for about twenty minutes. On some occasions, when circumstances warrant it, the

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\* 1 Pet. i. 11.

† Titus ii. 8.

prayer meeting begins immediately after sermon, and forms a part of the preaching service.

Every pulpit should have a proper convenience for the preacher to kneel at prayer. The preacher should always stand during the singing services, unless obliged to sit down through extreme illness. If two preachers stand up in one service, they may speak from 15 to 20 minutes each; and it would be prudent in the latter preacher not to make any reference to the preaching that went before. Such references are generally injurious.

### *Prayer Meetings.*

The outline is as follows :

1. Open with singing for about 4, 5, or 6 minutes.
2. Spend 4, 5, or 6 minutes in prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer.
3. Sing about 2, 3, or 4 minutes.
4. Let the members of the society pray in quick succession, for about 2, 3, or 4 minutes each; with singing a verse or two, occasionally, to vary the exercises.
5. In praying with mourners, or in other particular cases, the exercises may be lengthened. But, in general, long exercises, in public, are injurious, and should be carefully avoided. And if any one trespass, by attempting to drag out to an improper length, the Leaders' Meeting, or some other official authority, may determine what remedy shall be applied to such impropriety.
6. If exhortations be given, they may be from 2 or 3, to 6 or 8 minutes each.
7. Conclude in an hour, or an hour and a quarter.
8. On suitable occasions, prayer may again commence, and especially if there be souls in distress.
9. This outline may be judiciously varied in any point, as circumstances may require.

In all kinds of meetings, the general rules are as follow :—1. Begin at the proper time. 2. Get into faith as much as possible, in order that the Holy Ghost may descend. 3. Kneel at prayer. 4. Stand in singing. 5. Sit in the time of preaching, exhortation, or discourse. Nevertheless, in worship, in the open air, if the ground be wet or unsuitable, the kneeling is sometimes dispensed with.

*Class Meetings.*

1. Open with singing for about 4, 5, or 6 minutes.
2. Let 4 or 5 minutes be spent in prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer.
3. Sing about 2 or 3 minutes.
4. Leader speak 1 or 2 minutes, chiefly his own experience.
5. Let 15, or from that to 20 minutes, be spent in conversation of the leader with the members. And, to keep the attention alive, the leader, during the conversation, may, if he chooses, give out one or two verses, and sing.
6. If a class have 15 or 16 members, the average time of speaking should be about one minute with each member. If there be 20 or 30 members, the time should be less, because in speaking to one, the leader, in effect, speaks to all. In particular cases, more time may be spent with any member.
7. If any member have acquired or be acquiring a habit of long speaking, then the leader, after dropping a word or two, should immediately pass on to the next, and begin, at once, to speak to the next. If this be not attended to, the meeting will soon be injured.
8. When the speaking is concluded, sing for 2, 3, or 4 minutes.
9. Then let the members pray in quick succession for about 2 or 3 minutes each. The leaders must take care that none of them trespass upon time. Also, one or two verses may be occasionally sung, to vary the exercises.
10. Be careful and exact in settling the class paper.
11. Conclude in an hour, or an hour and a quarter.
12. This outline may be judiciously varied in any point, as circumstances may require.
13. If a class be met by a preacher, after preaching, he may begin the conversation without previous singing and prayer, and go through this service in 15 minutes, or not exceed 20 minutes.

*Love-feasts.*

Love-feasts usually open with singing and prayer.\* A piece is then sung by way of asking a blessing; after which the

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\* It has been a custom to have preaching before a Love-feast; but this is very generally laid aside, on account of its very great inconvenience.

bread and water are served out, the Love-feast collection is made, and a piece sung by way of returning thanks. The preacher makes a few remarks; the people rise in succession, and speak their own experience; and distant comers sometimes say a little about the works of God in other places. But none are allowed to run into useless exhortations, drag out to tedious lengths, or to speak unprofitably of others; and above all, not to reflect upon, or find fault, either with individuals or societies. And it is the preacher's painful duty to stop all who attempt to trespass. He has to preserve the Love-feast in its clear and pure course, in order that the people may grow into faith, and that the Holy Ghost may descend.

Singing and prayer are occasionally introduced; and the Love-feast finally closes with prayer.

### *Camp Meetings.*

Camp Meetings open at 9 o'clock in the morning, proceed with a variety of services, and close at 4 or 5 in the afternoon. Sometimes they stop an hour for dinner, and sometimes not. All the exercises in all the services must be short, as long exercises are peculiarly injurious at Camp Meetings.

They usually open with a praying service for about 30 minutes. At half-past 9, preaching service. At a quarter past 10, praying service in companies. At a quarter before 11, either a preaching or a reading service. At half past 11, praying service in companies; and so on, varying the exercises, in order that the attention and energy of the people may keep rising and increasing to the last.

PREACHING services open with singing and prayer, and close with sermon or discourse. Two preachers should always stand up in each service; and no preacher should, on any account, be allowed to speak for more than 20 minutes in any one service. And a preaching service should scarcely ever be allowed to continue for more than 45 minutes. The preachers should take a clear, pure course, and not make reference to any preaching that has gone before or that is to follow after—such references being mostly injurious.

READING services open with singing and prayer. One or two experiences are then read from the Magazines. The readers are allowed to comment a little as they go on. These services promote variety, and are often very useful.

PRAYING services should be carefully supported. They are the chief strength of the Camp Meetings, and give energy and dignity to the whole. They are held in four different ways:

1. The general praying service at the opening.
2. About a quarter past ten in the forenoon, a praying service should open in companies; but no company should be allowed to fix near the stand. The movements in this service, give variety, energy, and effect to the whole. If the congregation happen to be but small, they should nevertheless go out in companies, because the going out and coming in are a great relief, both to body and mind; and are of great service to the people in other respects.



3. When a praying service, in companies, has gone on, with energy, for half an hour, they are usually summoned to the preaching stand. But if the pious praying laborers happen to be engaged with mourners, then the next service must be deferred, or put off, as the case may require. Nevertheless, if circumstances render preaching necessary, then a permanent company is formed, and fixed at a suitable distance from the stand, to pray for mourners: and this company does not break up for preaching. The permanent company is a relief to the whole; and all the other services proceed regularly as before.

4. Sometimes, when the work breaks out powerfully under preaching, it is found necessary to have a general praying service, without going out in companies. In this case it is usual to make a ring or opening, and call up the mourners to be prayed for.

### *On Musical Instruments.*

Jubal, a descendant of Cain, was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. Gen. iv. 21.

The trumpet of the Lord sounded at Sinai. And, among the Israelites, trumpets were blown throughout the land, on the great day of atonement. The trumpets were also sounded on the new moons, feast days, and jubilees; and, on some occasions, they were blown over sacrifices for a memorial.

Samuel said to Saul, "Thou shalt meet a company of prophets, with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them." 1 Sam. x. 5. David invented a variety of musical instruments, and introduced them into the singing service. But in all the Christian worship in the New Testament, we never hear of musical instruments, except in the Revelation of the Apostle John, where we are told of harpers harping with their harps.

Amos, vi. 1—5, says, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, &c.—5. That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like David."

When these things are fully considered, it will be evident that great caution should be used in admitting musical instruments into the public worship. And none but decidedly pious persons should, on any account, be allowed to play on any musical instrument, in the congregation, during the time of worship.

With great care and caution, it is probable that musical instruments might be occasionally used, without becoming a snare. It will, however, require considerable firmness in religious people to keep clear in this matter. But whenever they admit any person, whose life does not adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, to play on any instrument in the congregation, or to take any part in leading the singing service, they may, at once, say, "THE GLORY IS DEPARTED."

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Ephe. iii. 20, 21.



# LARGE HYMN BOOK,

FOR THE USE OF THE

## PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

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HYMNS ON THE MAJESTY AND GOODNESS OF GOD,  
WITH EXHORTATION.

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1

C. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord on Zion's hill!  
To him be glory given!  
His presence doth creation fill:  
He rules both earth and heaven.
- 2 He sits enthron'd above all height,  
And shall for ever reign;  
Ador'd by all the saints in light,  
By all the dazzling train.
- 3 While angel hosts in realms above,  
Their heavenly voices raise,  
We'll thank him for redeeming love,  
And join to sing his praise.
- 4 Wisdom, and majesty, and power,  
Belong to God alone:  
Let heaven and earth his name adore,  
And fall before his throne. W. S. & H. B.

2

L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy.  
Know that the Lord is God alone:  
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity, thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move. I. W.

3

C. M.

- 1 **B**Y living faith we now behold  
That glorious world above;  
The streets are pav'd with purest gold,  
And all is joy and love.
- 2 Ten thousand thousand angels wait,  
To hail us on the shore;  
We soon shall claim our blest estate,  
And meet to part no more.
- 3 Then let us always watch and pray,  
And on his love depend;  
Till all our tears are wip'd away,  
And all our sorrows end. W. S. & H. B.

4

C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Zion, rise and shine!  
Thy Maker gives command:  
Array'd in glorious light divine,  
Arise in every land.
- 2 The Lord will bring thy sons from far,  
And nurse them by thy side;  
Ten thousands, guided by his star,  
Shall join the heavenly bride.

- 3 He'll lead thy living armies forth,  
Array'd in spotless white ;  
'Till all the Gentiles on the earth,  
Shall see thy glorious light.
- 4 The world shall view thee with amaze,  
And all its forces bring ;  
Both Jews and Gentiles then shall praise  
Their everlasting King. H. B. & W. S.

5

*C. M.—Part First.*

- 1 **N**O one is like Jeshurun's God !  
So great, so strong, so high !  
Behold, he spreads his wings abroad !  
He rides upon the sky !
- 2 Lo ! Israel is his first-born son ;  
Th' Almighty God is thine ;  
Behold him to thy help come down,  
The Excellence divine.
- 3 Lo ! thee, the Great Jehovah deigns  
To succour and defend :  
Thee, the Eternal God sustains—  
Thy Maker, and thy Friend.
- 4 O Israel, what hast thou to dread,  
Safe from impending harms ?  
Around thee, and beneath, are spread  
The everlasting arms.
- 5 Lo ! God is thine ! disdain to fear  
The enemy within !  
Our God shall in thy flesh appear,  
And make an end of sin.
- 6 Lo ! God, the man of sin shall slay,  
And fill thy soul with joy :  
Our God shall thrust him out, and say  
'Destroy them all!—destroy !'

*On the Majesty and Goodness of God.*

- 7 A dreadful struggle then is o'er ;  
Tormenting fears shall cease ;  
And Israel then shall sin no more,  
But dwell in heavenly peace.

*W. a. by H. B. & W. S.*

6

*C. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **H**IS inward enemies are gone,  
And sin shall have no part ;  
For Israel now shall dwell alone,  
With Jesus in his heart.

- 2 And in a land of corn and wine,  
His lot shall be below :  
Rich comforts there, and blessings, join,  
And milk and honey flow.

- 3 Lo ! Jacob's well is in his soul ;  
Rich dews his heavens distil,  
And fill his soul, already full,  
And shall for ever fill.

- 4 O Israel, truly blest art thou !  
What people is like thee ?  
Sav'd from all sin by Jesus now  
Thou art, and still shall be.

- 5 Christ Jesus is thy sevenfold shield :  
He is thy flaming sword :  
And earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield  
To God's almighty word. *W. a. by H. B.*

7

*C. M.*

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumph of his grace !

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.

- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease:  
'Tis music in the sinner's ear;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancel'd sin;  
He sets the prisoner free:  
His blood can make the foulest clean:  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive:  
The mournful, broken hearts, rejoice;  
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosen'd tongues employ!  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 7 Look unto him, ye nations! own  
Your God, ye fallen race!  
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone!  
Be justified by grace!
- 8 With me, by faith, ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven:  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

8

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel feast:  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind;  
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all;  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

*On the Majesty and Goodness of God.*

- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest ;  
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call ;  
(O that my voice could reach you all !)  
Ye all may now be justified :  
Ye all may live ; for Christ hath died.
- 5 My message as from God receive ;  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live :  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice !  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 7 This is the time : no more delay :  
This is the acceptable day :  
Come in, this moment, at his call,  
And live for him who died for all.

9

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God came down on Sinai,  
Earth trembled at his look :  
The mighty thunders roll'd on high,  
And Sina' greatly shook.
- 2 Then Moses brought the nation near,  
To meet the Lord their God :  
The people all were fill'd with fear,  
And trembled as they stood.
- 3 The mountain all was in a smoke ;  
The trumpet sounded twice ;  
And when with trembling Moses spoke,  
God answered by a voice.

*On the Majesty and Goodness of God.*

- 4 Then God gave forth his fiery law,  
While all the people heard;  
His dreadful majesty they saw,  
And Israel greatly fear'd.
- 5 His voice they could not then endure,  
But did to Moses cry,  
'Let not the Lord speak any more,  
Lest we, his people, die!'
- 6 Both young and old, both great and small,  
His awful voice must hear:  
Then, oh, attend the gospel call!  
To meet your God prepare! H. B. & W. S.

10

L. M.

- 1 **H**O, every one that thirsts, draw nigh!  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen race: )  
Mercy and free salvation buy:  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 'Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 'See from the rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls:  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 'Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have and are, behind:  
Frankly the Gift of God receive:  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.' w.

11

P. M.

1 COME, with your sore diseases,  
Ye needy, poor, and blind;  
You in the wounds of Jesus,  
May full redemption find.  
Ye wretched and ye dying,  
Ye guilty sons of men,  
To you he now is crying,  
'Ye must be born again.'

2 Behold him on the mountain,  
(That mount on which he died;)  
Go plunge into the fountain,  
Which gushes from his side.  
You now may feel him precious:  
Arise, make no delay:  
His blood is efficacious;  
'Twill wash your sins away.

3 Obey the invitation;  
To Jesus' sceptre bow;  
He offers you salvation,  
And waits to save you now.  
Your peace is made with heaven;  
For you the Saviour died;  
You all may be forgiven,  
And feel his blood applied. W. S. & H. B.

12

4 Lines 7's.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why?  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

2 He the fatal cause demands;  
Asks the works of his own hands:  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,  
Will ye cross his love, and die?



- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
God, who did your souls retrieve;  
Died himself, that ye might live.
- 4 Will you let him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,  
Will ye slight his grace, and die?
- 5 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
He, who all your lives hath strove;  
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
- 6 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Why, you long-sought sinners, why,  
Will you grieve your God, and die?

# 13

T. M.

- 1 **C**OME ye, who love the Lord,  
And feel his quick'ning pow'r:  
Unite with one accord,  
His goodness to adore:  
Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim  
The great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left his throne above;  
His glory laid aside;  
Came down on wings of love;  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
The Lord of life resign'd his breath,  
To save us from the second death.
- 3 He burst the grave, and rose,  
Victorious, from the dead;  
And thence his vanquish'd foes,  
In glorious triumph led:  
He rose to heaven, his high abode,  
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He'll soon in glory come,  
And earth shall flee away :  
He'll take his children home,  
To live in endless day :  
We then shall see him face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

## 14

C. M.

- 1 **C**REATION calls aloud for praise  
From every heart and tongue ;  
But pard'ning love, redeeming grace,  
Demands a nobler song.
- 2 We are redeem'd from death and sin ;  
And lo ! the Saviour stands,  
To take poor guilty sinners in,  
And break their slavish bands.
- 3 A wretched Magdalen or Saul,  
May find in Christ a home :  
Salvation is held out to all :  
Come, guilty sinners, come.
- 4 'Tis yet too soon, the tempter cries ;  
But oh, make no delay !  
The fountain's open ; now arise,  
And wash your sins away. W. S. & H. B.

## 15

L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word ;  
Haste to the supper of my Lord :  
Be wise to know your gracious day :  
All things are ready : come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is, to own  
And kiss his late returning son ;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,  
Just now the stony to remove:  
T' apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate:  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Are ready with their shining host:  
All heaven is ready to resound,  
'The dead's alive! the lost is found!' w.

## 16

P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the gospel news is sounding!  
Christ hath suffer'd on the tree:  
Streams of mercy are abounding:  
Grace for all, is rich and free.  
Now, poor sinner, look to Him who died for thee!
- 2 Oh! escape to yonder mountain;  
Now begin to watch and pray:  
Christ invites you to the fountain;  
Come, and wash your sins away.  
Do not tarry: come to Jesus, while you may.
- 3 Grace is flowing, like a river;  
Millions there have been supplied:  
Still it flows as fresh as ever,  
From the Saviour's wounded side.  
None need perish: all may live, for Christ hath died.
- 4 Christ alone shall be our portion:  
Soon we hope to meet above:  
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
Of the great Redeemer's love.  
All his fulness, we shall then for ever prove.  
W. S. & H. B.

17

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD, the offended God, most high,  
Ambassadors to rebels sends:  
His messengers his place supply,  
And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray;  
Us, in the stead of God, entreat;  
To cast our arms, our sins, away,  
And find forgiveness at his feet.
- 3 Our God in Christ, thine embassy,  
And proffer'd mercy, we embrace;  
And, gladly reconcil'd to thee,  
Thy condescending mercy praise.
- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request,  
A full acquittance we receive!  
And criminals with pardon blest,  
We at our Judge's instance live.

w.

18

<sup>A</sup>  
C. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail, the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall!  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call!  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd from the fall,  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Ye ransom'd Gentiles, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall!  
Go, lay your honours at his feet,  
And crown him—Lord of all!

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Throughout this earthly ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 6 May we, amid the sacred throng,  
Before him prostrate fall!  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown him—Lord of all!
- 

THE PLEASANTNESS OF RELIGION.

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19

L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,  
The blessings of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love!
- 2 Happy beyond description, he  
Who knows 'the Saviour died for me!'  
The gift unspeakable obtains;  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer;  
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise;  
Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd,  
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites;  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;  
Thrice happy, who his guest retains :  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven, are one. w.

## 20

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,  
And sav'd by grace alone :  
Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know ;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,  
And bow before thy throne :  
We, in the kingdom of thy grace :  
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads :  
From thence our spirits rise :  
And he that in thy statutes treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies. w.

## 21

L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls that first believ'd,  
To Jesus and each other cleav'd ;  
Join'd by the Uction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They liv'd, and spake, and thought the same ;  
They joyfully conspir'd to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

*The Pleasantness of Religion.*

- 3 With grace abundantly endu'd,  
A pure, believing multitude;  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspir'd the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days!  
O what a choice peculiar race!  
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God! w.

**22**

C. M.

- 1 **N**OR exile I, nor prison fear;  
Love makes my courage great:  
I find a Saviour every where,  
His grace in every state.
- 2 Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,  
Exclude his quick'ning beams;  
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,  
And dwell on heavenly themes.
- 3 A Saviour doubles all my joys,  
And sweetens all my pains:  
His strength in my defence employs;  
Consoles me, and sustains.
- 4 I fear no ill, resent no wrong,  
Nor feel a passion move;  
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue,  
Such patience is in love.

**23**

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, a countless multitude,  
In Jesus' image shine!  
With glory, grace, and strength endued,  
They raise the song divine.
- 2 They've wash'd their robes in Jesus' blood,  
And made them pure and white:  
Therefore they stand before our God,  
And serve him day and night.

*The Pleasantness of Religion.*

3 Most gracious God, our souls prepare,  
To join with those above; y  
That we may all their glories share,  
And drink the streams of love!

4 May tears be wip'd from all our eyes,  
And we as kings appear;  
And shine above the starry skies,  
And join the triumphs there.

H. B.

24

L. M.

1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!  
How great thy rising glories are!  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thy interest all his own.

2 He is thy Saviour, and thy Lord:  
His shield is thine; and thine his sword:  
His work surpasses human thought;  
A full redemption he hath wrought.

3 From satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea;  
He, through the desert is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Eternal Spirit, teach our tongue  
Sublimier strains than Moses sung;  
Proportion'd to the mighty name  
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

D.

25

6 Lines 7's.

1 **W**EAR Y souls, that wander wide,  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified;  
Fly to those dear wounds of his:  
Sink into the purple flood:  
Rise into the life of God.



## *The Pleasantness of Religion.*

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown :  
By his pain he gives you ease ;  
Life, by his expiring groan :  
Rise, exalted by his fall ;  
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,  
God to you his Son hath given !  
Ye may now be happy too ;  
Find on earth the life of heaven :  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul design'd ;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great Gift to all mankind.  
Blest in Christ this moment be ;  
Blest to all eternity!

W.

## 26

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE crown is just before mine eyes !  
How pleasing is the sight !  
It fills my soul with sweet surprise,  
With pleasure and delight.
- 2 If now the sight delights me so,  
How will my joys increase,  
When I to realms of glory go,  
Where all is joy and peace !
- 3 Then I shall with my Saviour be,  
And rest in pastures green ;  
Him eye to eye, I there shall see,  
Without a vail between.
- 4 I soon shall reach that world of light,  
If faithful I remain ;  
I then shall walk with Christ in white,  
And there for ever reign.

W. S. & H. B.

ON THE JUSTICE, MERCY, AND LOVE OF GOD.

27

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,  
Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend!
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
'Receive my soul,' he cries!  
See where he bows his sacred head!  
He bows his head—and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love, like thine? w.

28

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, art good, and good thou dost,  
Thy mercies reach to all;  
But chiefly those who on thee trust,  
And for thy mercy call.
- 2 New, Lord, they every morning are;  
And when thy children cry,  
Thou dost in tender pity spare,  
And all their wants supply.
- 3 Thy mercies o'er thy works preside:  
Thy providence display'd, d  
Doth still preserve, and still provide,  
For all thine hands have made.

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

4 But keeps with most distinguish'd care,  
He who on thee depends;  
Watches his every number'd hair,  
And all his steps attends.

5 O Who can sound the depths unknown,  
Of thy redeeming grace?  
The grace that gave thy only Son,  
To save a ruin'd race.

6 Our peace and pardon to procure,  
His life was freely given:  
Millions are sav'd, and millions more  
May find their way to heaven.

*W. a. by W. S. & H. R.*

29

C. M.

1 **N**OW let our eyes, by faith survey  
The great High Priest above:  
And let our hearts, from day to day,  
Adore his wond'rous love.

2 The glorious priestly robes he wears,  
Complete in every part;  
'The names of all his saints he bears,  
Deep graven on his heart.'

3 He now presents our sacrifice  
Before th' eternal throne;  
And pleads our cause above the skies,  
And claims us for his own.

4 We all may know our sins forgiven,  
And taste redeeming love.  
The prayers of faith are heard in heaven,  
Through our High Priest above.

5 Then let our daily prayers unite,  
'Through his most precious blood,  
That all may see the gospel light,  
And nations turn to God.

*H. B. & W. S.*

## 30

L. M.

- 1 **I** THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds: then, pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee!  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they, who still abide,  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:  
O wond'rous grace, O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou should us to glory bring?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost: nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
'My Lord, my Love, is crucified.'
- 7 First-born of many brethren, thou!  
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow:  
To thee our hearts and hands we give:  
Thine may we die; thine may we live!      w.

## 31

11's.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, and bless us: thy mercy  
make known:  
Be present and precious to each of thy own.

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

Thy name is still JESUS—thy love who can tell ?  
Thou diedst to release us from sin, death, and hell.

CHO. *Halleluia, salvation, and glory, we'll sing,  
To thee, our great Prophet, our Priest,  
and our King!*

2 Since thou hast once suffer'd, and died on the  
tree,

Thy mercy is offer'd—thy pardon is free :  
None e'er was rejected, though sinful and base ;  
But all are accepted, who trust in thy grace.

3 Those who have repented, (though long they  
withstood,)

The moment they ventur'd their all on thy blood,  
Their sins were all pardon'd—their souls were  
made free ;

And all who are burthen'd, may come unto thee.

4 Then let us be viewing thy hands and thy side :

Thy blood is still flowing—the fountain is wide :

It sav'd a Manasseh, a thief, and a Saul ;

And sure it can wash us, though bruis'd by the  
fall.

5 If plung'd in thy ocean, we soon shall arise,

To meet thee, our Portion and Head, in the skies :

And when thou shalt raise us, to join the bright  
throng,

We'll show forth thy praises, and sing the new  
song !

W. S. & H. B.

32

6 Lines 8's.

1 **O** LOVE Divine! what hast thou done ?

Th' incarnate God hath died for me !

The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree :

Th' incarnate God for me hath died !

My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!  
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
And say was ever grief like his!  
Come, feel with me his blood applied:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to God:  
Believe, believe the record true,  
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side:  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream:  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him:  
Of nothing think, or speak beside,  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

W.

33

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wand'ring soul begin?  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?  
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,  
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire.  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
Or sing my great Deliv'rer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,  
Father, which thou to me hast show'd;  
That I, a child of wrath and hell,  
I should be call'd a child of God!  
Should know, should feel my sins forgiv'n,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven!
- 3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!  
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all:  
Sinners alone, his grace receives!

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

No need of him the righteous have:  
He came, the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
Groaning beneath your load of sin:  
His bleeding heart shall make you room;  
His open side shall take you in.  
He calls you now, invites you home:  
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

5 For you the purple current flow'd,  
In pardons from his wounded side:  
Languish'd for you, the Son of God;  
For you the Prince of Glory died:  
Believe—and all your sins' forgiv'n:  
Only believe, and yours is heav'n!

W.

34

6 Lines 8's.

1 **S**EE, sinners, in the gospel glass,  
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!  
Not one of all the apostate race,  
But may in him salvation find!  
His thoughts, and words, and actions, prove—  
His life and death—that God is love!

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears  
The sins of all the world away!  
A servant's form he meekly wears;  
He sojourns in a house of clay!  
His glory is no longer seen,  
But God with God, is man with man.

3 See, where the God incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring creatures home:  
He all day long spreads out his hands:  
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!  
Ye all may hide you in his breast:  
Believe, and he will give you rest.

- 4 'Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;  
My saving grace for all is free:  
I will in no wise cast him out,  
That comes a sinner unto me:  
I can to none myself deny.  
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?' w.

## 35

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **S**INNERS, believe the gospel word:  
Jesus is come, your souls to save:  
Jesus is come, your common Lord.  
Pardon ye all thro' him may have:  
May now be sav'd, whoever will.  
'This Man receiveth sinners still!'
- 2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,  
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor,  
Flock to the Friend of human kind:  
And freely all accept their cure!  
To whom did he his help deny?  
Whom, in his days of flesh, pass by?
- 3 Did not his word the fiends expel,  
The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead?  
Did he not all their sickness heal?  
And satisfy their every need?  
Did he reject his helpless clay?  
Or send them, sorrowful, away?
- 4 Nay, but his bowels yearn'd to see  
The people hungry, scatter'd, faint!  
Nay, but he utter'd over thee,  
Jerusalem, a true complaint!  
Jerusalem, who shed'st his blood;  
That, with his tears, for thee hath flow'd! w.



36

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry,  
(Sinners, he prays for you and me!)  
'Forgive them, Father, O forgive:  
They know not that by me they live!'
- 2 Adam descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through thee may live,  
In us a quick'ning Spirit be,  
And witness thou hast died for me!
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee, by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief, and shame,  
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away!
- 4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears!  
The story of thy love, repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears!  
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,  
Since I, ev'n I, have mercy found!
- 5 O let thy love my heart constrain;  
Thy love for every sinner free;  
That every fallen son of man  
May taste the grace that found out me:  
That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

37

T. M.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me,  
The Saviour of mankind;  
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven:  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have;  
But, Jesus came, the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name !  
It charms the hosts above :  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love:  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free:  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory :  
New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion, sin,  
My poor expiring soul  
The balmy sound drinks in,  
And is at once made whole:  
See there, my Lord upon the tree!  
I hear, I feel, he died for me!
- 6 O unexampled love !  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst thou move,  
To save a fallen race!  
What shall I do to make it known,  
What thou for all mankind hast done?

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

- 7 O for a trumpet-voice,  
On all the world to call!  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In him who died for all!  
For all, my Lord was crucified,  
For all, for all, my Saviour died! w.

38

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore:  
Open the door to preach thy word—  
The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and satan's power!  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear:  
Come, then, and, in thy people's eyes,  
With all thy wounds appear.
- 4 Thy side an open fountain is,  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss,  
And wash them white as snow.
- 5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,  
And prove the record true:  
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,  
'I suffer'd this for you!' w.

39

C. M.

- 1 **L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,  
For you he suffer'd pain:  
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood!  
And shall he bleed in vain?

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

- 2 Misers, his life for you he paid;  
Your basest crimes he bore:  
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,  
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,  
That you might come to heaven:  
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,  
And all your sins' forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him that died for thee!  
And sure as he hath died,  
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,  
And thou art justified!

W.

40

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky!  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given,  
It scatters all their guilty fear;  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises satan's head:  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace:  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim:  
'Tis all my business here below,  
To cry,—'Behold the Lamb!'

*On the Justice, Mercy, and Love of God.*

- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name!  
Preach him to all—and cry, in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb!

41

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I (as vile as he,)  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
'Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,  
(Unworthy though I be,)  
For me a blood-bought full reward—  
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by pow'r divine;  
To sound in God the Father's ears,  
No other name but thine.

42

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whose everlasting love,  
Thy only Son for sinners gave;  
Whose grace to all did freely move,  
And sent him down, a world to save—
- 2 Help us thy mercy to extol,  
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;  
To praise the Lamb who died for all—  
The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard  
Was cast on Adam's fallen race:  
For all, thou hast in Christ prepar'd  
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.
- 4 A world, he suffer'd to redeem;  
For all, he hath th' atonement made:  
For those that will not come to him,  
The ransom of his life was paid.
- 5 Why, then, thou Universal Love,  
Should any of thy grace despair?  
To all, to all, thy bowels move;  
But straiten'd in our own, we are.
- 6 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause!  
The fulness of the Gentiles call:  
Lift up the standard of thy cross,  
And all shall own thou died'st for all. w.

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ON DEATH.

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43

C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come!  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

*On Death.*

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure:  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God—  
To endless years, the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away:  
They fly, forgotten—as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come!  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home! I. W.

44

C. M.

- 1 **T**HREE, we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase:  
And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.

*On Death.*

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things:  
Th' eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath!  
And yet how unconcern'd we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
To walk this dangerous road!  
And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God! I. W.

45

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought!  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe,  
Must then my portion be.



*On Death.*

- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies!
- 5 How shall I leave my tomb?  
With triumph, or regret?  
A fearful, or a joyful doom?  
A curse, or blessing meet?
- 6 Will angels-bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Who can resolve the doubt,  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?
- 8 I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else—depart to hell.
- 9 O thou, that would'st not have  
One wretched sinner die—  
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save  
From endless misery—
- 10 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear!
- 11 Thou art thyself the way;  
Thyself in me reveal:  
So shall I spend my life's short day,  
Obedient to thy will.
- 12 So shall I love my God,  
Because he first lov'd me;  
And praise thee in thy bright abode,  
To all eternity.

46

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,  
To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay?  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone—  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
The high, the great white throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But, oh, when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destin'd place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends, or angels spend?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies!  
How make my own election sure,  
And, when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray!  
Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way,  
To glorious happiness!  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart;  
And, whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

47

L. M.

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of death,  
I too shall gather up my feet;  
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
And die, my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people,  
Expect with joy thy face to see:  
Because thou didst for sinners die,  
Jesus, in death, remember me!
- 3 O that without a lingering groan  
I may the welcome word receive!  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live! w.

48

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noon-tide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows:  
Fairer than Spring the colors shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or, worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears—  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

*On Death.*

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far, shall shine;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains. s. w.

49

*3 Lines 5's and 1 12's.*

1 COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream:  
Our time, as a stream,  
Glides swiftly away;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone:  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view—and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day  
Of his coming may say,  
I have fought my way through;  
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

6 O that each from his Lord,  
May receive the glad word,  
'Well and faithfully done!  
'Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!'  
w.

50

L. M.

1 **P**ASS a few swiftly fleeting years,  
And all that now in bodies live,  
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,  
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,  
May mansions for themselves prepare,  
In that eternal house above:  
And, O my God, shall I be there? w.

51

8 Lines 8's.

1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,  
Our loss is his infinite gain:  
A soul out of prison releas'd,  
And freed from its bodily chain.  
With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above:  
Escap'd to the mansions of light,  
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind;  
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,  
And left his companions behind—  
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath:  
With shouting, each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:  
The voyage of life's at an end;  
The mortal affliction is past:  
The age that in heaven they spend,  
For ever and ever shall last. w.

## 52

P. M.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below :  
Go, by angel hosts attended,  
To the sight of Jesus, go !  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo, the Saviour stands above ;  
Shows the purchase of his merit ;  
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy great Redeemer's breast ;  
To his great, his full salvation ;  
To his everlasting rest.  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain ;  
Die, to live the life of glory ;  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

W.

## 53

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! a voice divides the sky !  
Happy are the faithful dead,  
In the Lord who sweetly die :  
They from all their toils are free'd.
- 2 Them the Spirit hath declar'd  
Blest, unutterably blest :  
Jesus is their great Reward ;  
Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 3 Follow'd by their works, they go  
Where their Head is gone before :  
Reconcil'd by grace below ;  
Grace hath open'd Mercy's door.
- 4 Justify'd thro' faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiv'n ;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallow'd, and made meet for heav'n.

- 5 Who can now lament the lot  
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd ?  
Let the world, who knows us not,  
Call us hopeless and unblest.
- 6 When from flesh the spirit freed,  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, 'A man is dead !'  
Angels sing, 'A child is born !'
- 7 Born into the world above,  
They our happy brother greet :  
Bear him to the Throne of Love ;  
Place him at the Saviour's feet.
- 8 Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,  
'Good and faithful servant, thou !  
'Enter, and receive thy crown :  
'Reign with me triumphant now.'
- 9 Angels catch th' approving sound,  
Bow and bless the just award ;  
Hail the heir with glory crown'd,  
Now rejoicing with his Lord :
- 10 Fuller joys ordain'd to know,  
Waiting for the general doom,  
When th' archangel's trump shall blow,  
'Rise, ye dead ! to judgement come !' w.

## 54

C. M.

- 1 **T**IME swiftly flies, and calls away  
Our spirits to their home :  
Our bodies mingle with the clay,  
And rest beneath the tomb.
- 2 The mourners in the streets appear,  
In forms of varied woe :  
Keen sorrow pours the plaintive tear,—  
And who can comfort show ?

*On Death.*

- 3 All you, my friends, must soon remove,  
And bid the world farewell;  
Oh! seek your great Creator's love,  
That you with him may dwell.
- 4 Your bodies with the earth must blend,  
Your souls can never die;  
Your time on earth must shortly end:  
Prepare to mount on high.

H. B.

**55**

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW short is life! how sure is death!  
Our days, alas, how few!  
This mortal life is but a breath;  
'Tis like the morning dew.
- 2 Had we ten thousand worlds to give,  
One hour we could not buy.  
The moment we begin to live,  
We then begin to die.
- 3 'All flesh is grass,' (the prophet cries,)  
For death is just at hand:  
Oh, that poor sinners would be wise,  
And always ready stand!
- 4 Perhaps, before they're well aware,  
He'll give the fatal blow;  
Then let us now for death prepare,  
And die to all below.

W. S. & H. B.

**56**

S. M.

- 1 **A**LAS! how frail are we!  
How soon our bodies die!  
Sinner, behold the grave, and see  
Where thou must shortly lie.
- 2 Thine house in order set,  
And hear the great decree;  
Thou must discharge the mighty debt  
Which death requires of thee.



3 How swift his arrows fly !  
He shoots the killing dart ;  
But still the saint can shout for joy,  
With Jesus in his heart.

4 Let us prepare to meet  
Our Father and our Friend :  
That we may worship at his feet,  
When all our labours end. w. s.

## 57

*10's and 11's.*

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd ! 'tis done ! The spirit is fled !  
The prisoner is gone ! The Christian is dead !  
The Christian is living In Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise Are Jesus's due :  
Supported by grace, He fought his way through.  
Triumphantly glorious Through Jesus's zeal ;  
And more than victorious O'er sin, death, and  
hell !
- 3 Then let us record The conquering name ;  
Our Captain and Lord With shoutings proclaim.  
Who trust in his passion, And follow our head,  
To certain salvation We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on Thy militant care,  
And give us the crown Of righteousness there !  
Where, dazzled with glory, The seraphim gaze ;  
Or, prostrate, adore thee, In silence of praise.
- 5 Come, Lord, and display Thy sign in the sky,  
And bear us away To mansions on high :  
The kingdom be given, The purchase divine,  
And crown us in heaven Eternally thine ! w.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear :
- 2 Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day ;  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray—
- 3 To pray, and wait the hour,  
That awful hour unknown,  
When, rob'd in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down—
- 4 Th' immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race ;  
With all thy Father's dazzling train ;  
With all thy glorious grace.
- 5 To damp our earthly joys,  
T' increase our gracious fears,  
For ever let th' archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears—
- 6 The solemn midnight cry,  
'Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
'Arise, and meet him in the sky ;  
'And meet your instant doom !'
- 7 O may we thus be found,  
Obedient to his word ;  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound  
And looking for our Lord !
- 8 O may we all insure  
A lot among the blest :  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest !

## 59

L. M.

- 1 **H**E comes! he comes! the Judge severe!  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near:  
His lightnings flash! his thunders roll!  
How welcome to the faithful soul!
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound:  
See the All-mighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace!  
And glory decks the Saviour's face!
- 3 Descending on his great white throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own:  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord!
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky!  
And all the saints of the Most High!  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns!

w.

## 60

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE great archangel's trump shall sound,  
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar!)  
Tear up the graves—and cleave the ground—  
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead—  
The earth no more her slain conceal:  
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell!
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,  
And faithful to the end endure,  
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness—  
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,  
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,  
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,  
And smile to see a burning world!

- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,  
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd ;  
While we survey the awful scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith, we now transcend the skies,  
And on that ruin'd world look down :  
By love, above all height we rise,  
And share the everlasting throne.

w.

## 61

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,  
To thee, against myself, to thee,  
A worm of earth, I cry :  
A half-awaken'd child of man ;  
An heir of endless bliss or pain ;  
A sinner, born to die.
- 2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,  
Secure, insensible :  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to that heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell !
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress !  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness !
- 4 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar :  
And tell me, Lord, shall *I* be there,  
To meet a joyful doom ?

- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear,  
Eternal bliss t'ensure:  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above:  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

W.

## 62

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE last great day is drawing nigh,  
When Christ the Judge shall come,  
With all the armies of the sky,  
To call his children home.
- 2 Behold! the vengeful day of God!  
Destruction flies around!  
The mountains tremble at his nod!  
His trumpet shakes the ground!
- 3 Sinners, with trembling, leave the tomb,  
At his supreme command!  
Behold! the day of God is come!  
How will the sinner stand?
- 4 All who against the living God  
Continue to rebel,  
Must fall beneath his vengeful rod,  
And bear the pains of hell.
- 5 But those who in his name believe,  
And humbly watch and pray,  
Shall each a starry crown receive,  
And reign in endless day.

W. S. & H. B.

63

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall such a sentence sound?  
And through the millions of the damn'd,  
Spread black despair around?—
- 3 'Depart from me, ye curs'd,  
'To everlasting flame,  
'For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
'Where mercy never came!
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day—  
When heaven and earth, before his face,  
Astonish'd, flee away?
- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,  
What joyful tidings spread.
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath you cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

D.

64

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the little flock,  
Who, safe beneath their Guardian Rock,  
In all commotions rest!  
When wars' and tumults' waves run high,  
Unmov'd, above the storm they lie;  
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gather'd into thee,  
Before the floods descend:  
And while the bursting cloud comes down,  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 Whatever ills the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call;  
A sign of Jesus near:  
His chariot will not long delay;  
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,  
Triumphant, Lord, appear!
- 4 Appear, with clouds, on Zion's hill,  
The word and mystery to fulfil;  
Thy confessors t' approve:  
Thy members on thy throne to place,  
And stamp thy name on every face,  
In glorious heavenly love! w.

## 65

C. M.

- 1 **W**OE to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown;  
When God doth all his wrath reveal,  
And shower his judgments down!
- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers!  
To meet your God prepare!  
For, lo! the seventh angels pours  
His phial on the air.
- 3 Lo! from their seats the mountains leap!  
The mountains are not found!  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drown'd!
- 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe?  
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,  
O where shall *I* appear?

5 Now, only now, against that hour,  
We may a place provide:  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell, our spirits hide:

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
May view the final scene!  
For lo! the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft, to take us in!

W

## 66

C. M.

1 **B**Y faith we find the place above,  
The Rock that rent in twain:  
Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the cleft remain.

2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee!  
We sink into thy side!  
Assur'd that all who trust in thee,  
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound;  
The latest lightnings glare;  
The mountains melt; the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air.

4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
When nature is destroy'd:  
And no created thing remains,  
Throughout the flaming void.

5 Thy power omnipotent assume!  
Thy brightest majesty!  
And when thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me!

W.



67

*T. M.—Part First.*

1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise!  
With all the dead awake!  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take:  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
‘Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!’

2 He comes, he comes, to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are:  
Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy, to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky;  
Your everlasting Friend:  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend:  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace,  
To see without a veil, his face!

W.

68

*T. M.—Part Second.*

1 **Y**E that have here receiv’d  
The Uction from above;  
And in his Spirit liv’d,  
Obedient to his love:  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;  
Rejoice, with all the sanctified!

2 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive;  
Above yon angel powers  
In glorious joy to live:  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

3 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound :  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching let us be found :  
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now ! w.

## 69

P. M.

1 **L**O, he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain !  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train !  
Halleluia ! God appears, on earth to reign !

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty :  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion,  
Still his dazzling body bears ;—  
Cause of endless exultation  
To his ransom'd worshippers :  
With what rapture gaze we on these glorious scars !

4 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thy eternal throne !  
Saviour, take the power and glory !  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
Jah ! Jehovah ! everlasting God, come down ! w.

## 70

P. M.

**G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !  
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore  
The dead, which they contain'd before !  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him ! LUTHER.

ON HEAVEN, AND HEAVENLY THINGS.

71

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's. Part First.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot!  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell:  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine:  
Already sav'd from low design,  
From every creature-love.  
Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lighten'd of its load,  
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue:  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen:  
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no babes to hold me here;  
But children more securely dear,  
For mine I humbly claim;  
Better than daughters, or than sons:  
Temples divine, of living stones,  
Inscrib'd with Jesus' name.

W

72

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's. Part Second.

- 1 **N**O foot of land do I possess;  
No cottage in this wilderness:  
A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

*On Heaven and Heavenly Things.*

- 2 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise :  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair ;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home :  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus' bids me come.
- 4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest !  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end :  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast.

w.

73

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky ;  
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,  
Who would on thee alone rely :  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our place :  
But hasten through this vale of woe,  
And restless to behold thy face :  
Swift to our heavenly country move,  
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here ;  
But seek a city out of sight ;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light :  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose founder is the living God,

w

74

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **P**ATIENT th' appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind;  
From strength to strength we travel on,  
The New Jerusalem to find:  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 2 Thro' thee, who all our sins has borne,  
Freely and graciously forgiven,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven—  
That palace of our glorious King;  
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 3 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,  
We urge our way with strength renew'd;  
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God:  
With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies. w

75

C. M.

- 1 **H**EAVEN is a place of endless rest,  
Where saints and angels shine;  
They are with Christ in glory blest:  
Their joys are all divine.
- 2 The saints through tribulation pass'd,  
Before they reach'd the shore:  
But they obtain'd the prize at last,  
And now their toils are o'er.
- 3 Nor grief, nor pain, nor doubts, nor fears,  
Can reach that world above:  
Christ Jesus wipes away their tears,  
And fills their hearts with love.

*On Heaven and Heavenly Things.*

4 They neither thirst nor hunger more.

Their wants are all supplied.

Oh! that we all might reach the shore,  
And there with Christ abide!

5 Oh! may we on his throne sit down,

And hear him say, 'Well done!

Receive the blood-bought starry crown,  
Which you, through faith, have won.'

W. S. & H. B.

76

C. M.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear

To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to every fear,

And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,

And hellish darts be hurl'd,

I then can smile at satan's rage,

And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,

And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,

My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul

In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll

Across my peaceful breast.

I. W.

77

C. M.

1 **E**NOCH, the seventh, walk'd with God

Through a long course of years:

He rested on the Saviour's blood,

While in this vale of tears.

2 While here on earth he liv'd by faith,

And grew in perfect love:

By faith he triumph'd over death,

And rose to heaven above.

*On Heaven and Heavenly Things.*

3 May we, like Enoch, walk with God,  
And in his image grow;  
Still live by faith in Jesus' blood,  
And speak his praise below.

4 At last, triumphant may we rise,  
Through his almighty love,  
To shout his praise beyond the skies,  
And reign with him above.

H. B.

78

*4 Lines 7's.*

1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see  
Saints and angels join'd in one!  
What a countless company  
Stand before yon dazzling throne!

2 Each before his Saviour stands,  
All in milk-white robes array'd:  
Palms they carry in their hands—  
Crowns of glory on their head.

3 Saints, begin the endless song!  
Cry aloud in heavenly lays!  
Glory doth to God belong:  
God, the glorious Saviour, praise!

4 All salvation from him came;  
Him, who reigns enthron'd on high.  
'Glory to the bleeding Lamb!'  
Let the morning stars reply.

5 Angel-powers the throne surround;  
Next the saints in glory they:  
Lull'd with the transporting sound,  
They their silent homage pay.

6 Prostrate on their face, before  
God and his Messiah fall:  
Then in hymns of praise adore;  
Shout—'The Lamb that died for all!'

- 7 'Be it so,' they all reply ;  
    'Him let all our orders praise :  
Him that did for sinners die ;  
    Saviour of the favour'd race !
- 8 'Render we our God his right—  
    Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power ;  
Honour, majesty, and might :  
    Praise him, praise him, evermore !'      w

79

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **W**HO are these array'd in white,  
    Brighter than the noon-day sun—  
Foremost of the sons of light—  
    Nearest the eternal throne ?
- 2 These are they that bore the cross :  
    Nobly for their Master stood ;  
Sufferers in his righteous cause ;  
    Followers of the dying God.
- 3 Out of great distress they came ;  
    Wash'd their robes by faith below,  
In the blood of yonder Lamb—  
    Blood that washes white as snow.
- 4 Therefore are they next the throne ;  
    Serve their Maker day and night :  
God resides among his own ;  
    God doth in his saints delight.
- 5 More than conquerors at last,  
    Here they find their trials o'er :  
They have all their sufferings past ;  
    Hunger now and thirst no more.
- 6 No excessive heat they feel  
    From the sun's directer ray :  
In a milder clime they dwell—  
    Region of eternal day.
- 7 He that on the throne doth reign,  
    Them the Lamb shall always feed ;  
With the tree of life sustain ;  
    To the living fountains lead.



*Referring to Hell.*

8 He shall all their sorrows chase ;  
All their wants at once remove .  
Wipe the tears from every face ,  
Fill up every soul with love .

80

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **W**HILE waiting at the throne of grace,  
A glimpse of our Redeemer's face  
Bids all our sorrows cease :  
Through floods and flames we'll ergo our va,  
To regions of eternal day,  
Where all is joy and peace.
- 2 If we are faithful to his grace,  
We shall, in glory, see his face,  
On Canaan's happy shore :  
There we shall meet our friends above,  
And join to sing redeeming love,  
Where parting is no more. W. S. & H. F.
- —

REFERRING TO HELL.

81

C. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,  
Who *may* be sav'd—shall I—  
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,  
Thro' sin for ever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
With whom I once did live,  
Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
A blessing to receive—
- 3 Shall I, (amidst a ghastly band,)  
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,  
Far on the left with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet ?

*Referring to Hell.*

4 Ah, no: I still may turn and live—  
For still his wrath delays:  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now;  
From every sin depart;  
Perform my oft-repeated vow;  
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive—  
The grace through Jesus given:  
Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
To live with him in heaven.

W.

82

C. M.

1 **W**HY do I wander from my God,  
Whose greatness none can tell?  
Can I endure his vengeful rod,  
And bear the pains of hell?

2 Ah, no: I cannot bear the thought!  
I tremble at his frown;  
For he who spake a world from nought,  
At once can crush me down!

3 His vengeance will my soul pursue,  
If I refuse his grace:  
And ah—alas!—what must I do,  
If banish'd from his face?

4 Eternal darkness I must see,  
And hope will never come;  
But fiends will my companions be,  
And hell will be my home!

5 But—glory, glory to my God,  
This need not be the case!  
For me he spilt his precious blood,  
And bids me seek his face! W. S. & H. B.

PRAYING FOR A BLESSING.

83

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,  
The thousands of our Israel see:  
To thee in their behalf we cry—  
Ourselves but newly found in thee.
- 2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,  
And neither food nor feeder have;  
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near;  
And no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought;  
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:  
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;  
Their souls, for lack of knowledge, die.
- 4 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?  
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:  
The meed of all thy sufferings these:  
Oh, claim them for thy ransom'd ones!
- 5 Extend to these thy pardoning grace:  
To these be thy salvation show'd:  
Oh, add them to thy chosen race!  
Oh, sprinkle all their hearts with blood!
- 6 Still let the publicans draw near:  
Open the door of faith and heav'n:  
And grant their hearts thy word to hear:  
And witness all their sins forgiv'n. w.

84

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice  
Which now to thee we give.

*Praying for a Blessing.*

- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere:  
But shew us, Lord, is *every one*  
Thy *real* worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul who knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief;  
His desperate state explain:  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,  
And bid the sleeper 'Rise!'  
And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, 'What must be done,  
To save a wretch like me?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?
- 7 'I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep t' awake;  
And turn to God: and every sin  
Continually forsake.
- 8 'I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with thee:  
I must be born again—or die  
To all eternity.'

W.

85

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known:  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone.

*Praying for a Blessing.*

- 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn;  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Saviour turn!
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day:  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release:  
Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord—and then relieve—  
And then enrich the poor:  
The knowledge of our sickness give—  
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load:  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin, declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven:  
By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

W

86

S. M.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of Faith, come down;  
Reveal the things of God;  
And make to us the Godhead known,  
And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis thine the blood to apply,  
And give us eyes to see.  
Who did for *every* sinner die,  
Hath surely died for *me*!

*Praying for a Blessing.*

- 3 No man can truly say,  
That Jesus is the Lord,  
Unless thou take the vail away,  
And breathe the living word.
- 4 Then, only then, we feel  
Our interest in his blood;  
And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
'Thou art my Lord—my God!'
- 5 Oh, that the world might know  
The all-atoning Lamb!  
Spirit of Faith, descend—and show  
The virtue of his name!
- 6 The grace which all may find—  
The saving power—impart:  
And testify to all mankind;  
And speak to every heart!
- 7 Inspire the living faith,  
Which, whosoe'er receives,  
The witness in himself he hath,  
And consciously believes:
- 8 The faith that conquers all,  
And doth the mountain move;  
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
And perfects them in love.

W.

87

C. M.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of holiness and love,  
Thy light and truth impart:  
The bar of unbelief remove,  
And enter every heart!
- 2 Shower down thy blessings from on high,  
And write thy law within:  
The blood of sprinkling now apply,  
And make an end of sin!

W. S.

88

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
Let us thine influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of Life and Love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for, mov'd by thee,  
The prophets wrote and spoke,)  
Unlock the truth, thyself the Key,  
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,  
Brood o'er our nature's night:  
On our disorder'd spirits move,  
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know,  
If thou within us shine;  
And sound, with all thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

W.

89

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, in whom alone  
We live, and move, and breathe,  
One bright, celestial ray, dart down,  
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,  
(We search with trembling awe!)  
Open our eyes—and let us see  
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light that shines so clear!  
Now the revealing Spirit send,  
And give us ears to hear!
- 4 Before us make thy goodness pass,  
Which here by faith we know:  
Let us in Jesus see thy face,  
And die to all below.

W.

90

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O thou weary pilgrim's Friend,  
And bring thy nature in;  
Now let the fire from heaven descend,  
And burn up every sin!
- 2 The power of unbelief destroy;  
Let faith stretch out her hand;  
Fill every heart with peace and joy;  
And bring us safe to land. W. S. & H. B.

91

C. M.

- 1 **S**TILL, for thy loving kindness, Lord,  
I in thy temple wait:  
I look to find thee in thy word,  
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,  
I wait to learn thy will:  
Silent I stand before thy face,  
And hear thee say, 'Be still!
- 3 'Be still—and know that I am God!'  
'Tis all I live to know;  
To feel the virtue of thy blood,  
And spread its praise below! W.

92

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **A** GAIN, O Lord, we're met to pray,  
And breathe our wishes to thy throne:  
Remove our doubts and fears away,  
And make thy great salvation known.  
Bestow on us thy heavenly grace,  
And let thy glory fill the place! W. S.



93

C. M.

- 1 **U**NTO our never-ceasing cries,  
Most gracious Lord, attend;  
And send deliverance from the skies;  
Thy Holy Spirit send.
- 2 The powers of darkness overthrow;  
On sin and satan tread:  
O Lord, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head!
- 3 O come, thou all-victorious Lord!  
No longer now delay!  
But, with thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
The crooked serpent slay!
- 4 Make bare thine arm, and give the blow:  
Root out the hellish seed!  
O Lord, avenge us of our foe,  
And bruise the serpent's head!

*W. a. by H. B. & W. S.*

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INWARD RELIGION.

94

L. M.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of Faith, eternal Word,  
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;  
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord.  
To-day, as yesterday, the same:
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,  
And ask the gift unspeakable;  
Increase in us the kindled fire;  
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save;  
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!  
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;  
Future and past subsisting now.

*Inward Religion.*

- 4 To him that in thy name believes,  
Eternal life, with thee, is given;  
Into himself he all receives,  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
(Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,)  
With strong, commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realizing light;  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly  
Th' Invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.

95

S. M.

- 1 **H**OW can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell;  
And publish to the sons of men,  
The signs infallible.
- 3 We, who in Christ believe,  
That he for us hath died,  
We all his unknown peace receive,  
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburthen'd of her load,  
And swells, unutterably full  
Of glory, and of God.

w.

96

S. M.

- 1 **W**E by his Spirit prove,  
And know the things of God;  
The things which freely of his love  
He hath on us bestow'd.

*Inward Religion.*

- 2 His Spirit to us he gave,  
And dwells in us we know:  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all its fruits we show.
- 3 The meek and lowly heart  
That in our Saviour was,  
To us his Spirit doth impart,  
And signs us with his cross.
- 4 Our nature's turn'd; our mind  
Transform'd in all its powers;  
And both the witnesses are join'd—  
The Spirit of God with ours.
- 5 Whate'er our pardoning Lord  
Commands, we gladly do;  
And, guided by his sacred Word,  
We all his steps pursue.
- 6 His glory our design,  
We live our God to please;  
And rise, with filial fear divine,  
To perfect holiness.

w.

97

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on,  
Even from my infant days;  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I ever knew  
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,  
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,  
Thy drawings from above;  
Now, now the farther grace bestow,  
And let my sprinkled conscience know  
Thy sweet forgiving love.

*Prayer in General.*

- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop ;  
A stranger to the Gospel hope—  
The sense of sin forgiven :  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive ;  
Without thy inward witness live—  
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,  
Would he not testify of thee,  
In Jesus reconcil'd ?  
And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
And holdly, Abba, Father, cry,  
And know myself, thy child ? w.
- 

PRAYER IN GENERAL.

---

98

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 GREAT Jehovah, sovereign Lord,  
Source of everlasting love ;  
By angelic hosts ador'd,  
In the shining realms above :
- 2 In thy presence we appear ;  
All our wants to thee are known ;  
Now in mercy bow thy ear,  
While we supplicate thy throne.
- 3 Stripp'd of all, we come to thee ;  
On thy mercy we depend :  
Poor and needy, Lord, are we,  
But thou art the sinner's Friend.
- 4 All thy promises are sure,  
Thou canst not thyself deny :  
On thy word we rest secure ;  
Save us, Jesus, or we die. w. s. & H. B.

99

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, thou hast bid us pray—  
Pray always, and not faint :  
With thy own word the power convey,  
To pour out our complaint.
- 2 No quiet shalt thou ever know,  
Till we from sin are freed :  
O Lord, avenge us of our foe,  
And make us free indeed !
- 3 We have, O Lord, begun to cry—  
And we will never end,  
Until we find salvation nigh,  
And grasp the sinner's Friend :
- 4 Both day and night we'll speak our woe ;  
With thee, in faith, we'll plead :  
O Lord, avenge us of our foe,  
And make us free indeed !
- 5 Speak but the word—and we shall be  
From all our bands releas'd ;  
'Tis only thou canst set us free,  
By satan long opprest.
- 6 Now, Lord, thy power all-mighty show !  
Arise, the Woman's Seed !  
O Lord, avenge us of our foe,  
And make us free indeed ! *w. a. by H. B.*

100

C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW in thee all fulness dwells,  
And all for wretched man :  
Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain.
- 2 My humble soul shall then, like thine,  
Abhor the thing unclean ;  
And, sanctified by love divine,  
For ever cease from sin. *w. a. by H. B.*

# 101

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thyself on me bestow,  
Thee, only thee, I want to know:  
Now let my faith and love increase;  
I want to pray, and never cease.
- 2 But oft when I begin to pray,  
My thoughts would rove to earth away;  
Objects of sense would charm my sight,  
And fill my soul with vain delight.
- 3 But, Lord, command them all to flee,  
And may I worship only thee:  
Jesus, call back my roving heart,  
And bid the tempter now depart.
- 4 And when I reach thy blest abode,  
My thoughts no more shall rove abroad:  
I there shall in thy likeness shine,  
And triumph in thy love divine. W. S. & H. B.

# 102

T. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah, press'd with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer,  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burden there:  
Like her, in every trying case,  
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pain'd and sad:  
But ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad.  
In trouble, what a resting place  
Have they who know the throne of grace!
- 3 Though men and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour;  
The saints from age to age,  
Are safe from all their power:  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace. N.

# 103

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Source of uncreated light,  
Thy mercy's beams display;  
Disperse the gloom of hellish night,  
And take our sins away.
- 2 Now break the bars of unbelief,  
And spoil the powers of hell;  
Enter each heart, victorious Chief,  
And there for ever dwell.
- 3 Come, Jesus, come, thy right maintain,  
Thine image now restore;  
Now let thy grace triumphant reign,  
That we may sin no more. W. S. & H. B.

# 104

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy gracious word,  
I now present my prayer to thee;  
I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
And humbly hope thy face to see:  
Thee in my heart I long to feel:  
Now, gracious Lord, thyself reveal.
- 2 Without thy love I cannot rest;  
Thou only canst my spirit cheer:  
Speak, Lord, and make me truly blest,  
And bid me cast off every fear.  
Answer me now by blood divine,  
And say, 'Poor sinner, thou art mine.' W.S.&H.B.

# 105

L. M.

- 1 **I** TOO, forewarn'd by Jesus' love,  
Must shortly lay this body down:  
But ere my soul from earth remove,  
O let me put thine image on!
- 2 Saviour, thy meek and lowly mind,  
Be to thine aged servant given:  
And glad I'll drop this tent, to find  
Mine everlasting house in heaven.

# 106

C. M.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of glory shine ;  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be thine.
- 2 With thee let every week begin,  
With thee each day be spent ;  
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
Since each by thee is lent.
- 3 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace. D.

# 107

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou Source of light and love,  
Show'r down thy blessings from above ;  
Arise, with healing in thy wings,  
And raise our hearts from earthly things.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness divine,  
In every heart vouchsafe to shine ;  
The beauties of thy face display,  
And shine unto the perfect day.
- 3 While here assembled in thy name,  
Impart the pure seraphic flame :  
Burn up our dross—our hearts refine—  
And consecrate us ever thine.
- 4 And when we've run our heavenly race,  
May we in glory see thy face :  
There may we in thy bosom rest,  
And share a lot among the blest. W.S.&H.B.



# 108

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **T**IME, by moments, steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.
- 2 Thus another year is flown;  
Now it is no more our own,  
If it brought or promis'd good,  
Than the years before the flood.
- 3 Spar'd to see another year,  
Let thy blessing meet us here;  
Now thy glorious work revive;  
Bid thy drooping garden thrive.
- 4 Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:  
Let our prayer thy bowels move:  
Make this year, a year of love. N.

# 109

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, to me the joy impart,  
Which fills each faithful pastor's heart,  
While I my children see  
Walk as the heirs of joys above,  
Walk in the truth of holy love,  
And genuine piety.
- 2 Then would I cheerfully resign  
My soul into thy hands divine,  
And sing at my release,  
Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,  
Depart according to thy word,  
In everlasting peace. W.

# 110

*C. M.*

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, thy chosen heralds bless,  
Who run at thy command;  
And may thy precious word of grace,  
Be heard in every land.

## *Prayer in General.*

2 The blessing which thy Son hath bought,  
To sinners we proclaim ;  
Let signs and wonders now be wrought,  
In Jesus' conqu'ring name.

3 Now let thy Holy Spirit strive,  
And bring the wand'ers home ;  
Now, mighty God, thy work revive,  
And let thy kingdom come.

4 Maintain, maintain thy sovereign sway,  
And bid all sin depart ;  
'The beauties of thy face display,  
And shine in every heart.

5 And when to that bright world we come,  
Where all is peace and joy,  
We'll shout the heavenly harvest home,  
And praise thee in the sky. W. S. & H. B.

## 111

L. M.

1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet,  
In coming to the mercy seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw ;  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love ;  
Brings heavenly blessings from above.

3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight :  
Pray'r keeps the Christian's armour bright :  
And satan trembles when he sees,  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through heaviness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

112

P. M.

- 1 **G**UIDE us, O thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrims through this barren land;  
We are weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold us with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us till we want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead us all our journey through:  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou both our strength and shield.
- 3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid each anxious fear subside;  
Bear us through the swelling current;  
Land us safe on Canaan's side:  
Praise and glory  
We will ever give to thee.

113

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, meet thy saints to-day;  
Bid our unbelief depart;  
Give us power to watch and pray;  
Make us of one mind and heart.
- 2 Shine upon us from above;  
Root up all the seeds of sin;  
Shed abroad thy dying love;  
Bring thy heavenly nature in.
- 3 God of love, our meeting bless;  
Teach us all, the way to heaven.  
While we now thy throne address,  
Let the Holy Ghost be given.
- 4 Oft we meet and part below,  
But we soon shall meet above;  
Where we shall his triumphs show,  
Lost and swallowed up in love.

# 114

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, thro' every changing scene,  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been:  
Thro' every age, eternal God,  
Their certain home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest;  
In thee our fathers still are blest;  
And, while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide, and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our fathers' place:  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace,  
In this uncertain wilderness:  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell on earth no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave;  
Them may their fathers' God receive;  
That voices, yet unform'd, may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

P.

# 115

C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Father, God of grace,  
Our sacrifice receive;  
Incline our hearts to seek thy face,  
And help us to believe.
- 2 Now let that mighty faith be given,  
Which makes the mountains flow:  
The faith that shuts and opens heaven,  
This moment, Lord, bestow.

*Prayer in General.*

3 'Tis thou that brings salvation near,  
And bids our sins depart;  
Now, O thou Son of God, appear,  
In every waiting heart.

4 Subdue our hearts by power divine,  
And mould us into love;  
That we may in thy likeness shine,  
And reign with thee above. W. S. & H. B.

116

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;  
In every star thy wisdom shines:  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy truth in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights, and days, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!  
Thy gospel makes the simple, wise;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:  
Lord, cleanse *my* sins, *my* soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven. I. W.

# 117

T. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord,  
Thy grace is rich and free;  
Thou canst thy help afford  
To all, as well as me.  
My soul, through faith, is justified,  
And all may feel thy blood applied.
- 2 The world in sin is dead,  
But thou canst life impart;  
Now, Lord, thy Spirit shed,  
And melt each stony heart.  
Thou canst a guilty world forgive—  
And, through thy death, we all may live.
- 3 Make bare thy holy arm,  
That all may praise thy name:  
Poor guilty souls alarm,  
And snatch them from the flame:  
Complete the work thou hast begun,  
And save a world, by sin undone.
- 4 All power to thee belongs,  
And thy great name we'll praise:  
Accept the grateful songs  
Which now to thee we raise.  
Bring us, at last, thy face to see,  
That we may live and reign with thee.

W. S. & H. B

# 118

C. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, O Saviour, to my heart,  
Possess thy humble throne;  
Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for thy own.
- 2 The world and satan I forsake;  
To thee I all resign:  
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,  
And make it all divine!

*Prayer in General.*

- 3 O may I never turn aside,  
Nor from thy bosom flee:  
Let nothing here my heart divide;  
I give it all to thee. w. s. & H. B.

119

C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, God of love,  
ANCIENT of endless days,  
Look down, in mercy, from above,  
While we attempt thy praise.  
2 Incline our hearts to seek thy face,  
And make us all sincere;  
Sow the rich seed of gospel grace,  
And may much fruit appear. w. s. & H. B.
- 

MOURNERS.

120

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **O** THOU who hast our sorrows borne,  
Help us to look on thee, and mourn—  
On thee, whom we have slain;  
Have pierc'd a thousand, thousand times,  
And, by our oft-repeated crimes,  
Renew'd thy sacred pain.  
2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith, to see  
The Man transfix'd on Calvary!  
To know thee who thou art!  
The One Eternal God and True:  
And let the sight affect, subdue,  
And break my stubborn heart!  
3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
Reveal the Charity divine,  
That suffer'd in my stead!  
That made thy soul a sacrifice,  
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,  
And bow'd that sacred head!

- 4 The veil of unbelief remove—  
And, by thy manifested love,  
And, by thy sprinkled blood,  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get thyself the victory,  
And bring me back to God!
- 5 Now let thy dying love constrain  
My soul to love its God again—  
Its God to glorify!  
And, lo! I come, thy cross to share,  
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,  
And with my Saviour die.

w.

## 121

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET the redeem'd give thanks and praise  
To a forgiving God!  
My feeble voice I cannot raise,  
Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Till, at thy coming from above,  
My mountain-sin depart,  
And fear gives place to filial love,  
And peace o'erflows my heart.
- 3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend  
Th' appearance of my Lord,  
These endless doubts and fears to end,  
And speak my soul restor'd.
- 4 Restor'd by reconciling grace;  
With present pardon blest;  
And fitted by true holiness,  
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,  
The love and joy unknown,  
Now, Father, to thy servant give,  
And claim me for thine own,
- 6 My God, thro' Jesus pacifi'd;  
My God, thyself declare;  
And draw me to his open side,  
And plunge the sinner there!

w.



# 122

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us dying sinners, Lord,  
Opprest with pain and grief;  
We wait to hear thy quickening word;  
We wait to find relief.
- 2 Dry up our penitential tears,  
And bid our sin depart:  
Remove our sorrows, doubts, and fears,  
And heal each broken heart.
- 3 Behold us waiting at thy feet,  
Obedient to thy will:  
Now, Lord, thy miracles repeat;  
Now thy great promise seal. W. S. & H. B.

# 123

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem!  
Who gave his life, that I might live  
A life conceal'd in him!
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire!  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in his arms expire!
- 3 Mercy I ask, to seal my peace—  
That, kept by Mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve thee more!
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
Even now my sins remove;  
And set my soul at liberty,  
By thy victorious love!
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,  
Thou pardoning God, descend!  
Number me with salvation's heirs;  
My sins and troubles end!

- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven;  
But let me feel thy blood appli'd,  
And live and die forgiven. w.

## 124

*L. M.—Part First.*

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,  
And bow myself before thy face?  
How in thy purer eyes appear?  
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Can gifts avert the wrath of God?  
Can these wash out my guilty stain?  
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,  
Alas! they all must flow in vain!
- 3 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,  
Must take the path thy word hath show'd;  
Justice pursue, and mercy love,  
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 4 But though my life henceforth be thine,  
Present for past can ne'er atone:  
Though I to thee the whole resign,  
I only give thee back thine own.
- 5 What have I then wherein to trust?  
I nothing have, I nothing am:  
Excluded is my every boast—  
My glory swallow'd up in shame! w.

## 125

*L. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **G**UILTY I stand before thy face;  
On me I feel thy wrath abide:  
'Tis just the sentence should take place!  
'Tis just!—but, O, thy Son hath died!
- 2 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;  
He bore our sins upon the tree!  
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head:  
'Tis finish'd!—He hath died for me!

- 3 See, where before thy throne he stands,  
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!  
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,  
And shows that I am graven there!
- 4 He ever lives for me to pray:  
He prays that I with him may reign.  
Amen, to what my Lord doth say!  
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain! w.

## 126

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above?  
Himself to worms impart?  
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,  
And speak it to my heart!
- 3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design,—  
What meant the suffering Son of Man—  
The streaming blood divine?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I might now perceive thee near,  
And my Redeemer know?
- 5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal  
The heights and depths of grace;  
The wounds which all my sorrows heal;  
That dear disfigured face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confest,  
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;  
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,  
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy Person show,  
Jehovah crucifi'd :  
And then the pardoning God I know,  
And feel the blood appli'd.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,  
Whom angels dimly see ;  
And gaze, transported at the sight,  
To all eternity.

W.

## 127

S. M.

1 **B**LEST are the humble souls,  
Who are in spirit poor :  
For them the healing torrent rolls,  
And sheds a plenteous store.

2 Blest are the souls that mourn,  
For they shall comfort know ;  
'They shall, with joy, to God return ;  
Their tears shall cease to flow.

3 The lowly and the meek,  
Shall here on earth be blest ;  
Though of themselves they are but weak,  
Christ bears them on his breast.

4 The hungry shall be fed  
With everlasting love ;  
They shall partake the living bread,  
The manna from above.

5 The merciful and kind,  
Who much compassion show,  
Shall pardon, peace, and mercy, find,  
While in this vale of woe.

6 Blest are the pure in heart,  
Who taste the Saviour's grace ;  
And do not from his ways depart ;  
For they shall see his face. W. S. & H. B.

## 128

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;  
Open thine arms, and take me in.
- 2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole:  
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,  
And lost I am, till thou art mine.
- 3 Awake, the Woman's conquering Seed!  
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!  
Tread down thy foes, with power controul  
The beast and devil in my soul!
- 4 The mansion for thyself prepare;  
Dispose my heart, by entering there!  
'Tis this alone can make me clean;  
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 5 At last I own it cannot be,  
That I should fit myself for thee:  
Here then to thee I all resign;  
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 6 What shall I say thy grace to move?  
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:  
I give up every plea beside,  
'Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!' w

## 129

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, wipe away my tears;  
Scatter all my guilty fears:  
I am waiting, Lord, for thee:  
Wilt thou not remember me?
- 2 Shall I not thy blessing find?  
Art thou not to sinners kind?  
Yes, I *do* believe in thee!  
Jesus, now remember me! w. s. & H. B.

# 130

C. M.

- 1 **P**HYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,  
To thee I bring my case:  
My raging malady controul,  
And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure;  
See how I mourn and pine:  
For never can I hope a cure  
From any hand but thine.
- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint—  
But where shall I begin?  
No words of mine can fully paint  
That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 It lies not in a single part,  
But through my frame is spread:  
A burning fever in my heart—  
A palsy in my head.
- 5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,  
And impotent, and lame;  
It overclouds, and fills my mind  
With folly, fear, and shame.
- 6 A thousand evil thoughts intrude,  
Tumultuous in my breast;  
Which indispose me for my food,  
And rob me of my rest.
- 7 Lord, I am sick: regard my cry,  
And set my spirit free.  
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,  
Who longs to live to thee?

N.

# 131

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat:  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at thy feet!

- 2 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine, can make me clean.
- 3 Thou seest me deaf to thy command;  
Open, O Lord, my ear:  
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,  
And lift it up in prayer.
- 4 Silent, (alas! thou know'st how long,)  
My voice I cannot raise:  
But, O, when thou shalt loose my tongue,  
The dumb shall sing thy praise!
- 5 Lame at the pool, I still am found:  
Give, and my strength employ:  
Light as a hart I then shall bound:  
The lame shall leap for joy.
- 6 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,  
And dark I am within;  
The love of God I cannot see—  
The sinfulness of sin.
- 7 But thou, they say, art passing by!  
O let me find thee near!  
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry!  
Thou Son of David, hear!

w.

132

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE dead in trespasses I lie,  
Thy quick'ning Spirit give:  
Call me, thou Son of God, that I  
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,  
My weak, distemper'd soul,  
Thy love compassionately sees;  
O let it make me whole!

- 3 If thou impart thyself to me,  
No other good I need:  
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.
- 4 I cannot rest, till in thy blood  
I full redemption have:  
But thou, through whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.
- 5 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul:  
Lord, I believe, and not in vain;  
My faith shall make me whole.
- 6 I too, with thee, shall walk in white;  
With all thy saints shall prove,  
What is the length, and breadth, and height,  
And depth, of perfect love.

# 133

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessing now afford,  
For, oh, the storm is high!  
Oh, save me, or I perish, Lord!  
I sink!—I faint!—I die!
- 2 My soul thou know'st is much opprest;  
I'm troubled night and day!  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Remove my sins away!
- 3 To thee for pardon now I look:  
I ask thy grace divine:  
O write my name within thy book,  
And make me truly thine!
- 4 I long to hear thee speak the word;  
I struggle to be free:  
I wait for thy salvation, Lord;  
Thy face, O may I see!
- W. S. & H. B.



1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah, what avails my strife,  
My wand'ring to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah, whither shall I go?

3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move;  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall!  
I groan to be set free!  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee!

5 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

6 My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.

7 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

8 Nay, but I yield—I yield!  
I can hold out no more!  
I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
And own thee Conqueror!

# 135

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,  
In majesty come down!  
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,  
And seize me for thy own!
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn  
The stubble of thy foe!  
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,  
And curb my headstrong will:  
Thou only canst drive back the tide,  
And bid the sun stand still.
- 4 What though I cannot break my chain,  
Or e'er throw off my load;  
The things impossible to men,  
Are possible to God.
- 5 Is there a thing too hard for thee,  
Almighty Lord of all—  
Whose threat'ning looks dry up the sea,  
And make the mountains fall?
- 6 Lo, to the hills I lift mine eye;  
Thy promis'd aid I claim:  
Father of Mercies, glorify  
Thy favorite Jesus' name!
- 7 Salvation in that name is found—  
Balm of my grief and care;  
A med'cine for my every wound:  
All, all I want is there.

W.

# 136

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
The weary sinner's Friend;  
Come to my help—pronounce the word:  
And bid my troubles end.

*Mourners.*

- 2 Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,  
And life and liberty;  
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
And Jesus prove to me!
- 3 Faith to be heal'd, thou know'st I have;  
For thou that faith hast given:  
Thou canst, thou wilt the sinner save,  
And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;  
Thou wilt victorious prove:  
For everlasting strength is thine,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice;  
The blind, his sight receive;  
The dumb, in songs of praise rejoice;  
The heart of stone, believe.

W.

137

6 Lines 8's.—*Part First.*

- 1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there.  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name—and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free!  
I never will unloose my hold!  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold.  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know!

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
 Thy new, unutterable name?  
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell!  
 To know it now, resolv'd I am!  
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
 Till I thy name, thy nature know!

# 138

6 Lines 8's.—Part Second.

- 1 **W**HAT though my shrinking flesh complain,  
 And murmur to contend so long?  
 I rise superior to my pain:  
 When I am weak, then I am strong:  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 2 Yield to me now, for I am weak;  
 But confident in self-despair:  
 Speak to my heart—in blessings speak:  
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer.  
 Speak—or thou never hence shalt move!  
 And tell me if thy name be Love!
- 3 'Tis Love!—'tis Love!—thou diedst for me!  
 I hear thy whisper in my heart!  
 The morning breaks!—the shadows flee!  
 Pure, Universal Love, thou art!  
 To me, to all, thy bowels move:  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 4 My prayer hath power with God! the grace  
 Unspeakable I now receive!  
 'Through faith I see thee face to face!  
 I see thee face to face, and live!  
 In vain I have not wept and strove!  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

W.

# 139

6 Lines 8's.—Part Third.

- 1 **I** KNOW thee, Saviour, who thou art—  
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;  
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end:

Thy mercies never shall remove ;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath ris'n, with healing in his wings ;  
Wither'd my nature's strength : from thee  
My soul its life and succour brings :  
My help is all laid up above :  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Contented now, upon my thigh  
I halt, till life's short journey end :  
All helplessness, all weakness, I  
On thee alone for strength depend ;  
Nor have I power from thee to move :  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome :  
I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
And, as a bounding hart, fly home :  
Through all eternity to prove  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

W.

# 140

*4 Lines 7's.*

1 **J**ESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll—  
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past :  
Safe into the haven guide :  
O receive my soul at last !

3 Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me !

- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;  
All my help from thee I bring :  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing !
- 5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find :  
Raise the fallen—cheer the faint—  
Heal the sick—and lead the blind !
- 6 Just and Holy is thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness :  
False, and full of sin, I am ;  
'Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 7 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make and keep me pure within.
- 8 Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of thee :  
Spring thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity.

W.

# 141

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **T**HEE, Jesu, thee, the sinner's Friend,  
I follow on to apprehend,  
Renew the glorious strife ;  
Divinely confident and bold,  
With faith's strong arm on thee lay hold,  
Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Thy heart, I know, thy tender heart  
Doth in my sorrow feel its part,  
And at my tears relent.  
My powerful sighs thou canst not bear,  
Nor stand the violence of my prayer—  
My prayer omnipotent.

- 3 Answer, O Lord, thy Spirit's groan !  
O make to me thy nature known,  
Thy hidden name impart ;  
(Thy name and nature are the same :)  
Tell me thy nature, and thy name,  
And write it on my heart.

W.

## 142

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **P**RISONER of hope, to thee I turn,  
And calmly confident I mourn,  
And pray, and weep for thee.  
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell ;  
Thy mystic name in me reveal ;  
Reveal thyself in me.

- 2 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy glorious name,  
'The Lord, the gracious Lord ;  
'Long-suffering, merciful, and kind ;  
'The God, who always bears in mind  
'His everlasting word.'

- 3 Mercy he doth for thousands keep ;  
He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,  
And brings his wanderer home—  
And every soul that sheep might be !  
Come, then, my Lord, and gather me !  
My Jesus, quickly come.

W.

## 143

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **O** JESUS, let me bless thy name !  
All sin, alas ! thou know'st I am,  
But thou all pity art :  
Turn into flesh my heart of stone ;  
Such power belongs to thee alone :  
Turn into flesh my heart !

- 2 A poor unloving wretch, to thee  
For help against myself I flee!  
Thou only canst remove  
The hind'rances out of the way,  
And soften my unyielding clay,  
And mould it into love.
- 3 O let thy Spirit shed abroad  
The love, the perfect love of God,  
In this cold heart of mine!  
O might he now descend, and rest,  
And dwell for ever in my breast,  
And make it all divine!
- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain?  
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
I plead what thou hast done.  
Didst thou not die the death for me?  
Jesus, remember Calvary,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
My Friend and Advocate with God,  
My Ransom, and my Peace;  
Surety, who all my debt has paid;  
For all my sins atonement made;  
The Lord my Righteousness.

w.

144

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **S**TILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace;  
Reveal the beauties of thy face,  
The middle wall remove:  
Appear, and banish my complaint;  
Come and supply my only want;  
Fill all my soul with love!
- 2 O! conquer this rebellious will:  
Willing thou art, and ready still,  
Thy help is always nigh;



The stony from my heart remove,  
And give me, Lord, O give me love,  
Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye;  
Why am I thus?—O tell me why  
I cannot love my God?  
The hind'rance must be all in me;  
It cannot in my Saviour be;  
Witness that streaming blood!

4 It cost thy blood my heart to win,  
To buy me from the power of sin,  
And make me love again.  
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,  
Take to thyself my ransom'd heart:  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

W.

145

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

1 **O** LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death and hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see:  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine!  
Be mine this better part!

- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

## 146

C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 2 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With streams that ne'er run dry!
- 3 Rivers of love and mercy here,  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 4 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away. I. W.

## 147

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU God, who reign'st enthron'd on high,  
On us thy Spirit pour;  
Open the windows of the sky,  
And send the teeming shower.
- 2 Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,  
And cleanse from every stain,  
That we may shine on Canaan's coast,  
With millions born again. H. B. & W. S.

- 4 O that I could for ever sit  
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With millions born again. H. B. & W. S.

148

S. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou bleeding Lamb,  
Before thy throne we bow;  
Thy every gracious promise claim:  
Come down, and bless us now.
- 2 Thou, Lord, wilt answer prayer,  
Since thou hast bid us pray:  
Redeeming grace we long to share:  
Oh! send us not away.
- 3 Thou everlasting God,  
Who diedst to set us free,  
We plead the merit of thy blood—  
Thy sufferings on the tree.
- 4 Of nothing else we boast;  
We ask thy grace divine:  
Come Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And make us wholly thine. W. S. & H. B.

149

S. M.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,  
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He calls the weary sinner home—  
And yet from him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part?  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart.
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown  
Must surely lurk within;  
Some idol which I will not own;  
Some secret bosom-sin.

*Mourners.*

5 Jesus, the hind'rance show,  
Which I have fear'd to see;  
Yet let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the vail away.

150

C. M.

1 **S**EE, where the bleeding Saviour stands,  
Who did for sin atone;  
He shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
Before the Father's throne.

2 The Father hears his pleading Son,  
And lays his vengeance by:  
Justice proclaims, 'The work is done;  
'The sinner shall not die!'

3 The law is fully magnified;  
The Father's wrath is o'er:  
When Jesus shows his bleeding side,  
Justice can ask no more.

4 Ye sons of men, your voices raise,  
To your High Priest above;  
Exalt his name, show forth his praise,  
And triumph in his love. W. S. & H. B.

151

L. M.

1 **S**ILENCE, ye unbelieving fears,  
Who clam'rously deny the word!  
The promise on our side appears—  
The power and goodness of our Lord!

2 Let us go up in Jesu's name:  
Our sin shall all to Christ submit:  
He who for us the world o'ercame,  
Shall bruise the fiend beneath our feet!

3 Is any thing too hard for God?  
Thro' Jesus we can all things do!  
Who satan and his works destroy'd,  
Shall make us more than conqu'rors too.

4 Let us, at once, the land possess,  
And taste the blessing from above;  
The milk sincere of pard'ning grace;  
The honey of his perfect love.

w.

## 152

6 Lines 7's.

1 **O** DISCLOSE thy lovely face!  
Quicken all my drooping powers!  
Gasps my fainting soul for grace,  
As a thirsty land for showers!  
Haste, my Lord! no more delay!  
Come, my Saviour, come away!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by thee:  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercies' beams I see!  
Till thou inward light impart,  
Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart!

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine!  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!  
Fill me, Radiancy divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief!  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day!

w.

## 153

L. M.—*Part First.*

1 **M**Y sufferings all to thee are known;  
Tempted in every point like me:  
Regard my grief, regard thy own!  
Jesus, remember Calvary!

*Mourners.*

- 2 O call to mind thy earnest prayers!  
Thy agony, and sweat of blood!  
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears!  
Thy mortal groan—'My God! my God!'
- 3 For whom didst thou the cross endure?  
Who nail'd thy body to the tree?  
Did not thy death my life procure?  
O let thy bowels answer me! w.

**154**

*L. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **T**HOU wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,  
Till through the soul thy power is spread—  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 2 The day of small and feeble things,  
I know thou never wilt despise;  
I know, with healing in his wings,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 3 With labour faint, thou wilt not fail,  
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,  
Till in this earth thy judgments dwell,  
And, born of God, I sin no more. w.

**155**

*L. M.*

- 1 **J**ESUS my Lord was crucified;  
He gave his life my heart to win;  
And now he points to me his side,  
And bids me wash away my sin.
- 2 Trembling, I to the Fountain fly;  
On Christ my helpless soul I cast;  
And at his feet I hope to lie,  
Till all the storms of life are past.
- 3 He makes my wounded spirit whole,  
And sheds abroad his love divine:  
Lightnings may flash, and thunders roll,  
May I but call the Saviour mine.

- 4 Come, guilty sinners, taste and see  
The riches of redeeming love:  
You all may be from sin set free;  
You all may reign with Christ above.

W. S. & H. B.

## 156

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Saviour of the fallen race,  
I humbly ask thy pardoning grace;  
On thee for mercy now I call,  
And at thy feet I prostrate fall.

- 2 Hast thou not suffer'd in my stead,  
And bow'd for me thy sacred head?  
For me thou didst thy life resign,  
Therefore I plead thy blood divine.

- 3 Come, then, and heal my sin-sick soul:  
One look of thine can make me whole.  
Put forth thy hand, and touch my heart,  
And bid my leprosy depart.

- 4 Till wash'd in thy atoning blood,  
I cannot praise a pardoning God;  
But when I taste redeeming love,  
I'll praise thee as the hosts above.

W. S. & H. B.

## 157

L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears;  
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years:

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd:



4 Yet oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest:  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,  
And guide into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

W.

158

T. M.

1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,  
And thought himself unknown:  
But how surpris'd was he,  
When Jesus call'd him down!  
The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,  
And, by a word, his power reveal'd.

2 Wonder and joy at once  
Where painted in his face:  
'Does he my name pronounce—  
And does he know my case?  
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?  
Lord, I, with all I have, are thine!'

3 Thus where the gospel's preach'd,  
And sinners come to hear:  
The hearts of some are reach'd,  
Before they are aware:  
The word directly speaks to them,  
And seems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curiosity  
Oft brings them in the way,  
Only the man to see,  
And hear what he can say;  
And how the sinner starts to find,  
The preacher knows his inmost mind!

5 His long-forgotten faults  
Are brought again in view :  
And all his secret thoughts  
Reveal'd in public too :  
Though compass'd with a crowd about,  
The searching word has found him out.

6 While thus distressing pain •  
And sorrow fills his heart,  
He hears a voice again,  
That bids his fears depart :  
Then like, Zaccheus, he is blest,  
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

N.

## 159

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,  
That I shall find my all in thee ?  
The fullness of thy promise prove ;  
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 A poor blind child, I wander here,  
If haply I may feel thee near !  
O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,  
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day !
- 3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind ;  
Thou, only thou, to me be given,  
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.
- 4 Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt ?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out—  
A helpless soul that comes to thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 5 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure !  
I want—do thou enrich the poor !  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up !

- 6 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight!  
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might!  
A helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee!

W.

160

L. M.

- 1 **A** PHARISEE unwisely stood,  
Supposing he was wise and good:  
Of heavenly grace he saw no need;  
His own good works he thought to plead.
- 2 A publican, with grief opprest,  
Stood smiting on his sinful breast:  
He had no other hope nor plea,  
But—‘God, be merciful to me!’
- 3 To heaven he durst not lift his eye;  
But, Jesus heard the sinner cry:  
Mercy to him was not denied—  
For he, through Christ, was justified.
- 4 Stripp’d of all fancied righteousness,  
May I, like him, my guilt confess:  
Then shall my sins, like his, depart,  
And pardoning love fill all my heart. W.S.&H.B.

161

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart,  
Which bows before the Lord:  
Acknowledging how just thou art,  
And trembling at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow:  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow!
- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity give  
The sensible distress:  
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,  
And bid me die in peace.

- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come;  
My spirit hide with saints above;  
My body in the tomb.

w.

## 162

8 Lines 7's and 6's.

- 1 **H**APPY they whose joys abound,  
Like Jordan's swelling stream;  
Who their heaven in Christ have found,  
And give the praise to him;  
Meanest follower of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see:  
I the chief of sinners am—  
But Jesus died for me.

- 2 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found,  
Unwater'd still, and dry;  
While the dew on all around.  
Falls plenteous from the sky:  
Yet my Lord, I cannot blame,  
The Saviour's grace for all is free:  
I the chief of sinners am—  
But Jesus died for me.

- 3 Surely he will lift me up,  
For I of him have need;  
I cannot give up my hope,  
Though I am cold and dead;  
To bring fire on earth he came;  
O that it now might kindled be!  
I the chief of sinners am—  
But Jesus died for me.

w.

## 163

C. M.

- 1 **R**EPENTANCE, gracious Lord, impart  
To every coming soul;  
And write thy law on every heart,  
And make the wounded, whole.

*Backsliders.*

- 2 'Tis thine, O Lord, the blood t' apply,  
And speak our sins forgiven:  
Now, Lord, in majesty draw nigh,  
And give the inward heaven.
- 3 The joy unspeakable impart,  
To every waiting soul:  
Now shed thy love in every heart,  
And sanctify the whole.

H. B.

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BACKSLIDERS.

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164

C. M.

- 1 **O**H! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
(Whate'er that idol be),  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

# 165

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **D**EPTH of Mercy ! can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me ?  
Can my God his wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;  
Long provok'd him to his face ;  
Would not hearken to his calls ;  
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Whence to me this waste of love ?  
Ask my Advocate above :  
See the cause in Jesus' face,  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 4 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood !  
He disarms the wrath of God !  
Cries, ' How shall I give thee up ?'  
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands ;  
Shews his wounds, and spreads his hands !  
God is Love ! I know, I feel !  
Jesus weeps—and loves me still !

w.

# 166

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,  
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,  
Ah, when shall I wake up ?
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
Quicken my soul—instruct my heart—  
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above, to give,  
Give me thy only love to know,  
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love ;  
In mystic union join  
Me to thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between  
My longing soul and thee ;  
Never to be broke off again,  
To all eternity.

W.

## 167

6 Lines 8's.

1 **O** 'TIS enough, my God, my God !  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er ;  
No longer trample on thy blood,  
And grieve thy gentleness no more :  
No more thy lingering anger move,  
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,  
Now let it all on me be shown !  
On me, the chief of sinners, me,  
Who humbly for thy mercy groan ;  
Me to thy Father's grace restore,  
Nor let me ever grieve thee more !

W.

## 168

C. M.—*Part First.*

1 **Y**E happy souls, whose peaceful minds  
Are free from pain and fear ;  
Ye objects, whom kind mercy deigns  
To make its constant care :

2 To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,  
Press'd with my dismal state ;  
Oh, can you with me sympathize,  
While I my case relate ?

3 I once was happy in the Lord ;  
My soul was in a flame ;  
I did delight to hear his word,  
And praise his holy name.

- 4 His children were my heart's delight ;  
I lov'd their company ;  
I liv'd by faith, both day and night,  
That Jesus died for me.
- 5 But, woe is me ! those joys are past ;  
Those blissful scenes are o'er ;  
I'm like a city quite laid waste,  
To be re-built no more.
- 6 In vain I cry—in vain I mourn—  
In vain I seek for rest ;  
I fear the Dove will ne'er return  
To my poor troubled breast.

## 169

*C. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **A** LAS ! alas ! where shall I go ?  
Jesus from me is gone !  
A child of sorrow, grief, and woe,  
For evermore undone !
- 2 The gospel, too, is hid from me,  
Though often I do hear ;  
The law denounces death on me,  
And thunders out despair.
- 3 My hope is fled—and faith I've none—  
God's word I cannot bear ;  
My sense and reason almost gone—  
Fill'd with tormenting fear.
- 4 What next to do, I cannot tell,  
So keen my sorrows are ;  
Without relief I sink to hell,  
To howl in long despair.
- 5 The devils waiting me around,  
To make my soul a prey ;  
I wait to hear the dreadful sound—  
'Take, take the wretch away !'



170

*C. M.—Part Third.*

- 1 **I** LINGER, pine, I groan and sigh;  
Sweet sleep hath left my eyes;  
And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,  
And that without disguise.
- 2 Oh, that I was some bird or beast!  
Was I a stork or owl,  
Some lofty tree should bear my nest,  
Or through the desert prowl.
- 3 But I have an immortal soul  
Within this house of clay,  
Which either must with devils howl,  
Or dwell in endless day.
- 4 One evening, pensive as I lay  
Alone upon the ground,  
As I to God began to pray,  
A light shone all around!
- 5 These words, with pow'r went thro' my heart,  
'I'm come to set thee free!  
Death, hell, nor grave, shall ever part  
My love—my son—from me!"
- 6 My dungeon shook—my chains flew off—  
'Glory to God!'—I cried:  
My soul was fill'd! I cried, 'Enough!  
'For me the Saviour died!"
- 7 The winter's past—the rain is gone—  
Sweet flowers now appear;  
The morning's brought a glorious sun,  
That's banish'd every fear!

171

*C. M.—Part Fourth.*

- 1 **H**AIL! brightest Prince, eternal King,  
Who left the blazing throne!  
Eternal truth attends thy word!  
Thou art the Father's Son!

- 2 When on the brink of hell I lay,  
Enclos'd in blackest night,  
Thou, Lord, didst hear the sinner pray,  
And brought my soul to light.
- 3 All you, who're groaning in your chains,  
Without one spark of hope,  
Tho' inexpressible your pains,  
O still be looking up!
- 4 The winds may blow, and storms arise—  
A dark and gloomy night—  
The morning sun will cheer the skies  
With sweet prevailing light. A.

# 172

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear,  
Yet once again, I pray!  
Now from my debt of sin set clear,  
For I have nought to pay.
- 2 Speak, Lord, O speak the kind release!  
My fallen soul restore!  
O love me freely—seal my peace—  
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 'Tis for my selfishness and pride  
Thou hast withheld thy grace;  
And left me long to wander wide,  
An outcast from thy face.
- 4 But, Lord, I now my sins confess,  
And mercy I implore:  
O love me freely—seal my peace—  
And bid me sin no more.
- 5 What tho' my sins as mountains rise,  
And swell and reach to heaven,  
Yet mercy is above the skies—  
I may be still forgiven.

- 6 If infinite my sins increase,  
Still greater's mercy's store:  
O love me freely—seal my peace—  
And bid me sin no more. *W. a. by H. B.*

## 173

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, from th' oppressive power of sin,  
My struggling spirit free!  
And perfect righteousness bring in—  
Unspotted purity.
- 2 Speak, Lord, and all this war shall cease,  
And sin shall lose its power:  
O love me freely—seal my peace—  
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 'Tis for this only thing I pray,  
And this will I require,—  
Take, Lord, the power of sin away,  
And fill with chaste desire.
- 4 O perfect me in holiness;  
Thine image, Lord, restore;  
O love me freely—seal my peace—  
And bid me sin no more. *W. a. by H. B.*

## 174

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY do the creatures gain my heart,  
And draw me from thy love divine?  
They can no solid joy impart:  
True happiness alone is thine.
- 2 O may I live to thee alone,  
And love and serve thee all my days;  
Till thou shalt seat me on thy throne,  
Where I shall ever sing thy praise. *W. S. & H. B.*

# 175

L. M.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, I now with shame confess  
My thirst for creature-happiness :  
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,  
And forc'd thy mercy to remove.
- 2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,  
But when thou didst thy grace revoke :  
And when thou didst thy face conceal,  
Thy absence I refus'd to feel.
- 3 I knew not that the Lord was gone ;  
In my own froward will went on ;  
I liv'd—to the desires of men,  
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.
- 4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace !  
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,  
Wilt freely my backsliding heal,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 For this I at thy footstool wait,  
Till thou my peace again create :  
Fruit of thy gracious lips, restore  
My peace—and bid me sin no more.
- 6 But, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
My comfort thou wilt give me back ;  
And lead me on from grace to grace,  
In all the paths of righteousness.

W.

# 176

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Man of griefs, remember me,  
Who never canst, thyself, forget  
Thy last mysterious agony—  
Thy fainting pangs—and bloody sweat—
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,  
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load !  
Thy feeble flesh abhorr'd to bear  
The wrath of an Almighty God !

- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,  
    Regard my feeble heart's desire;  
Remove this load of guilty woe,  
    Nor let me in my sins expire!
- 4 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,  
    Which bruises now my sinful soul,  
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,  
    Long as eternal ages roll!
- 5 To thee my last distress I bring—  
    The heighten'd fear of death: I find  
The tyrant, with his dreadful sting,  
    Appears, and hell is close behind!
- 6 O Lord, I dread that death alone,  
    That endless banishment from thee:  
O save, and give me to thy Son,  
    Who trembled—wept—and bled for me!

# 177

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, let thy pitying eye,  
    Call back a wand'ring sheep;  
Lo! false to thee, like Peter, I  
    Would fain, like Peter, weep.
- 2 Oh, let me be by grace restor'd;  
    On me be mercy shown:  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
    And break this heart of stone!
- 3 Great Saviour—Prince—enthron'd above,  
    Repentance to impart,—  
Oh, give me, through thy dying love,  
    The humble, contrite heart!
- 4 Give, Lord, what I have long implor'd—  
    Thy sacred grief unknown:  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
    And break this heart of stone!

- 5 Now, for thy own compassion's sake,  
The gracious wonder show:  
Cast all my sins behind thy back,  
And wash me white as snow.
- 6 If, Lord, thy bowels now are stirr'd—  
If I myself bemoan—  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break this heart of stone! *w. a. by H. B.*

## 178

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die!  
But life, and happiness, and love,  
Drop from thy gracious eye.
- 2 Speak, Lord, the reconciling word;  
Let mercy melt me down:  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break this heart of stone.
- 3 Yea, look, as when thine eye pursued  
The first apostate man;  
And saw him weltering in his blood—  
And bade him rise again.
- 4 Speak now my Paradise restor'd—  
Redeem'd by grace alone:  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break this heart of stone!
- 5 Look, Lord, as when thy pity saw  
Thy own in Pharaoh's land;  
Forc'd there t' obey the tyrant's law,  
And feel his heavy hand.
- 6 Speak now the soul-redeeming word:  
From Egypt call thy Son.  
Oh, turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
And break this heart of stone! *w. a. by H. B.*

# 179

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, to thee I cry;  
Thee only would I know:  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;  
Purge my iniquity:  
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,  
I have no part with thee.
- 3 But art thou not already mine?  
Answer, if mine thou art!  
Whisper within, thou Love divine,  
And cheer my drooping heart!
- 4 Tell me again, my peace is made,  
And bid the sinner live.  
The debt's discharg'd! the ransom's paid!  
My Father must forgive!
- 5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds!  
His wounds are open'd wide!  
For me the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justified!

w.

# 180

C. M.

- 1 **O** WHY did I my Saviour leave?  
So soon unfaithful prove?  
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,  
And sin against thy love?
- 2 I forc'd thee first to disappear;  
I turn'd thy face aside.  
Ah, Lord, if thou hadst still been here,  
Thy servant had not died!
- 3 But, O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,  
And pardoning love takes place!  
Assist me, Saviour, to adore  
The riches of thy grace!

4 O could I lose myself in thee!  
Thy depth of mercy prove!  
Thou vast unfathomable Sea  
Of unexhausted love!

5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,  
In dust and ashes lies:  
How shall a sinful soul appear,  
Or meet thy purer eyes?

6 I loathe myself when God I see,  
And into nothing fall:  
Content, if thou exalted be,  
And Christ be All in All.

W.

# 181

6 Lines 8's.

1 **W**EAR Y of wand'ring from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear and bow me to the rod:  
For thee, not without hope, I mourn:  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the 'Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace, than I of sin;  
Yet once again I seek thy face;  
Open thine arms, and take me in!  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still!

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore;  
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive—and bid me sin no more:  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert;  
The veil of sin again remove:  
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
And melt it by thy dying love!



This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

W.

## 182

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,  
When they resign their breath!  
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share  
In such a happy death.
- 2 'Oh! let me die,' said he,  
'The death the righteous do!  
When life is ended, let me be  
Found with the happy few!'
- 3 But Balaam's wish was vain;  
He soon grew insincere;  
And thirsted for unrighteous gain,  
And sought a portion here.
- 4 God's heavenly will he knew,  
And to offend was loth;  
But mammon soon his soul o'erthrew;  
He could not serve them both.
- 5 May you, my friends, and I,  
Warning from hence receive;  
If like the righteous we would die,  
To choose the life they live.

## 183

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my soul is much cast down!  
I mourn an absent God;  
My sins deserve thy awful frown;  
I've spilt thy precious blood.
- 2 But still I worship at thy feet,  
For thou hast bid me pray:  
Now, gracious Lord, thy love repeat,  
And take my sins away.

- 3 Enter not into judgement, Lord,  
    With me, a sinner vile;  
    But let me hear thy pardoning word,  
    And see thy gracious smile.
- 4 Now, Lord, my enemies controul;  
    The powers of darkness chase;  
    And bless and cheer my drooping soul,  
    With thy redeeming grace.      W. S. & H. B.

# 184

C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,  
    In mercy oft are sent;  
    They stopp'd the prodigal's career,  
    And forc'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,  
    Till he had spent his store,  
    His stubborn heart began to melt,  
    When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 'What have I gain'd by sin,' he said,  
    'But hunger, shame, and fear:  
    My father's house abounds with bread,  
    While I am starving here.
- 4 'I'll go, and tell him all I've done,  
    And fall before his face:  
    Unworthy to be call'd his son,  
    I'll seek a servant's place.'
- 5 His father saw him coming back;  
    He saw, and ran, and smil'd:  
    And threw his arms about the neck  
    Of his rebellious child.
- 6 'Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!  
    'I've heard enough!'—he said:  
    'Rejoice, my house!—my son's alive!  
    For whom I mourn'd as dead!
- 7 'Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
    And spread the news around!  
    My son was dead—but lives again!  
    Was lost—but now is found!'

CONFIDENCE AND JOY IN GOD.

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185

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;  
The blood of Christ, shed for my sin;  
Christ, from the world's foundation slain.  
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness!  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste, and live!
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallow'd up in thee:  
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,  
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
Mercy, free, boundless Mercy, cries!
- 4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;  
I look into my Saviour's breast:  
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written here!
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head;  
Though strength, and health, and friends  
be gone;  
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead;  
Though every comfort be withdrawn.  
On this my steadfast soul relies—  
Father, thy mercy never dies.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 6 Fixt on this ground will I remain,  
Though my heart fail and flesh decay ;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
When earth's foundations melt away :  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

W.

186

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Shepherd, and my Friend,  
Supports me by his grace ;  
On him for all things I depend ;  
I soon shall see his face.

- 2 Refreshing streams from Jesus roll ;  
The waters are divine ;  
Here I can bathe my weary soul,  
And call the Saviour mine.

- 3 Christ hath my faithful Shepherd been,  
And he shall keep me still ;  
I soon shall rest in pastures green,  
On Zion's fruitful hill.

- 4 He is my Shepherd and my Rock,  
The mighty God of love ;  
And he will lead his pious flock  
To brighter worlds above. W. S. & H. B.

187

C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN in Jesus' name we meet ;  
May glory fill the place !  
We fall before the mercy seat,  
And humbly ask his grace.

- 2 May peace, and joy, and heavenly love,  
O'erflow our every breast ;  
Till landed safe in realms above,  
And number'd with the blest. W. S. & H. B.

188

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH humble boldness we draw nigh  
To thee, who didst for sinners die;  
And, while we bow before thy face,  
O shed abroad thy heavenly grace.
- 2 Be thou our help in time of need:  
Do thou our souls and bodies feed:  
Send down thy blessing from above,  
And fill creation with thy love. w.s. & H. B.

189

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **H**E bids me come! His voice I know,  
And boldly on the water go,  
To him my God and Lord:  
I walk on life's tempestuous sea;  
For he who liv'd and died for me,  
Hath spoke the powerful word.
- 2 Secure on liquid waves I tread,  
Nor all the storms of passion heed,  
While to my Lord I look:  
O'er every fierce temptation bound;  
The billows yield a solid ground;  
The waves are firm as rock.
- 3 But if from him I turn mine eye,  
And see the raging flames run high,  
And feel my fears within—  
My foes so strong—my flesh so frail—  
Reas'nings and unbelief prevail,  
And sink me into sin.
- 4 Lord, I my unbelief confess;  
My little spark of faith increase,  
And I shall doubt no more;  
But fix on thee my steady eye,  
And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,  
Till all the storms are o'er.

# 190

C. M.

1 **T**HE Saviour's love is sung above,  
By all the blood-wash'd throng;  
And we below, his praise will show,  
And raise a thankful song.

2 Our God and King we'll ever sing,  
To him be glory given:  
Our sovereign Lord shall be ador'd  
By all in earth and heaven. W.S. & H.B.

# 191

L. M.

1 **T**HE life we live on earth below,  
Is hid with Christ in heaven above:  
In all our works his praise we'll show,  
And publish his almighty love.

2 And when we reach the mount of God,  
And all the storms of life are past,  
We'll praise him in his bright abode,  
Long as eternal ages last. W. S. & H. B.

# 192

C. M.

1 **O**UR parent Noah was upright,  
Faithful, sincere, and just;  
Was perfect in his Maker's sight,  
And made the Lord his trust.

2 He daily preached righteousness,  
And daily walk'd with God:  
And made the ark his dwelling-place,  
Amidst the rising flood.

3 By faith he offer'd sacrifice,  
As father of our race;  
A savour sweet did straight arise,  
And God pour'd out his grace.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 4 Thus, parents on their children bring  
Rich blessings from on high ;  
Their prayer of faith moves heaven's King,  
To guide them with his eye. H. B.

193

L. M.

- 1 **O** HEAVENLY Zion, rise and shine,  
For thou art blest with light divine—  
The glorious light of truth and grace,  
Now beaming in the Saviour's face.
- 2 Thick darkness shall the earth o'erspread,  
While light and truth shine round thy head ;  
Oa thee, the glorious King of kings  
Shall rise, with healing in his wings.
- 3 The Gentiles, wrapt in shades of night,  
Shall, wondering, come to see thy light,  
And kings, from distant lands, shall meet,  
To worship at the Saviour's feet.
- 4 Then shalt thou praise thy heavenly King,  
And unto him thy tribute bring ;  
The isles shall for his coming wait,  
While thousands crowd around thy gate.
- 5 All nations shall thy goodness know,  
And unto thee like rivers flow ;  
Then God shall bid thy fears depart,  
Enlarge thy borders and thy heart.
- 6 The trump of war no more shall sound,  
But peace shall spread creation round :  
Christ's reign shall o'er the earth extend,  
And never, never have an end. W. S. & H. B.

194

4 Lines 10's and 11's.

- 1 **O** WHAT shall I do My Saviour to praise ?  
So faithful and true ! So plenteous in grace !  
So strong to deliver ! So good to redeem  
The weakest believer That hangs upon him !

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 2 How happy the man Whose heart is set free!  
The people that can Be joyful in thee!  
Their joy is to walk in 'The light of thy face;  
And still they are talking Of Jesus's grace!
- 3 Their daily delight Shall be in thy name;  
They shall, as their right, Thy righteousness  
claim. [blood,  
Thy lowliness wearing, And cleans'd by thy  
Bold shall they appear in 'The presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, Their glory and pow'r;  
And I also trust To see the glad hour—  
My soul's new creation—A life from the dead—  
The day of salvation, That lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, Is now my defence:  
I trust in his word; None plucks me from  
thence. [do:  
Since I have found favour, He all things will  
My King and my Saviour Shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see The bliss of thine own;  
Thy secret to me Shall soon be made known:  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
And share in the gladness Of all that believe. w.

195

L. M.

- 1 **I**SREAL had known Jehovah's power,  
But yet their hearts were not resign'd,  
When the Red Sea was just before,  
And Pharaoh's army just behind.
- 2 Enclos'd with rocks on either hand,  
They all expected soon to die;  
But Moses in the faith did stand,  
And unto God for them did cry.
- 3 They then could neither fight, nor flee,  
But Moses bade them all '*Stand still!*'  
That they might God's salvation see,  
And know, and prove, his righteous will.



*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 4 Then God commanded him to speak,  
And bid the people forward go;  
Himself their cause did undertake,  
And soon subdued their every foe.
- 5 Moses, at his divine command,  
Stretch'd o'er the sea, his hand and rod;  
The sea, at once, became dry land,  
And Israel saw the hand of God.
- 6 Pharaoh, and all his host were drown'd;  
They sunk as lead beneath the waves;  
But Israel were with gladness crown'd—  
For God himself his people saves. *W.S. & H.B.*

196

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care:  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye:  
My noon day-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread;  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade. **AD.**

# 197

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **A**ND can it be that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood?  
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain?  
For me, who him to death pursu'd?  
Amazing love! how can it be,  
That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me ^
- 2 'Tis mystery all! Th' immortal dies!  
Who can explore his strange design?  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depths of love divine!  
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore!  
Let angel minds inquire no more!
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,  
(So free, so infinite his grace!)  
Emptied himself of all but love;  
And bled for Adam's helpless race!  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free—  
For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:  
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray:  
I 'woke—the dungeon flam'd with light!  
My chains fell off!—my heart was free!  
I 'rose—went forth—and follow'd thee!
- 5 No condemnation now I dread:  
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!  
Alive in him, my living Head,  
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my own. w.

# 198

T. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

Before the Throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead:  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,  
'Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!'

4 The Father hears him pray—  
His dear anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd!  
His pard'ning voice I hear:  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

w.

199

C. M.

1 **O**LD Jacob banish'd all his fears,  
His heart did much revive,  
When the glad tidings reach'd his ears,  
That Joseph was alive.

2 'I'll go and see his face,' he cried,  
'The sight will me revive:  
It is enough.—I'm satisfied,—  
My son is yet alive.'

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

3 Joseph, a type of him, appears,  
Who does with sinners strive ;  
The welcome news has reach'd our ears,  
That Jesus is alive.

4 He spilt his blood for you and me,  
That we in grace might thrive ;  
But though they nail'd him to the tree,  
We hear he's yet alive.

5 To all around, the news I'll tell ;  
May God his work revive !  
Tremble, ye powers of earth and hell,  
For Jesus is alive !

6 When in his kingdom we arrive,  
We will his name adore :  
Our Jesus, who is now alive,  
Shall live for evermore.

W. S.

200

C. M.

1 **J**EHOVAH is a sun and shield,  
To those who trust his grace ;  
The powers of hell shall quit the field,  
And flee before his face.

2 Present he is to make us blest,  
Though earth and hell oppose :  
He hides our life within his breast,  
And shields us from our foes.

3 He is a sun ; he warms each heart ;  
And guides us in the way :  
We need not from his light depart ;  
He shines both night and day.

4 Both grace and glory will be given,  
If faithful we remain ;  
He'll lead us on from earth to heaven,  
And we with him shall reign. W. S. & H. B.

## 201

P. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, I am thine ! What a comfort divine !  
What a blessing to know That my Jesus  
is mine !  
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,  
And my heart it doth dance At the sound of his  
name !
- 2 True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound,  
And whoever hath found it, Hath paradise found:  
My Jesus to know, And feel his blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting ! 'Tis heaven below !
- 3 Yet onward I haste To the heavenly feast :  
That, that is the fullness ; But this is the taste !  
And this I shall prove, 'Till with joy I remove  
'To the heaven of heavens In Jesu's love. w.

## 202

T. P.

- 1 **T**O thee, Great Source of light,  
My thankful voice I'll raise ;  
And all my powers unite  
To celebrate thy praise :  
And, till my voice is lost in death,  
May praise employ my every breath.

- 2 And when this feeble tongue  
Lies silent in the dust,  
My soul shall dwell among  
The spirits of the just :  
Then, with the shining hosts above,  
In nobler strains I'll sing thy love. w.s.&h.b.

## 203

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise :  
To him with joyful voices give  
The glory of his grace.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart :  
The worst need keep him out no more,  
Nor force him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice ;  
Yield to be sav'd from sin :  
In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,  
Nor ever hence remove ;  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

w.

204

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;  
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all thy works—and thee alone :  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah, why did I so late thee know ?  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?  
Ah, why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain ?  
Asham'd, I sigh, and inly mourn,  
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,  
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;  
I thank thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :  
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray :  
Strengthen my feet—with steady pace  
Still to press forward in thy way :  
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,  
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

w.

## 205

*4 Lines 10's and 11's.*

- 1 **L**ET all men rejoice, By Jesus restor'd!  
We lift up our voice, And call him our Lord.  
His joy is to bless us, And free us from thrall:  
From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.
- 2 Him Prophet, and King, And Priest, we proclaim:  
We triumph and sing Of Jesus's name:  
Poor idiots he teaches To shew forth his praise,  
And tell of the riches Of Jesus's grace.
- 3 No matter how dull 'The scholar, whom he  
Takes into his school, And gives him to see:  
A wonderful fashion Of teaching he hath,  
And wise to salvation He makes us thro' faith.
- 4 The wayfaring men, Tho' fools, shall not stray;  
His method so plain, So easy the way:  
The simplest believer His promise may prove,  
And drink of the river Of Jesus's love.
- 5 Poor outcasts of men, Whose souls were despis'd,  
And left with disdain, By Jesus are priz'd:  
His gracious creation In us he makes known,  
And brings us salvation, And calls us his own.

## 206

C. M.

W.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys—  
The life of my delights—  
The glory of my brightest days—  
And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun:  
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,  
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,  
And whispers I am his.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe:  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Would bear me conqu'ror through. w.

**207**

C. M.

1 **T**ALK with us, Lord: thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove:  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care:  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
And bid my heart rejoice:  
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,  
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;  
( 'Tis all I wish to seek: )  
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,  
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,  
Till I thy glory see:  
Enter into my Master's joy,  
And find my heaven in thee! w.

**208**

C. M.

1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted Love!  
Jesus and Love are one!  
If still to *me* thy bowels move,  
They are restrain'd from none.



*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 2 What shall I do my God to love?  
My loving God to praise?  
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,  
And depth of sovereign grace?
- 3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,  
Immense and unconfi'd:  
From age to age it never ends;  
It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known;  
Wide as infinity!  
So wide, it never pass'd by one,  
Or it had pass'd by me.
- 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven:  
But, far above the skies,  
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,  
I see thy mercies rise!

w.

209

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE depth of all-redeeming love,  
What angel-tongue can tell?  
O may I to the utmost prove  
The gift unspeakable!
- 2 Deeper than hell it pluck'd me thence,  
Deeper than inbred sin:  
Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,  
When Jesus enters in.
- 3 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take  
Possession of thine own;  
My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
Thine everlasting throne!
- 4 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,  
Come quickly from above;  
And sink me to perfection's height—  
The depth of humble love.

w.

## 210

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thee I now can fly,  
On whom my help is laid:  
Opprest by sins, I lift my eye,  
And see the shadows fade.
- 2 Believing on my Lord, I find  
A sure and present aid:  
On thee alone my constant mind  
Be every moment stay'd.
- 3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,  
Or strong, I here disclaim:  
I wash my garments in the blood  
Of th' atoning Lamb.
- 4 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,  
On thee will I depend,  
Till summon'd to the marriage-feast—  
When faith in sight shall end.

## 211

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **S**EE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesus' love the nations fires—  
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze!
- 2 To bring fire on earth he came;  
Kindled in some hearts it is;  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss!
- 3 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was his day:  
Now the word doth swiftly run!  
Now it wins its widening way!
- 4 More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail:  
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell,

5 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!  
He the door hath open'd wide:  
He hath given the word of grace;  
Jesus' word is glorified.

6 Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought:  
Worthy is the work of him,  
Him who spake a world from nought.

7 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

8 Lo! the promise of a shower,  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the Spirit of his love.

w.

## 212

P. M.

1 **O**UR conquering Lord Hath prosper'd his  
word—

Hath made it prevail;  
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.  
His arm he hath bar'd, and a people prepar'd  
His glory to show:  
And witness the power of his passion below.

2 He hath open'd a door To the penitent poor;  
Hath rescu'd from sin,  
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.  
They have heard the glad sound—They have  
liberty found,  
Through the blood of the Lamb;  
And plentiful pardon through Jesus's name.

3 And shall we not sing Our Saviour and King?  
Thy witnesses, we  
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.

Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd, And believers increas'd,

Who thankfully own,  
They are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

4 His Spirit revives His work in our lives—  
His wonders of grace,

So mightily wrought in the primitive days.  
O! that all men might know His tokens below,  
Our Saviour confess,  
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

5 Thou Saviour of all, Effectually call  
The sinners that stray:

And, O, let a nation be born in a day!  
Thy sign let them see, And flow unto thee  
For the oil and the wine—  
For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

6 Our heathenish land, Beneath thy command,  
In mercy receive,  
And make us a pattern to all that believe.  
Then, then let it spread, Thy knowledge and dread,

Till the earth is o'erflow'd,  
And the universe filled with the glory of God!

## 213

8 Lines 8's.

1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restor'd!  
O Jesus, exalted on high,  
Appear our omnipotent Lord!  
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race—  
Once more to thy creatures return,  
And reign in thy kingdom of grace!

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,  
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;  
Arose the acceptable year,  
And heaven was open'd on earth!

Receiving its Lord from above,  
The world was united to bless  
The Giver of concord and love—  
The Prince and the Author of peace.

- 5 O would'st thou again be made known,  
Again in thy Spirit descend!  
And set up in each of thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end.  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey;  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy sway. w.

## 214

C. M.

- 1 **T**O God I now my tribute bring,  
Whose grace is rich and free;  
I love his name, his grace I'll sing—  
Because he first lov'd me.
- 2 His mercy doth to all extend,  
'Tis an unbounded sea:  
Oh, may I love him to the end—  
Because he first lov'd me.
- 3 He in the garden wept and bled,  
And suffer'd on the tree:  
I, too, with him would bow my head,\*  
Because he first lov'd me.
- 4 He conquer'd death—that mighty foe—  
And set the captives free:  
I'll shout his praise while here below—  
Because he first lov'd me.
- 5 And when I reach fair Canaan's shore,  
I shall his glory see:  
Then will I praise and love him more—  
Because he first lov'd me. w.s.&h.b.

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\* By this is meant, having fellowship with Christ in his sufferings.

## 215

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we!  
Divinely drawn to follow thee;  
Whose hours divided are  
Betwixt the mount and multitude:  
Our day is spent in doing good—  
Our night, in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimprov'd below:  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's day,  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing thy praise:  
To few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heavenly powers,  
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
And holy, holy, holy, cry,  
(A bright harmonious throng!)  
We long thy praises to repeat,  
And restless sing, around thy seat,  
The new eternal song.

W.

## 216

*6 Lines 8's.*

1 **W**HEN Israel out of Eygpt came,  
And left the proud oppressor's land,  
Supported by the great I AM,  
Safe in the hollow of his hand—  
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,  
And Judah was his favourite throne.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,  
Disparted by the wond'rous rod;  
Jordan ran backward to its head,  
And Sinai felt th' Almighty God:  
'The mountains skipt like frightened rams,  
'The hills leapt after them, as lambs!
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea?  
What horror turn'd the river back?  
Was nature's God displeas'd with thee?  
And why should hills or mountains shake?  
Ye mountains huge, that skipt like rams?  
Ye hills, that leap'd as frightened lambs?
- 4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,  
In presence of thy awful Lord!  
Whose power, inverted nature owns—  
Her only law, his mighty word!  
He skakes the centre with his rod,  
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation, varied by his hand,  
'Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows!  
The sea is turn'd to solid land,  
The rock into a fountain flows:  
And all things, as they change, proclaim  
The Lord eternally the same.

W.

217

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train.  
His truth for ever stands secure:  
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace:  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow, and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures. I. W.

## 218

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise!  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names:  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;  
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds along the sky!  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:  
The beasts, with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens, when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.



*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight;  
He views his children with delight:  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks and loves his image there. I. W.

219

C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings:  
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heaven's high palace, rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky,  
How glorious to behold!  
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wondering sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through thy works abroad:  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder, God!
- 5 But the mild glories of thy grace,  
Our softer passions move:  
Pity divine in Jesus' face  
We see, adore, and love. I. W.

220

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round!  
For ever be thy name ador'd!  
I blush, in all things to abound;  
The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led;  
The Son of God, the Son of Man,  
He had not where to lay his head.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 3 But, lo! a place he hath prepar'd  
For me, whom watchful angels keep:  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects! my fears be gone!  
What can the Rock of Ages move?  
Safe in thy arms I lay me down—  
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease:  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

**221**

*8 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine;  
I long to reside where thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah, shew me that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode;  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God:  
Thy love for a sinner declare;  
Thy passion and death on the tree;  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
There only I covet to rest;  
To lie at the foot of the rock;  
Or rise, to be hid in thy breast.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart:  
Conceal'd in the clift of thy side—  
Eternally held in thy heart!

W.

222

C. M.

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 Through all eternity, to thee  
A grateful song I'll raise;  
But, O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise!

AD.

223

C. M.

1 **W**HEN in the slippery paths of youth,  
With heedless steps I ran,  
God's arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

2 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice—  
More to be fear'd than they.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a thankful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life  
His goodness I'll pursue;  
And, after death, in distant worlds  
The pleasing theme renew.

AD.

224

C. M.

1 **O** WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!  
Before my ravish'd eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of Paradise!

2 Ten thousand thousand spirits bright  
Enjoy the pleasures there;  
They all are rob'd in spotless white—  
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet!

4 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain—  
Take life or friends away—  
But let me find them all again,  
In that eternal day!

W.

225

C. M.

1 **I**N Jesus Christ, our living Head,  
The Godhead fully shone,  
When on the holy mount he pray'd,  
With Peter, James, and John.

2 And when the Godhead fully shone,  
Glory appear'd below:  
His countenance was as the sun—  
His raiment, white as snow.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

3 Then Moses and Elias there,  
Did with the Saviour walk ;  
They both in glory did appear,  
And of his death did talk.

4 The glory of the Lord appear'd,  
In the o'ershadowing cloud ;  
And the disciples, trembling, heard  
The awful voice of God ! H. B. & W. S.

**226**

L. M.

1 **L**ET all that breathe, Jehovah praise,  
Almighty, all-creating Lord !  
Let earth and heaven his power confess—  
Brought out of nothing, by his word !

2 He spake the word—and it was done !  
The universe his Word obey'd :  
His Word is his eternal Son—  
And Christ the whole creation made.

3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,  
Maker of all mankind and me ;  
Me thou hast made to glorify,  
To know, and love, and live to thee.

4 Wherefore to thee my heart I give,  
(But thou must first bestow the power ;)  
And if for thee on earth I live,  
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore. W.

**227**

L. M.

1 **A**BR'HAM arose at God's command,  
And left his home and native land ;  
He went by faith in Jesus' name,  
And to the earthly Canaan came.

2 Abr'ham the word of truth obey'd ;  
And God to him a promise made,  
That he his seed would ever bless,  
And Canaan's land they should possess.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 3 Like Abr'ham now, at God's command,  
By faith we leave our native land,  
And seek a place of endless rest—  
A land with peace and plenty blest.
- 4 Begone, vain world, and tempt no more!  
The heavenly Canaan lies before!  
And soon the God of truth and grace  
Will bring us to that heavenly place.

228

W. S. & H. B.

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way your fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand  
On the borders of the land:  
Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,  
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.
- 4 Lord, obediently we go—  
Gladly leaving all below:  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

229

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise a joyful song,  
To celebrate the God of heaven.  
O let his praise fill every tongue,  
And every heart to him be given.
- 2 Our all is due to him alone;  
He claims the purchase of his blood:  
Our sins have caus'd his heart to groan,  
And nail'd him to the rugged wood.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 3 His life a sacrifice he gave ;  
    'Twas for our sakes he suffer'd pain ;  
And we've a hope beyond the grave,  
    That we with him shall ever reign.

W. S. & H. B.

230

C. M.

- 1 **B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal,  
    Elijah was sustain'd ;  
Though small the stock, it lasted well,  
    For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if, from day to day,  
    'They were to eat, and die ;  
But still, though in a secret way,  
    He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus, to his poor, he still will give  
    Just for the present hour ;  
But, for to-morrow, they must live  
    Upon his word and power.
- 4 Then let no doubts your minds assail ;  
    Remember, God hath said,  
    'The cruse and barrel shall not fail—  
    'My people shall be fed.'
- 5 Though in ourselves we have no stock,  
    The Lord is nigh to save ;  
His door flies open when we knock ;  
    And 'tis but ask, and have.

N.

231

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,  
    Who have obtain'd the prize ;  
And swift, on eagle wings of love,  
    To joys triumphant rise.
- 2 Loud halleluias let us sing,  
    With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
    In heaven and earth, are one.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 3 One family, we dwell in him;  
One church above—beneath,  
Tho' now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
This solemn moment fly;  
And we are to the border come,  
And we expect to die.
- 6 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood-besprinkled hands,  
On the eternal shore.

232

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW many weeks and months are fled,  
And I'm not number'd with the dead!  
A monument of grace I stand,  
While numbers fall on either hand!
- 2 Thousands, while in their youthful bloom,  
Are hurried swiftly to the tomb;  
And thousands, more advanc'd in years,  
Are call'd to quit this vale of tears.
- 3 Now will I raise a grateful song,  
To him who does my life prolong—  
The Lord our God—who gives me breath,  
And saves me from the second death.
- 4 I'll praise him for his mercies past,  
And trust him while my life shall last;  
And when I'm call'd from earth away,  
I'll praise him in eternal day.      W. S. & H. B.



## 233

C. M.

- 1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truth upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love;  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter words above.

c.

## 234

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign:  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:  
I shall behold thy glorious face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show:  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath solid joys, without a tear:  
When shall I 'wake, and find I'm there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God!  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

I. W.

## 235

C. M.

1 **T**O Christ, the everlasting King,  
Be endless praises given,  
Who did for us salvation bring,  
And makes us meet for heaven.

2 His life he did a ransom give, f  
To save our souls from hell;  
And if to him on earth we live,  
We shall in glory dwell. W. S. & H. B

## 236

C. M.

1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me:  
Once I admir'd its trifles, too,  
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford:  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord!

3 As by the light of opening day,  
The stars are all conceal'd;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;  
I bid them all depart:  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee:  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refus'd thee still.

237

C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name!  
'Tis music in my ear!

Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That all the world might hear!

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul—  
My transport and my trust:

Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys—  
And gold, is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee most richly meet;

Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell within my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there;

The noblest balm for all its wounds—  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
With my expiring breath;

And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
And triumph over death.

238

L. M.

1 **M**Y soul, thro' my Redeemer's care,  
Sav'd from the second death I feel;  
My eyes, from tears of dark despair—  
My feet, from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;

My eyes, on his perfections gaze;

My soul, shall live for God alone;

And all within me, shout his praise.

## 239

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be our everlasting Lord!  
Our Father, God, and King!  
Thy sovereign goodness we record—  
Thy glorious power we sing!
- 2 By thee the victory is given;  
The majesty divine;  
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,  
And all therein, are thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,  
Who dost thy right maintain;  
And high on thy eternal throne,  
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,  
Thou dost, and honour give;  
And kings, their power and dignity  
Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,  
Thou dost to us make known;  
And all the Deity is ours,  
Through thy incarnate Son.

W.

## 240

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth:

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

4 While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—  
What, tho' no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
'The hand that made us is divine.'

AD.

241

C. M.

1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.

2 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,  
To every soul abound :  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store ;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.

4 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
A rock that cannot move :  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.

5 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure ;  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The goodness must endure.

W.

## 242

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of me and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise thy love :
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,  
One God, in Persons Three ;  
And glorify the great I AM,  
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,  
To every heart of man :  
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
In all our bosoms reign—
- 4 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin ;  
The joy that human thought transcends,  
Into our souls bring in—
- 5 The kingdom of establish'd peace,  
Which can no more remove ;  
The perfect power of godliness ;  
Th' omnipotence of love.

W.

## 243

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God, in Persons Three,  
Bring back the heavenly blessing, lost  
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,  
To me, to all restore ;  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
Display thy beams divine,  
And cause the glories of thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove:  
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,  
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
And let thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconcil'd!

6 That all-comprising peace bestow  
On me, through grace forgiven;  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven!

W.

244

C. M.

1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King!  
Let all mankind their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 While angels shout, and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honor sing—  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;  
Let knowledge lead the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And Gentiles taste his grace.

5 Each's various islands are the Lord's;  
There Abr'ham's God is known;  
While powers and princes, shields and swords,  
Submit before his throne.

I. W.

## 245

C. M.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his power abroad;  
Sing the rich promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched dying men;  
His hand has writ the sacred word,  
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines;  
Nor can the powers of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies:  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 O might I hear thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'  
Those heavenly words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine. I. W.

## 246

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, how happy is the man,  
Who hears instruction's voice;  
Who doth the heavenly wisdom gain,  
And makes the Lord his choice.
- 2 'Wisdom hath treasures greater far,  
Than east or west unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are,  
Than stores of shining gold.



*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 3 In her right hand is length of days ;  
How bright her glories shine !  
Riches and truth her left displays,  
And honours all divine.
- 4 True wisdom may we all possess,  
Then will our joys increase:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace. w. s. & h. b.

**247**

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high !  
God, whose glory fills the sky !  
Peace on earth to man forgiven—  
Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing ;  
Glad thine attributes confess ;  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd !  
Hail, the everlasting Lord !  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,  
God of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ, our Lord and God, we own ;  
Christ, the Father's only Son ;  
Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow ;  
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou ;  
Jesus, in thy name we pray ;  
Take, O take our sins away !

w.

**248**

*C. M.*

- 1 **B**OW me to my God's decree,  
I own the sentence just—  
(The sentence of mortality,)  
And dust return to dust.

- 2 Yet, quicken'd by the trumpet's sound,  
This dust again shall rise.  
Beyond the old creation bound,  
And shine above the skies.

## 249

L. M.

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful tidings round!  
Let every soul, with transport, hear,  
And hail the Lord's accepted year!
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten thousand talents owe—  
When humbled at his feet ye fall,  
Your gracious Lord forgives you all.
- 3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain  
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,  
To liberty assert your claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,  
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;  
Fair Salem your arrival waits,  
To golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants, no more  
Bondage and poverty deplore;  
No debt, but love, immensely great,  
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound!  
God's light shall all their steps surround;  
And show that Jubilee begun,  
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

## 250

C. M.—WATCH-NIGHT.

- 1 **J** OIN, all ye ransom'd sons of grace,  
The holy joy prolong,  
And shout to the Redeemer's praise,  
A solemn midnight song.

*Confidence and Joy in God.*

- 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,  
Be to our Jesus given,  
Who turns our darkness into light—  
Yea, turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither, our faithful souls he leads ;  
Thither he bids us rise,  
With crowns of joy upon our heads,  
To meet him in the skies.
- 4 To seal the universal doom,  
The skies he soon shall bow ;  
But if thou must at midnight come,  
O let us meet thee now.

W.

**251**

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;  
Ye, who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome, all, by sin opprest ;  
Welcome to his sacred rest ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home—  
When we to his glory come—  
We shall all the fullness prove,  
Of the Lord's redeeming love

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;  
Their motions speak thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour,  
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,  
On all thy creatures writ;  
They shew the labour of thy hands,  
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But, when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms—  
Where vengeance and compassion join,  
In their divinest forms—
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known;  
Nor dares a creature guess,  
Which of the glories brightest shone—  
The justice, or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb,  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Emanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O, may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart.  
And love command my tongue.

ON THE PRAYER AND FIGHT OF FAITH.

253

S. M.

1 **O** MAY thy powerful Word  
Inspire a feeble worm  
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,  
And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve  
The grace already given!  
To seize the crown of perfect love  
And scale the mount of heaven!

w.

254

C. M.

1 **T**HE saints of God, in ancient days  
Did through deep waters go;  
And we through tribulation pass,  
While in this vale of woe.

2 A suffering life the Saviour led,  
Therefore we'll not complain;  
But humbly in his footsteps tread,  
That we with him may reign.

3 If faithful, we shall reach the shore,  
Where all is joy and love;  
Our troubles then will all be o'er,  
And we shall reign above. w. s. & h. b.

255

S. M.

1 **I**N fellowship alone,  
To God with faith draw near:  
Approach his courts, besiege his throne,  
With all the power of prayer.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 Go to his temple, go,  
Nor from his altar move;  
Let every house his worship know,  
And every heart his love.
- 3 To God your spirits dart;  
Your souls in words declare;  
Or groan to him who reads the heart—  
Th' unutterable prayer.
- 4 His mercy now implore,  
And now show forth his praise;  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.
- 5 Pour out your souls to God,  
And bow them, with your knees;  
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,  
And pray for Sion's peace.
- 6 Your guides and brethren bear  
For ever on your mind;  
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,  
In grasping all mankind.
- 7 From strength to strength go on;  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
- 8 Still let the Spirit cry,  
In all his soldiers, 'Come,'  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conquerors home. w.

256

L. M.

- 1 **A**BEL, the shepherd, was sincere;  
He serv'd the Lord with holy fear;  
The paths of righteousness he trod,  
And offer'd sacrifice to God.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 He did in faith and love abound ;  
His sacrifice acceptance found ;  
Swift in the heavenly path he mov'd ;  
His conduct was of God approv'd.
- 3 By faith in Christ, the promis'd seed,  
He liv'd,—and was a saint indeed ;  
But soon, by persecuting Cain,  
This servant of the Lord was slain.
- 4 While Cain the murder strove to hide,  
To God, the blood of Abel cried :  
It cried for vengeance from the ground ;  
But hark!—I hear a sweeter sound :
- 5 The Saviour's blood speaks better things ;  
Pardon, and peace, and life it brings :  
It bids the captive souls be free,  
And makes us meet his face to see.

W. S. & H. B.

257

S. M.

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;  
My simple upright heart prepare ;  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Controul my every thought ;  
My whole of sin remove ;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought ;  
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, which was in thee !  
And let my knowing zeal be join'd  
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal,  
Let me enforce thy call ;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

W.

## 258

C. M.

- 1 **I**N Dura's plains an image stood,  
    **I** (As was aloud proclaim'd,)  
And there, to burn the saints of God,  
    A mighty furnace flam'd.
- 2 To bow before this idol god,  
    The tribes of earth did meet:  
But the three Hebrews nobly stood,  
    And did all hell defeat.
- 3 Into the burning furnace then,  
    These pious men were thrown;  
But Jesus Christ was with them seen,  
    And made his glory known.
- 4 The word of this salvation, soon  
    Spread o'er the earth abroad;  
The king and people straight did own  
    The power of Israel's God.
- 5 The Lord stands by his feeble saints,  
    In every trying hour:  
He lends an ear to their complaints,  
    Nor lets the flames devour. W.S.&H.B.

## 259

*6 Lines 8's.—Part First.*

- 1 **P**EACE, doubting heart—my God's I am!  
    Who form'd me man, forbids my fear;  
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;  
    The Lord protects, for ever near:  
His blood for me did once atone,  
And still he loves and guards his own.
- 2 When passing through the wat'ry deep,  
    I ask in faith his promis'd aid;  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
    And shrink from my devoted head:  
Fearless, their violence I dare;  
They cannot harm—for God is there!



*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 To him mine eye of faith I turn,  
And through the fire pursue my way:  
The fire forgets its power to burn;  
The lambent flames around me play:  
I own his power—accept the sign—  
And shout, to prove the Saviour mine.
- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;  
Shew forth in me thy saving power:  
Still be thy arms my sure defence;  
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence. w.

**260** 6 Lines 8's.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **S**INCE thou hast bid me come to thee,  
(Good as thou art, and strong to save,)  
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
Upborne by the unyielding wave:  
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,  
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 2 When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll—  
When high the storms of troubles rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul—  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
And hear a whisper—'Peace, be still!'
- 3 Though in affliction's furnace try'd,  
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread:  
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide,  
Pour all its flames upon my head—  
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish, unconsum'd in fire. w.

## 261

T. M.

- 1 **BY** whom was David taught  
To aim the dreadful blow,  
When he Goliath fought,  
And laid the Gittite low?  
No sword nor spear the stripling took,  
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
Who sent him to the fight;  
Who gave him strength to sling,  
And skill to aim aright.  
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures:  
Behold, young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,  
To storm th' invader's camp,  
With arms of little worth—  
A pitcher and a lamp?  
The trumpets made his coming known,  
And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Stand fast, ye saints of God,  
By your great Captain's side;  
Still resting in the blood  
Of Jesus crucified:  
Ye shall o'ercome, through Jesus' word,  
And triumph in your conqu'ring Lord.

## 262

C. M.

- 1 **JESUS**, thine ear in mercy bow,  
And hearken to my prayer:  
I thirst for thy salvation now;  
I come, thy grace to share.
- 2 As showers descend to bless the earth,  
And cause the fruits to grow;  
May streams divine, of richer worth,  
My longing heart o'erflow.

- 3 As water purifies the flesh,  
So grace can cleanse the soul;  
My fainting spirit now refresh,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 4 Yea, Lord, on me thyself bestow,  
And never hence depart;  
Rivers of water then shall flow  
From my believing heart. W. S. & H. B.

## 263

C. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith we view fair Canaan's coast,  
Beyond the swelling flood;  
There we behold a shining host—  
An army bought with blood.
- 2 They once with troubles were opprest;  
Like us, they suffer'd here;  
But Jesus Christ has made them blest,  
And wip'd off every tear.
- 3 With joy, they cross'd the mighty stream,  
On which their souls were toss'd;  
They've reach'd the new Jerusalem,  
Where faith in sight is lost.
- 4 If faithful, we expect, ere long,  
To reach that happy place;  
To mingle with the blood-wash'd throng,  
And shout redeeming grace. W. S. & H. B.

## 264

S. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,  
In glorious strength array'd;  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.
- 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice  
In Jesus' mighty love;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To him who rules above.

- 3 Extol his kingly power;  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died,—and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's throne.
- 4 Our Advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads through all the earth abroad  
The victory of his cross.
- 5 That bloody banner see,  
And in your Captain's sight,  
Fight the good fight of faith with me—  
My fellow-soldiers, fight.
- 6 In mighty phalanx join'd,  
To battle all proceed;  
Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind  
Which was in Christ, your head.

W.

## 265

S. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **U**RGE on your rapid course,  
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
'Tis seized by violent hands.
- 2 See there the starry crown  
That glitters through the skies!  
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
And take the glorious prize!
- 3 Through much distress and pain,  
Through many a conflict here,  
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain:  
Yet, O, disdain to fear!
- 4 'Courage,' your Captain cries,  
(Who all your toil foreknew:)  
'Toil ye shall have, yet all dispise;  
I have o'ercome for you.'

5 The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient Conqueror;  
The world must sink beneath the hand  
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory—  
Before our faith they fall:  
Jesus hath died for you and me!  
Believe, and conquer all!

W.

## 266

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise—  
Whose glory shines through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—of that Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away—  
No tears to wipe—no joys to crave—  
And no immortal soul to save!
- 4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—  
Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain:  
And, O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

## 267

L. M.

- 1 **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
Be a true witness for my Lord?
- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand—or how thine anger bear?

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,  
Softens thy truths, and smooth my tongue?  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
The cross, endur'd, my Lord, by thee?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread?  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man!—an heir of death!—a slave  
To sin!—a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head:  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove. w

268

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is King—and earth submits  
Howe'er impatient, to his sway:  
Between the cherubim he sits,  
And makes his restless foes obey.
- 2 All power is to our Jesus given;  
O'er earth's rebellious sons he reigns:  
He mildly rules the hosts of heaven;  
And holds the powers of hell in chains.
- 3 In vain doth satan rage his hour;  
Beyond his chain he cannot go:  
Our Jesus shall stir up his power,  
And soon avenge us of our foe.
- 4 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn:  
Scatter thy foes, victorious King:  
And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,  
And all the sons of God shall sing. w.

269

L. M.

- 1 **O** LET us never cease to pray,  
Nor cast our confidence away;  
But ever trust in Jesus' love,  
And haste to our reward above.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 As we have much to undergo,  
We need all patience here below;  
That after we have done his will,  
We may be found on Zion's hill.
- 3 The promise we shall all receive,  
If we continue to believe:  
We shall our heavenly Canaan gain,  
And bid farewell to grief and pain.
- 4 May we on Jesus Christ depend,  
And love and serve him to the end;  
Pursue, with zeal, the heavenly way,  
And every moment watch and pray.

W. S. & H. B.

270

C. M.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease—  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, tho' they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of victory, through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine. I. W.

271

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **H**APPY are the saints above!  
They have gain'd the heavenly prize!  
Now, on wings of faith and love,  
We to realms of glory rise.
- 2 Though on earth we suffer pain,  
This will not for ever last:  
We shall soon our Canaan gain;  
Soon our sufferings will be past.
- 3 In that world of heavenly rest,  
Joys, like morning dew, distil:  
With the Lord for ever blest,  
We shall reign on Zion's hill.
- 4 Nothing shall our spirits wound;  
All will there be joy and love:  
We with glory shall be crown'd,  
In our Father's house above. W. S. & H. B.

272

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thee in faith we bow;  
Thy heavenly grace bestow:  
May streams of living water now  
Out of our bellies flow! John, vii. 38.
- 2 Now may the Holy Ghost be given  
To each believing heart!  
The faith that moves the arm of Heaven,  
To all our souls impart! H. B. & W. S.



## 273

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace!  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free—  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love, but thine.
- 5 Henceforth, may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul:  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else  
This short enduring world can give,  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels—  
To Christ alone resolv'd to live.

## 274

L. M.

- 1 **A** BRAHAM, when severely tried,  
His faith by his obedience show'd;  
He with the harsh command comply'd,  
And gave his Isaac back to God.
- 2 His son the father offer'd up,  
Son of his age—his only son;  
Object of all his joy and hope,  
And less belov'd than God alone.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 O for a faith like his, that we  
The bright example may pursue!  
May gladly give up all to thee,  
To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Is there a thing than life more dear?  
A thing, from which we cannot part?  
We can: we now rejoice to tear  
The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;  
All things for thee we count but loss:  
Lo! at thy word our idol dies!  
Dies on the altar of thy cross.

W.

275

C. M.

- 1 **A**TTEND, O Lord, thy children's cry  
And send the showers of grace;  
Pour out thy Spirit from on high,  
And bless the wilderness.
- 2 May it become a fruitful field,  
Where faith and patience grow;  
A heavenly harvest may it yield,  
And all thy goodness show.
- 3 May fruits of righteousness and truth,  
Abound in every place;  
May hoary age and rising youth,  
O'erflow with truth and grace.

H. B.

276

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU call'st us, Lord, to fight for thee,  
O arm us with thy might!  
We then shall gain the victory,  
And put all hell to flight.
- 2 On thy great power alone we stay;  
Thou art our strength and guide;  
And we'll not fear to win the day,  
While by our Captain's side.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 For while by mighty faith we stand,  
Our every foe shall fall:  
The flaming sword in thy right hand,  
Shall more than conquer all.
- 4 And when the victory we have won,  
We shall receive the crown,  
And shine illustrious as the sun,  
And on thy throne sit down. W. S. & H. B.

277

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **O** HOW shall I true wisdom find,  
Or get an understanding mind,  
To know the truth divine?  
Were I of wisdom pure possest,  
And with my Saviour's image blest,  
I should for ever shine.
- 2 Fountain of wisdom, God of love,  
Look down in mercy from above,  
And bid the light arise:  
The knowledge of thyself impart,  
Remove all hardness from my heart,  
And make me truly wise. W. S. & H. B.

278

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer:  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee 'Nay.'
- 2 Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring:  
For his power and grace are such,  
None can ask or hope too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin!  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And, without a rival, reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer:  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show we what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew:  
Let me live the life of faith;  
Let me die thy people's death.

N.

279

L. M.

1 **W**HEN trials scatter, Lord, thy sheep,  
And Zion's mourners sigh and weep,  
Be thou their strength, be thou their stay,  
Throughout the dark and cloudy day.

2 Search out thy sheep, dispel their fears,  
And wipe away thy children's tears;  
Restore them to the prayer of faith,  
And save them from the second death.

3 Yea, Lord, bring back thy wand'ring sheep,  
That Zion may no longer weep:  
May they on Israel's mount be blest,  
And find in thee a heavenly rest.

4 Thy sheep to living waters lead;  
In goodly pastures may they feed;  
And those which from thy fold were driven,  
Now find again their way to heaven.

H. B. & W. S.

280

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

1 **W**HILE passing through this dreary vale,  
In houses made of clay we dwell,  
Expos'd to wind and rain:

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

These all are subject to decay ;  
But we've a house in realms of day,  
Which ever shall remain.

2 Mortals are our companions here ;  
But we, with God and angels there,  
Shall dwell for evermore :  
Ere long, we shall from earth remove,  
And join the heavenly hosts above,  
On that eternal shore.

3 Our joys on earth are mix'd with grief,  
But we shall find a sure relief ;  
And gain the promis'd land ;  
We then shall reign above the skies,  
And share the everlasting joys,  
Which flow at God's right hand. W.S.&H.B.

281

C. M.

1 **B**ELSHAZZAR, once profanely bold,  
The Lord of hosts defy'd ;  
But vengeance soon his boast controll'd,  
And humbled all his pride.

2 He saw a hand upon the wall,  
(And trembl'd on his throne,)  
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall,  
In characters unknown.

3 Why should he tremble at the view  
Of what he could not read ?  
Foreboding conscience quickly knew  
His ruin was decreed.

4 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress,  
His eyes with anguish roll !  
His looks, and loosen'd joints, express  
The terrors of his soul.

5 His pomp and music, guests and wine,  
No more delight afford.  
O, sinner, ere this case be thine,  
Begin to seek the Lord.

- 6 The law, like this hand-writing, stands,  
And shows the wrath of God;  
But Jesus meets its great demands,  
And saves us by his blood.

282

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God look'd down from heaven, and  
saw  
How sinners broke his righteous law—  
How hatred they for love return'd—  
His anger rose, his fury burn'd.
- 2 Jenovah threaten'd, as he stood,  
To sweep the nations with a flood;  
And cause his judgements to descend—  
But not to make a final end.
- 3 Noah found favour in his sight;  
He serv'd the Lord with all his might:  
With joy he ran the heavenly race,  
And triumph'd in his Maker's grace.
- 4 God did to him his will declare,  
And bade him straight an ark prepare.  
Noah, the high command obey'd,  
And found preserving love display'd.
- 5 Cattle and fowl, of every kind,  
Did in the ark a refuge find.  
The rising flood they did not fear,  
For they were kept in safety there.
- 6 So Christ, the ark in which we dwell,  
Will save us from a burning hell;  
And lead us to the realms above,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

## 283

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,  
(The same through one eternal day,)  
Attend thy feeblest followers' call—  
And, O instruct us how to pray!  
Pour out the supplicating grace,  
And stir us up to seek thy face!
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought—  
We cannot feel a good desire—  
Till thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
The power into our hearts inspire:  
And then we in the spirit groan,  
And then we give thee back thine own.
- 3 Come, in thy pleading Spirit, down,  
To us who for thy coming stay:  
Of all thy gifts we ask but one—  
We ask, the constant power to pray.  
Indulge us, Lord, in this request:  
Thou canst not, then, deny the rest. w.

## 284

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye followers of the Lord,  
In Jesus' service join:  
'Tis Jesus gives the sacred word—  
The ordinance divine.
- 2 Then let us his command obey,  
And ask whate'er we want:  
Still pray we, every moment pray,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 And place no longer let us give  
To the old tempter's will:  
Nor ever more our duty leave,  
While satan cries, 'Be still.'
- 4 But, stand we in the ancient way;  
With God ourselves acquaint:  
Still pray we, every moment pray,  
And never, never faint.

5 Though it be weariness and pain  
To slothful flesh and blood ;  
We will the hallow'd cross sustain,  
And bless the welcome load.

6 We'll all our griefs to God display,  
And pour out our complaint :  
Still pray we, every moment pray,  
And never, never faint. *w. a by w.s. & H.B.*

## 285

S. M.

1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe ;  
The watching power impart :  
From all entanglements beneath,  
Call off my peaceful heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,  
By worldly thoughts opprest ;  
Appear, and bid me turn again  
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come ;  
Thy own this moment seize ;  
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,  
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove,  
O'er all the earth abroad ;  
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

w.

## 286

C. M.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,  
In this our evil day :  
To all thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear :  
O let our souls on thee be cast,  
In never-ceasing prayer.



- 3 The spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim;  
To wrestle till we see thy face,  
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,  
Till thou thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
'I will not let thee go!
- 5 'I will not let thee go, unless  
Thou tell thy name to me;  
With all thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like thee!
- 6 Then let me, on the mountain top,  
Behold thy open face;  
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
And prayer, in endless praise! w.

287

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **O** WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!  
What tongue can tell th' Almighty grace?  
God's hands, or bound, or open are,  
As Moses, or Elijah prays:  
Let Moses in the spirit groan,  
And God cries out, 'Let me alone!
- 2 'Let me alone, that all my wrath  
May rise, the wicked to consume!  
While Justice hears thy praying faith,  
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:  
'My Son is in my servant's prayer—  
And Jesus forces me to spare.'
- 3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,  
Which now we for our Israel plead!  
A faithless and backsliding race,  
Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed!  
O do not then in wrath chastise,  
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise.

- 4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;  
Accept his all-availing prayer;  
And send a peaceful answer down,  
In honour of our Spokesman there;  
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven. w

## 288

S. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care;  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my pray'r.
- 2 Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind,  
The baits of pleasing ill:
- 4 A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.
- 5 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly.
- 6 A spirit still prepar'd,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer. w

## 289

S. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **I** WANT a heart to pray,  
To pray, and never cease;  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 This blessing, above all,  
    Always to pray, I want ;  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
    And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,  
    A single steady aim,  
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,)  
    To thee and thy great name:
- 4 A jealous, just concern,  
    For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
    And glorify thy grace.
- 5 I rest upon thy word—  
    The promise is for me :  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
    Shall surely come from thee.
- 6 But let me still abide,  
    Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide,  
    Into thy perfect love.

W.

290

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **L**ORD, that I may learn of thee,  
    Give me true simplicity ;  
Wean my soul, and keep it low,  
    Willing thee, alone, to know.
- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside—  
    All that feeds my knowing pride :  
Not to man, but God submit,  
    Lay my reasonings at thy feet.
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd,  
    Docile—helpless as a child ;  
Only seeing in thy light ;  
    Only walking in thy might.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

4 Then infuse the teaching grace,  
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;  
Knowledge, love divine, impart,  
Life eternal to my heart.

W.

291

S. M.

1 **A**H, when shall I awake  
From sin's soft-soothing power?  
The slumber from my spirit shake,  
And rise, to fall no more?

2 Awake, no more to sleep,  
But stand with constant care,  
Looking for God my soul to keep,  
And watching unto prayer?

3 O could I always pray,  
And never, never faint ;  
But simply to my God display  
My every care and want !

4 I know that thou would'st give  
More than I can request ;  
Thou still art ready to receive  
My soul to perfect rest.

5 I feel thee willing, Lord,  
A sinful world to save ;  
All may obey thy gracious word,  
May peace and pardon have.

6 Not one of all the race,  
But may return to thee ;  
But at the throne of sovereign grace,  
May fall and weep like me.

W.

292

C. M.

1 **T**O thee, O God of power divine,  
Be praise and glory given ;  
Thy works throughout creation shine,  
Thou Lord of earth and heaven.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 Thy wonder-working hand is seen  
In every plant and flower ;  
The fields array'd in cheerful green,  
Proclaim thy mighty power.
- 3 The winds thou holdest in thy hand,  
And dost creation fill ;  
The trees that in the forest stand,  
Show forth thy heavenly skill.
- 4 Birds of the air exalt thy fame,  
And shall I silent be ?  
No, Lord, thy goodness I'll proclaim,  
And give my heart to thee.
- 5 Ten thousand gifts thou hast bestow'd ;  
I bless thy hand divine.  
Author of all created good,  
Eternal praise be thine.

W. S. & H. B.

293

L. M.

- 1 **T**REMENDOUS oracle divine !  
Who can the harsh command obey—  
'That son, that only son of thine ;  
That son belov'd, that Isaac, slay !'
- 2 Whoe'er the God of Abraham know,  
Their faith, by like obedience, prove ;  
And offering up their Isaac's show,  
The power supreme of Jesus' love.
- 3 Father, thou call'st me by my name,  
Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil ;  
And, lo, through grace I ready am  
To answer all thy awful will.
- 4 By faith I climb the mountain top,  
Thy blessing cheerfully resign,  
And yield my dearest comfort up,  
A bleeding sacrifice divine.

W.

## 294

S. M.

1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul !  
Say to me now, 'Awake, awake !  
'And Christ shall make thee whole.'

2 Lay to thy mighty hand ;  
Alarm me in this hour ;  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of thy power !

3 Give me on thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepar'd,  
And ready may I be ;  
For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn  
My soul of evil near !  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear :

6 'Come back ! this is the way !  
Come back, and walk herein !'  
O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin !

## 295

C. M.

1 **W**ITHOUT thy aid, Almighty God,  
Vain is the help of man ;  
But if thou shed thy love abroad,  
We shall the conquest gain.

2 'Tis thou must set our spirits free,  
And all our hearts renew ;  
Here, Lord, we give ourselves to thee,  
'Tis all that we can do.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 'Tis thou, O Lord, must build us up,  
With wisdom from above:  
'Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.'
- 4 'Tis thou must guide us day by day,  
And make us just and true:  
Here, Lord, we give ourselves to thee—  
'Tis all that we can do.

H. B.

296

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 COME, my God, make no delay:  
Come, my Saviour, come away:  
Enter each believing heart,  
Never, never to depart.

- 2 Jesus, may we live to thee,  
In the bonds of unity;  
Drink the living streams of love,  
'Till we meet in heaven above.

*Orig.*

297

C. M.

- 1 I WANT a principle within,  
Of jealous godly fear;  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel,  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wand'ring of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part;  
No more thy goodness grieve.  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

5 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having griev'd thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded, whole. w.

298

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
And still my tempted soul stand by,  
Throughout the evil day:  
The sacred watchfulness impart,  
And keep the issues of my heart,  
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm:  
In each approach of sin, alarm,  
And shew the danger near:  
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
And fill with godly jealousy,  
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
O let me see thy gathering frown,  
And feel thy warning eye:  
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,  
'Save, Jesus, or I yield!—I sink!—  
O save me!—or I die!'

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
(Before I wholly fall away,)  
The keen conviction dart:  
Recall me by that pitying look—  
That kind, upbraiding glance—which broke  
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,  
And make me like thyself below—  
Unblameable in grace:



*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

Ready prepar'd and fitted here,  
By perfect holiness t'appear,  
Before thy glorious face.

W.

299

L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE passing through this vale of woe,  
I'm call'd to suffer grief and pain;  
I must through fire and water go,  
Before I can my Canaan gain.
- 2 At times, I'm almost led to think,  
I ne'er shall reach my journey's end:  
But Jesus will not let me sink,  
While on his mercy I depend.
- 3 The fire may burn: if Christ be mine,  
He will not leave me in distress:  
I shall be kept by power divine,  
While passing through the wilderness.
- 4 Though waters rise on every hand,  
He will support me from above:  
I on a sure foundation stand—  
The rock of his redeeming love.
- 5 The floods and flames his word obey,  
Therefore my journey I'll pursue;  
They make me now an open way,  
And Jesus Christ will bring me thro'.

W. S. & H. B.

300

S. M.

- 1 **G**IVE me a sober mind,  
A quick discerning eye—  
The first approach of sin to find,  
And all occasions fly.
- 2 Still may I cleave to thee,  
And never more depart;  
But watch, with godly jealousy,  
Over my evil heart.

W.

## 301

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care—  
On whom for all things I depend—  
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now thy Spirit stays,  
And, hovering, hides me in his wings:
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart:  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear:  
'Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;  
Fly back to Christ—for sin is near.'
- 5 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;  
O reach me out thy gracious hand:  
Only on thee for help I call;  
Only by faith on thee I stand.

w.

## 302

L. M.

- 1 **P**IERCE, fill me with an humble fear—  
My utter helplessness reveal;  
Satan and sin are always near—  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to thee my constant mind  
Might with an even flame aspire!  
Pride, in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire.
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorr'd approach of ill!  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 Till thou anew my soul create,  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray—  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day. w.

303

S. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry!  
Attend the trumpet's sound!  
Stand to your arms—the foe is nigh—  
The powers of hell surround.

- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare;  
The day of battle is at hand—  
Go forth to glorious war.

- 3 See, on the mountain-top,  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.

- 4 His standard-bearer, I  
To all the nations call:  
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh—  
He bore the cross for all.

- 5 Go up with Christ your Head—  
Your Captain's footsteps see:  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.

- 6 All power to him is giv'n;  
He ever reigns the same:  
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,  
Are all in Jesus' name.

- 7 Only have faith in God;  
In faith your foes assail;  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the powers of hell.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 8 From thrones of glory driv'n,  
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,  
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,  
And rule this lower world.

W.

**304**

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,  
Teach us to watch and pray;  
And oh! thy flock in safety keep,  
Throughout the cloudy day.
- 2 When sorrow's waves around us roll,  
O may we hear thy voice;  
See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,  
And bid our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Then in the dark and cloudy day,  
We will thy goodness sing;  
Our thankful hearts shall own thy sway,  
And triumph in their King.

H. B.

**305**

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings:  
And ranks of shining thrones around,  
Fall, worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too!  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;  
But, O! the glories of thy mind,  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tune—our words be few!  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues. I. W.

306

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE way to glory we'll pursue,  
And leave the world behind;  
A starry crown appears in view,  
And we shall Canaan find.
- 2 And if we're call'd to suffer pain,  
And pass thro' seas of blood;  
Through Christ we shall the victory gain,  
And stand by faith in God.
- 3 Tho' high the flames may now aspire,  
We'll still keep pressing on:  
Faith stops the violence of the fire,  
And bids our fears, begone.
- 4 The weakest soul need not despair,  
Tho' troubles mark the way;  
The lion's mouths are shut thro' prayer—  
Then let us always pray.
- 5 By faith we cross the swelling tide,  
And heavenly joys begin;  
The pearly gates are open'd wide,  
And we shall enter in. W. S. & H. B.

307

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude:  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart!  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given!

And let me thro' thy Spirit know,  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heav'n.

W.

## 308

C. M.

1 **S**ERVANT of all, to toil for man  
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse!  
Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employ'd for us.

2 Thy bright example I pursue;  
To thee in all things rise;  
May all I think, or speak, or do.  
Be one great sacrifice.

3 Careless thro' outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free;  
My hands are but engag'd below—  
My heart is still with thee.

W

## 309

L. M.

1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only thee, resolv'd to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,  
O let me cheerfully fulfil!  
In all my works thy presence find,  
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;  
And labour on at thy command,  
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still, to things eternal look,  
And hasten to thy glorious day!

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 5 For thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath giv'n,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with thee to heav'n. W.

**310**

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, O my soul, arise and shine,  
On sin and satan tread;  
For Christ, the mighty God, is thine,  
Who bruises satan's head.
- 2 Jesus was manifest below;  
He left the realms above,  
To spoil the powers of hell, and show  
The greatness of his love.
- 3 He left the Father's throne on high,  
To make our peace with heaven;  
He did for every sinner die—  
And all may be forgiven.
- 4 His love to Adam's fallen race,  
No one can e'er conceive:  
With thankfulness I taste his grace—  
I wonder—and believe. W. S. & H. B.

**311**

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who camest from above,  
The pure, celestial fire t'impart—  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for thy glory burn,  
With unextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble pray'r, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for thee—  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up thy gift in me.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
'Till death thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

**312**

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still—  
My joy, thy sayings to repeat—  
Talk o'er the records of thy will—  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious word divine,  
Subject of all my converse be:  
So will the Lord his follower join,  
And walk and talk himself with me:  
So shall my heart his presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast!  
While on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:—  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the church above.

W.

**313**

*C. M.*

- 1 **T**HEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Thee, Saviour, we adore;  
Thee in affliction's furnace praise,  
And magnify thy power.



*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 Thy power in human weakness shewn,  
Shall make us all entire:  
We now thy guardian presence own,  
And walk, unburnt, in fire.
- 3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,  
And glory in our Guide;  
Surrounded and upheld by thee,  
The fiery test abide.
- 4 The fire our graces shall refine,  
Till, moulded from above,  
We bear the character divine—  
The stamp of perfect love.

W.

314

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast blest my going out;  
O bless my coming in!  
Compass my weakness round about,  
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place;  
Thy tabernacle spread;  
Shelter me with preserving grace,  
And screen my naked head.
- 3 To thee for refuge may I run,  
From sin's alluring snare;  
Ready its first approach to shun,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more  
Might from thy ways depart!  
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
And then from earth release:  
I ask not life; but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace.

W.

## 315

C. M.

1 **N**OW, Lord, I ask thy Spirit's aid;  
Oh keep me, lest I stray!  
Ten thousand snares for me are laid—  
Temptations mark my way.

2 But may I ever trust thy grace,  
Though men and devils rise:  
Oh give me power to run the race,  
And gain the heavenly prize. W.S. & H.B.

## 316

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.—Part First.*

1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel:  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space  
Look forward to that heavenly place—  
The saints' secure abode:  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down:  
To patient faith the prize is sure;  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up—  
It brings to life, the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant, with our Head.

**317** *4 Lines 8's and 26's.—Part Second.*

- 1 **T**HAT great mysterious Deity,  
We soon with open face shall see,  
The beatific sight:  
Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
Of everlasting light.
- 2 The Father shining on his throne—  
The glorious, co-eternal Son—  
The Spirit, One and Seven—  
Conspire our rapture to complete;  
And, lo! we fall before his feet,  
And silence heightens heaven.
- 3 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
And at thy footstool fall;  
Till thou our hidden life reveal—  
Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill—  
And God be all in all!

W.

**318** S. M.

- 1 **T**RIONPHANT Lord, come down,  
Thy grace to each impart;  
Our meeting with thy presence crown,  
And visit every heart.
- 2 Make known thy power to save,  
Thou Jesus crucified;  
That all may full redemption have,  
And feel thy blood applied.
- 3 Wash all our stains away;  
Our dross do thou refine;  
Thy sanctifying power display;  
And make us all divine.

W. S. & H. B.

## 319

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **N**O, Lord—it cannot shorten'd be,  
The hand which plagu'd th' Egyptian race—  
Which brought thy people thro' the sea—  
Which led them o'er the wilderness—  
Which has to us so often given  
Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.
- 2 That hand which open'd wide mine eyes;  
That hand which now, by faith I see;  
Measures the floods, and spans the skies,  
And grasps the winds, and covers me!  
It brings the blind thro' ways unknown;  
It holds, it lifts me to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear  
Lest earth or he l should pluck me thence:  
I trample on temptation near,  
Supported by Omnipotence:  
Possest of boundless power divine,  
Of boundless love—for Christ is mine. w.

## 320

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;  
My longing heart implores thy grace—  
O make me in thy likeness shine!
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see:  
Thro' love, be every wish resign'd,  
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast:  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow;  
With steadfast eye mark every step;  
And follow thee where'er thou go.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;  
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;  
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn,  
O may I conquer thro' thy blood!
- 6 So when on Zion thou shalt stand,  
And all heaven's host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy right hand,  
And free from pain, thy glory sing. w.

321

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight,  
The darkness shineth as the light;  
Search, prove my heart—it pants for thee:  
O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross:  
Hallow each thought: let all within  
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way—  
No foes—no violence I fear—  
No fraud—while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow—  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe—  
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee!  
O let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. w.

## 322

L. M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, let thy dying cry,  
Pierce to the bottom of my heart!  
Its evils cure, its wants supply,  
And bid my unbelief depart.
- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin;  
Prepare for thee the holiest place;  
Then, O essential love, come in.  
And fill thy house with endless praise!
- 3 Let me, according to thy word,  
A tender, contrite heart, receive,  
Which grieves at having griev'd its Lord,  
And never can itself forgive.
- 4 A heart, thy joys and griefs to feel;  
A heart that cannot faithless prove;  
A heart, where Christ alone may dwell—  
All praise, all meekness, and all love. w.

## 323

T. M.

- 1 **G**REAT King of heaven and earth,  
'Twas thy almighty power  
That call'd me into birth,  
And kept me to this hour:  
One moment, Lord, I cannot stand,  
Unless upheld by thy right hand.
- 2 I, of myself, am weak,  
But thou, my Lord, art strong;  
( 'Tis of thy power I speak; )  
Thou shalt be all my song:  
My soul, thy goodness shall proclaim,  
And tell the wonders of thy name. w.s.&h.b.

## 324

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels thy blood  
So freely spilt for me!

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak—  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—  
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,  
And melts at human woe ;  
Jesus, for thee, distress I am—  
I want thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,  
Till thou create my peace ;  
Till of my Eden re-possess,  
From every sin I cease.
- 7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown—  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart—  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write thy new name upon my heart—  
Thy new, best name of love.

W.

325.

6 Lines 8's.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;  
I see from far thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for thy repose :  
My heart is pain'd ; nor can it be  
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still,  
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;  
And fain I would—but tho' my will  
Seem fixt, yet wide my passions rove;  
Yet hindrances strew all the way:  
I aim at thee—yet from thee stray.
- 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with thee my heart to share?  
Ah, tear it thence—and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in thee. w

## 326

d  
T. M.

- 1 **Y**E ransom'd sinners, hear,  
(The prisoners of the Lord;)  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to his word:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 In God we put our trust:  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful he is, and just,  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you and me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 3 Who Jesus' sufferings share,  
My fellow prisoners now,  
Ye soon the wreath shall wear  
On your triumphant brow:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 4 The word of God is sure,  
And never can remove;  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free. w.



## 327

C. M.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side:  
This, all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

w.

## 328

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my life! thyself apply,  
Thy holy Spirit breathe:  
My vile affections crucify!  
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive;  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,  
As the old Adam dies:  
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,  
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord: thy foes controul,  
Who would not own thy sway:  
Diffuse thine image thro' my soul;  
Shine to the perfect day.

- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me thine abode:  
O make me glorious all within—  
A temple built by God!

W.

## 329

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, view the Saviour crucified,  
Th' eternal Son of God;  
Like a great conqueror, see him ride,  
With garments dipt in blood.
- 2 Behold, a crown to him is given;  
A bow is in his hand;  
He reigns o'er all the hosts of heaven,  
And rules both sea and land.
- 3 From conquering he to conquer goes;  
His greatness none can tell;  
He triumphs over all his foes,  
And treads on death and hell.
- 4 O let us now as heralds fly,  
His gospel to proclaim;  
And tell to all below the sky,  
The honours of his name.

W. S. & H. B.

## 330

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thy wounds I fly,  
Purge my sins of deepest dye:  
Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Wash away my crimson stain.
- 2 Plunge me in the sacred flood—  
In the fountain of thy blood:  
Then thy Father's eye shall see  
No one spot of guilt in me.

W.

## 331

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,  
Who in thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to thee:  
As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast!  
See I pant in thee to rest:  
Gladly would I now be clean;  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!  
'To thy cross my spirit bind:  
Earthly passions far remove;  
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes tho' we be—  
Full of sin and misery—  
'Thine we are, thou Son of God:  
Take the purchase of thy blood!
- 5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable are thine!  
Praise by all to thee be given—  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

W.

## 332

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,  
Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire,  
Sprinkl'd with the atoning blood:  
Now to my soul thyself reveal;  
'Thy mighty working let me feel.  
And know that I am born of God.
- 2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
O may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue!  
Be anger to my soul unknown;  
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;  
In love, create thou all things new.

- 3 Let earth no more my heart divide;  
With Christ may I be crucified;  
To thee with my whole heart aspire.  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire!
- 4 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread;  
In battle cover thou my head!  
Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear:  
I then shall turn my steady face:  
Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace—  
Glory in dissolution near.

### 333

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the great I AM,  
Unite with me to sing  
The triumphs of the bleeding Lamb,  
The everlasting King.
- 2 For us he left the realms of day,  
And the great wine-press trod:  
And open'd wide the living way  
By which we come to God.
- 3 He bow'd his head upon the tree,  
The blood gush'd from his side:  
He suffer'd this, that you and me  
Might all be justified.
- 4 He died for us; we're not our own;  
He's bought us with his blood;  
We all at last may share his throne—  
May live and reign with God. w.s. & H.

### 334

<sup>1</sup>  
L. M.

- 1 **O** MIGHT my lot be cast with these,  
'The least of Jesus' witnesses!  
O that my Lord would count me meet,  
To wash his dear disciples' feet.

- 2 After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon his saints below;  
Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven. W.

## 335

P. M.

- 1 **Y**OU all are invited with Christ to embark,  
On board his rich ship, the ancient Noah's ark,  
Which was launched at Eden, has long been at sea,  
And comes into harbour for you and for me.
- 2 I enter'd on board her—for who could delay,  
Where so many could sing, could praise, and  
could pray?  
Our Captain is Jesus; his mercy is great:  
Our labour is heavenly, our bounty is sweet.
- 3 Thrice blessed be he who launched her at first;  
And rigg'd her, and stor'd her on purpose for us:  
God's love, so amazing, is still her main-sail;  
She's plank'd with salvation quite down to the  
keel.\*
- 4 Provision on board, and clothing great store,  
(Provided by wisdom, design'd for the poor,)—  
The robes of salvation, with which our great  
Lord  
Will clothe all your souls, when you're enter'd  
on board.
- 5 This vessel was built and completed by grace;  
Was fitted and stor'd for burthen and chase:  
From her bow† to her stern‡ she's strongly  
secur'd;  
Her cargo is wealthy, and wisely insur'd.

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\* Keel, a square piece of timber at the bottom of a ship, reaching from end to end. It is below all the other timbers.

† Bow, or Bow-sprit, the leading part of a ship.

‡ Stern, the hinder end of a ship. Cargo, the goods in a ship.

- 6 The winds and the waves he still holds in his  
hand ;  
And likewise her foes are all at his command :  
Near six thousand years she's been cruising the  
main,  
And mann'd with the ransom'd, she harbours  
again.
- 7 Our Captain we'll praise who took us on board ;  
In safety we are, if we sail with the Lord.  
Bound to the Fair Haven, our port we shall gain,  
In spite of all dangers in crossing the main.

### 336

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.—Part First.*

- 1 **T**O God I now lift up my voice :  
May he, who bids the saints rejoice,  
Regard my feeble prayer :  
To him I make my sorrows known ;  
O that my cry may reach his throne,  
And find acceptance there !
- 2 When with severe temptations tried—  
When troubles came on every side—  
'Twas then I sought the Lord :  
I seek him still, with earnest care—  
I seek him in the house of prayer—  
I seek him in his word.
- 3 When clouds and darkness veil the sky,  
And troubles, like the waves, run high,  
I can no comfort find :  
Without my God I cannot rest ;  
No earthly thing can make me blest,  
Nor cheer my drooping mind.
- 4 I oft remember God, and weep  
To think how I could sweetly sleep,  
While in my early days :  
But, oh, no rest I now can take ;  
My heart is full ; I scarce can speak ;  
Yet long to shout his praise.

- 5 I call to mind the ancient years,  
When God dispell'd my doubts and fears,  
And made me truly blest:  
I then rejoic'd in wisdom's ways,  
And in the night I sung his praise,  
And lay upon his breast.

**337** *4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.—Part Second.*

- 1 **B**UT is the day of mercy past?  
And will he leave my soul at last,  
To perish in despair?  
Is not his gracious promise true?  
Will he not come, and quickly too,  
And hear my feeble prayer?
- 2 Has he forgotten to be kind?  
Ah, no! I still his grace may find,  
And in his image shine:  
Though my infirmity I feel,  
The years I now remember still,  
When God was fully mine.
- 3 I call to mind his works of old;  
The mighty acts can ne'er be told  
Of my Creator, Lord:  
What wond'rous things my God hath wrought,  
Who all things into being brought,  
By his almighty word.
- 4 When dark'ning clouds the earth o'erspread,  
At his majestic look they fled,  
And daylight did appear:  
So may the light of grace divine,  
Illumine this dark soul of mine,  
And chase away my fear.

**338** *4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.—Part Third.*

- 1 **G**OD'S throne is fix'd on Zion's hill,  
He does the sanctuary fill,  
His footsteps there I trace:

What mortal can his greatness see?  
His power, how great! his love, how free!  
How plenteous his grace!

- 2 What mighty wonders hath he shown,  
And still he makes his greatness known,  
Among the sons of men:  
Jacob and Joseph, by his hand,  
Were rescu'd from th' Egyptian band,  
And from the slavish chain.
- 3 At his rebuke the waves were staid,  
The wat'ry deeps were sore afraid,  
And trembled at his look;  
While, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Ten thousand thunders roll'd along,  
And earth's foundation shook.
- 4 Confusion own'd his sovereign sway,  
While thro' the deep he cleav'd his way;  
His footsteps were not known:  
To distant lands his darts were hurl'd,  
While light'nings blazing through the world,  
Proclaim'd him God alone.

**339** 4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.—*Part Fourth.*

- 1 **W**HEN Moses stretched forth his rod,  
The waters saw the Triune God,  
And left the solid land.  
The Lord came down with terror arm'd,  
Pharaoh, defenceless, stood alarm'd,  
And fell beneath his hand.
- 2 The little flock in ancient years,  
While passing through the vale of tears,  
Had Moses for their guide:  
By him the Lord wrought wondrous things;  
His arm subdu'd rebellious kings,  
And Israel's wants supplied.



- 3 As Israel was by Moses led,  
So Jesus Christ, the living Head,  
Still leads us by his hand:  
Tho' many snares beset the way,  
We none of us need go astray,  
But reach the promis'd land. W. S. & H. B.

## 340

C. M.

- 1 **I** ASK the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power;  
Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,  
The liberty from sin;  
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,  
The kingdom fixt within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;  
Thou seest my heart's desire;  
Made ready in thy powerful day,  
Thy fullness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out, oppress,  
Impatient to be freed:  
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am sav'd indeed.

W.

## 341

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone!  
O that I could at last submit!  
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb?  
The God of my salvation see?  
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am:  
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 5 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;  
Thy light and easy burden prove:  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood;  
The labour of thy dying love.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:  
Appear, in my poor heart, appear!  
My God, my Saviour, come away! W.

## 342

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus makes my heart his home,  
My sin shall all depart;  
'And, lo!' he saith, 'I quickly come,  
'To fill and rule thy heart!'
- 2 From all iniquity, from all,  
He shall my soul redeem:  
In Jesus I believe, and shall  
Believe myself to him.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,  
For every sinner free;  
Surely it shall on me take place,—  
The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 Be it according to thy word,  
Redeem me from all sin:  
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;  
Come in, my Lord, come in. W.

# 343

T. M.

1 **S**AUL, by the rulers sent,  
Did to Damascus go ;  
On persecution bent,  
He would no favour show :  
God's children he had thought to slay,  
But Jesus met him by the way.

2 As he was passing on,  
A light shone all around,  
More glorious than the sun,  
And struck him to the ground ;  
From heaven, a voice to him did call,  
'Why dost thou persecute me, Saul?'

3 He scarce knew what to say,—  
'Who art thou, Lord?' he cried ;  
And, while he trembling lay,  
The Lord of life replied,  
'Jesus of Nazareth, am I,  
'That Jesus whom thou dost deny.'

4 At Christ's command, he rose,  
And to Damascus came ;  
Was sav'd from sin and woes,  
Through faith in Jesus' name,  
And preach'd the Saviour crucified ;  
The Lord whom he before denied.

5 Once, like vehement Saul,  
We thoughtless sinners were ;  
But Christ to us did call,  
And stopp'd our wild career ;  
He stopp'd us in the dangerous way,  
And we, like Saul, began to pray. W. S. & H. B.

# 344

C. M.

1 **I**N hope, against all human hope,  
Self-desperate, I believe ;  
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,  
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 The thing surpasses all my thought;  
But faithful is my Lord;  
Thro' unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.
- 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, 'It shall be done!'
- 4 To thee, the glory of thy power,  
And faithfulness I give!  
I shall, in Christ, at that glad hour,  
And Christ in me shall live.
- 5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,  
Thou never wilt reprove;  
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,  
And perfect me in love.

W.

**345**

C. M.

- 1 **O** MAY the Lord his grace impart,  
While we're assembled here;  
And give to each a praying heart,  
And make us all sincere.

- 2 And when we quit this vale of woe,  
May we to glory rise,  
To praise the Lord we lov'd below,  
And share immortal joys. W. S. & H. B.

**346**

C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow!  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow!
- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume!  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;  
Spirit of burning, come,

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 Refining fire, go thro' my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life thro' every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 No longer, then, my heart shall mourn,  
While purified by grace;  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move;  
But Christ be all the world to me,  
And all my heart be love.

W.

347

T. M.

1 **M**Y brethren in the Lord,  
Your Christian course pursue;  
Give ear to Jesus' word,  
And keep the prize in view;  
Let nothing stop you in the way,  
But haste to realms of endless day.

2 Still look to things above,  
Hold fast the better part;  
Let hope your anchor prove,  
And grace o'erflow your heart;  
Abide in him who died for you,  
And keep the promis'd land in view.

3 Your enemies, though strong,  
As lightning soon shall fall;  
They cannot triumph long;  
Believe, and conquer all;  
God will consume them with his breath,  
And you shall triumph over death.

4 Let Jesus be your stay,  
And on his love depend;  
Pursue the heavenly way,  
Till all your trials end;  
Ere long you shall in glory reign,  
And bid farewell to toil and pain.

W.S.&H.B.

## 348

L. M.

1 **T**HE voice that speaks Jehóvah near,  
The still small voice, I long to hear ;  
O might it now my Lord proclaim,  
And fill my soul with holy shame!

2 Asham'd I must for ever be,  
Asham'd the God of love to see,  
If saints and prophets hide their face,  
And angels tremble while they gaze!

## 349

6 Lines 8's.

1 **T**HY mind throughout my life be shown;  
While list'ning to the wretches' cry,  
The widows' and the orphans' groan,  
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,  
The poor and helpless to relieve,  
My life, my all, for them to give.

2 Thus may I shew the Spirit within,  
Which purges me from every stain;  
Unspotted from the world and sin,  
My faith's integrity maintain;  
The truth of my religion prove,  
By perfect purity and love.

W.

## 350

L. M.

1 **Y**E servants of the Lord, rejoice,  
And hearken to the Saviour's voice;  
Thrice blessed are the faithful dead,  
Who die in Christ, their living Head.

2 They toil'd, and wept, and labour'd here;  
But now in g'ory they appear;  
Now they enjoy a full reward,  
And share the triumphs of their Lord.

3 They shout his praise, (in realms of day,)  
Who kept them in the narrow way,  
Who gently led them by the hand,  
And brought them to the promis'd land.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 If we are faithful to his grace,  
We soon shall reach that happy place;  
We then shall share the heavenly joys,  
And reign with Christ above the skies.

W. S. & H. B.

**351**

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **I** SOON shall hear the quick'ning voice;  
I Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice;  
(This is thy will, and faithful word;)  
My spirit, meek—my will, resign'd—  
Lowly as thine shall be my mind;  
The servant shall be as his Lord.

- 2 Already, Lord, I feel thy power;  
Preserv'd from evil every hour,  
My great Preserver I proclaim;  
Safety and strength in thee I have;  
I find, I find thee strong to save,  
And know that Jesus is thy name.

- 3 By faith, I every moment stand;  
Strangely upheld by thy right hand,  
I my own wickedness eschew;  
A sinner, I am kept from sin,  
And thou shalt make me pure within,  
And thou shalt form my soul anew.

W.

**352**

S. M.

- 1 **O** COME, and dwell in me,  
Spirit of power within!  
And bring the glorious liberty,  
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

- 2 The seed of sin's disease,  
Spirit of health, remove;  
Spirit of finish'd holiness,  
Spirit of perfect love.

W.

## 353

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, it is thy fix'd decree,  
That mortal man must die;  
What weak, what helpless worms are we!  
How swift our moments fly!
- 2 We cannot call a day our own,  
No, nor a single hour;  
For death may cut the strongest down,  
And blast the fairest flower.
- 3 The rich and poor, the old and young,  
The thoughtless and the gay,  
Must fall beneath his hand;—ere long  
They all must pass away.
- 4 But yet, how unconcern'd we stand  
On ruin's awful brink!  
Now, Lord, stretch out thy mighty hand,  
And save us, lest we sink.
- 5 Great God, alarm our guilty fears,  
Then speak our sins forgiven;  
And when we quit this vale of tears,  
Receive us up to heaven. W. S. & H. B.

## 354

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath died, that I might live,  
Might live to God alone;  
In him, eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable;  
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,  
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,  
The perfect bliss to prove;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolv'd in love.



*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,  
From every wish, set free:  
Let all I am, in thee be lost,  
But give thyself to me!

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,  
Unless thyself be giv'n:  
Thy presence makes my paradise,  
And where thou art, is heaven!

W.

**355**

L. M.

1 **I**F faithful, we shall wear the crown,  
Though hell assail, and sinners frown;  
None e'er shall find the promise vain,  
For Jesus will his right maintain.

2 His truth we now delight to spread;  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
May we the cross with patience bear,  
And daily live in faith and prayer.

3 'Tho' we are call'd to suffer here,  
Still let us humbly persevere;  
For while we run the heavenly race,  
The Lord will give us suffering grace.

4 And when our work on earth is done,  
And we've the glorious vict'ry won,  
With angel hosts, we'll join to sing  
The triumphs of our conqu'ring King.

W. S. & H. B.

**356**

6 Lines 8's.

1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me,  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there:  
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;  
Be thou alone my constant flame.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;  
O may thy love possess me whole—  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;  
Strange flames far from my heart remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise;  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;  
And day and night be all my care,  
To guard that sacred treasure there.

W.

357

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW weak, how feeble, Lord, is man,  
His life on earth is but a span;  
He like the passing shadow flies,  
His colour fades, his beauty dies.
- 2 Man is the creature of a day,  
His moments swiftly fly away;  
His days are three score years and ten,  
The dust returns to dust again.
- 3 But man is of a soul possest,  
Which must eternally be blest;  
Or dwell in everlasting pain,  
Where endless flames and devils reign.
- 4 Stretch out thy hand, O God of grace,  
And save us from that dreadful place;  
Prepare us for a seat above,  
Where we may live in heavenly love. W.S.&H.B.

358

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above;  
It bears on eagles' wings;  
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus' priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top,  
See all the land below;  
Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise,  
In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, of wine, and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 4 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!  
Cast out thy foes: the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind, remove;  
The purchase of thy death divide;  
And, O! with all the sanctified,  
Give me a lot of love!

w.

359

C. M.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL sound of gospel-grace,  
Christ shall in me appear!  
I, even I, shall see his face;  
I shall be holy there.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness,  
To me reach'd out I view;  
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,  
And wear it as my due,

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 The promis'd land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see:  
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)  
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;  
He shakes his future home :  
O would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,  
Into thy temple come !

w.

**360**

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **I** WANT the spirit of power within,  
Of love, and of a healthful mind ;  
Of power to conquer inbred sin,  
Of love to thee and all mankind ;  
Of health, that pain and death defies,  
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,  
Which only faithful souls can hear ?  
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,  
Attend the promis'd Comforter :  
O come, and righteousness divine,  
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire !  
Attest that I am born again ;  
Come, and baptize me now with fire,  
Nor let thy former gifts be vain :  
I cannot rest in sins forgiven :  
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

w.

**361**

*C. M.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven above to gain,  
A hell beneath to shun ;  
Our lot will be one of the twain,  
When life's short journey's done.
- 2 Christ bids us now for death prepare—  
That when we're call'd to die,  
We may eternal glory share,  
And reign above the sky.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 3 Unless we're sav'd while here below,  
And wash'd in Jesus' blood,  
We must endure eternal woe,  
And bear the wrath of God.
- 4 But all, through Christ, may now be blest ;  
(He died the world to save,)  
Through him may gain the heavenly rest,  
And triumph o'er the grave. W. S. & H. B.

**362**

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
May to thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify ;  
All my words and thoughts receive.
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs ;  
Take my memory, mind, and will ;  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel.
- 4 Now, my God, thy own I am !  
Now I give thee back thy own :  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to thee alone.
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One in Three, and Three in One,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let thy will on earth be done. W.

**363**

*6 Lines 8's.*

- I **P**RIS'NERS of hope, lift up your heads,  
The day of liberty draws near !  
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
Shall soon in your behalf appear ;  
The Lord will to his temple come,  
Prepare your hearts to make him room.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 Ye all shall find, whom, in his word,  
Himself hath caused to put your trust;  
The Father of our dying Lord,  
Is ever to his promise just;  
Faithful, if we our sins confess,  
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!  
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up!  
Ye shall not be forgotten long;  
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!  
Tell him ye wait his grace to prove;  
And cannot fail, for God is love.
- 4 Pris'ners of hope, be strong, be bold!  
Cast off your doubts—disdain to fear!  
Dare to believe—on Christ lay hold!  
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer!  
Tell him, 'We will not let thee go,  
'Till we thy name, thy nature know.' w.

**364**

L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT happy day is drawing near,  
When we shall cease to weep and mourn,  
When God shall wipe off every tear,  
And we to Zion shall return.
- 2 As we the way to Zion tread,  
We'll sing the great Redeemer's love;  
With endless joy upon our head,  
We'll haste to our reward above.
- 3 The love of God shall fill each heart;  
Gladness and joy we shall obtain;  
Sorrow and sighing shall depart,  
And we with Christ shall ever reign. w. s. & h. b.

**365**

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, into thy hands alone,  
I have my all restor'd:  
My all—thy property, I own;  
The steward of the Lord.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

2 Hereafter, none can take away  
My life, or goods, or fame;  
Ready at thy demand to lay  
Them down, I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,  
Thro' Jesus strengthening me,  
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,  
And give back all to thee.

4 Take, when thou wilt, into thy hands,  
And as thou wilt require:  
Resume, by the Chaldean bands,  
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determin'd all thy will t' obey,  
Thy blessings I restore;  
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,  
I praise thee evermore.

W.

366

P. M.

1 **D**EAREST friends, by love united;  
Love divine hath made us one;  
By the world contemn'd and slighted,  
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone;  
Jesus bless us, while we, hand in hand, go on.

2 Though the tempter, like a lion,  
Constant watches for his prey,  
Christ will bring us safe to Zion—  
He will guard us by the way;  
He will keep us, if we humbly watch and pray.

3 Though the way be rough and thorny,  
We, through grace, will travel on;  
Death, ere long, will end our journey;  
Jesus then will claim his own;  
Angels shouting—Welcome to the glorious throne.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

4 Welcome, welcome, happy spirit,  
Christ will to his children say;  
Crowns and kingdoms now inherit,  
Reign with me in endless day;  
In bright mansions, you shall with me ever stay.  
*Orig.*

**367**

C. M.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me;  
A token of his love he gives,  
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be!  
What can withstand his will?  
The counsel of his grace in me,  
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to thyself receive.

w.

**368**

P. M.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love, thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in thee inherit  
Let us find that heavenly rest:



*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

Take away our bent to sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be ;  
End of faith as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return—and never,  
Never more thy temples leave :  
Thee we would be always blessing ;  
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing ;  
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be ;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restor'd in thee :  
Chang'd from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

W.

369

L. M.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake !  
Thine own immortal strength put on ;  
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,  
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear !  
The sacred annals speak thy fame ;  
Be now omnipotently near,  
To endless ages still the same.

3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shorten'd now ;  
It wants not now the power to save ;  
Still present with thy people, thou  
Bear'st them thro' life's disparted wave.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,  
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come ;  
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,  
And pass thro' death, triumphant, home.
- 5 The pain of life shall then be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care:  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,  
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,  
With everlasting gladness crown'd,  
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

**370**

S. M.

- 1 **P** R I S' N E R S of hope, arise,  
And see your Lord appear !  
Lo ! on the wings of love he flies,  
And brings redemption near.
- 2 Redemption, through his blood,  
He calls you to receive :  
'Look unto me, the pardoning God !  
'Believe,' he cries, 'believe !'
- 3 The reconciling word  
We thankfully embrace,  
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,  
A blood-besprinkled race.
- 4 We yield to be set free ;  
Thy counsel we approve ;  
Salvation, praise, ascribe to thee,  
And glory in thy love.

W.

**371**

L. M.

- 1 **N** O W, Lord, I on thy truth depend,  
Nor earth, nor hell my soul shall move ;  
Thy mercy ne'er shall have an end ;  
Thy faithfulness I daily prove.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 I have been kept in time that's past,  
And still thou dost my strength renew;  
My soul into thine arms I cast,  
I'll trust thee all my journey thro'.
- 3 For me the fowler spreads his net;  
My soul he watches to destroy;  
Ten thousand snares my path beset;  
But thou shalt guide me with thine eye.
- 4 I find thy every promise sweet,  
Thy love my fainting spirit cheers;  
Thy counsel shall direct my feet,  
While passing through this vale of tears.
- 5 And after death thou wilt receive  
My soul into thy lov'd embrace;  
I then shall in thy presence live,  
And see the glories of thy face. W. S. & H. B.

372

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong,  
His sovereign right assert,  
And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,  
Who bought us with a price:  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies!
- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our hearts' desire,  
And let us to thy glory live,  
And in thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render thee  
Our all—no longer ours—but thine,  
To all eternity.

W.

## 373

L. M.

- 1 **WE** now are journeying to the place,  
Which God hath promis'd to bestow ;  
O may we run the heavenly race,  
And daily die to all below.
- 2 Though many troubles mark the way,  
Jehovah will his own defend ;  
We soon shall drop this cumbrous clay,  
And shouting reach our journey's end.
- 4 Ye sinners, bought with Jesus' blood,  
From all your sins at once refrain :  
Come with us, and we'll do you good ;  
You may with Christ forever reign.
- 4 Redeeming grace you all may share—  
O come to Christ, make no delay ;  
We'll hold you up by faith and prayer,  
And kindly help you on your way.
- 5 Come, for the Lord hath spoken good,  
Concerning them that trust his grace ;  
You all may wash in Jesus' blood ;  
You all in heaven may see his face. *W.S.&H.B*

## 374

L. M.

- 1 **ON** all the earth thy Spirit show'r ;  
The earth in righteousness renew ;  
Thy kingdom come, and hell o'erpow'r,  
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,  
Let it th' opposers all o'errun ;  
And every law of sin reverse,  
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place,  
Its richer energy declare ;  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true ;  
The ancient seers thou didst inspire !  
To us perform the promise due—  
Descend, and crown us now with fire ! w.

375

T. M.

- 1 **T**O God the heavenly King,  
Our grateful songs we raise ;  
We now unite to sing  
His everlasting praise :  
'Twas he who chas'd the gloom of night,  
And turn'd our darkness into light.

- 2 He gave us first to see  
The danger we were in ;  
Then set our spirits free,  
And pardon'd all our sin :  
Still may we trust him for his grace,  
Till we appear before his face. w. s.

376

L. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **O** LET the prisoners' mournful cries  
As incense in thy sight appear !  
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,  
If haply they may feel thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,  
From sin impatient to be free ;  
Call home, call home thy banish'd ones !  
Lead captive their captivity !
- 3 Shew them the blood that bought their peace,  
The anchor of their steadfast hope ;  
And bid their guilty terrors cease,  
And bring the ransom'd prisoners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries ;  
The fallen, raise—the mourners, cheer ;  
O Sun of Righteousness, arise  
And scatter all their doubt and fear ! w.

**377**

*L. M.—Part Second.*

- 1 **P**ITY the day of feeble things ;  
O gather every halting soul !  
And drop salvation from thy wings,  
And make the contrite sinner whole.
- 2 Stand by them in the fiery hour,  
Their feebleness of mind defend ;  
And in their weakness shew thy pow'r,  
And make them patient to the end.
- 3 O satisfy their soul in drought !  
Give them thy saving health to see,  
And let thy mercy find them out,  
And let thy mercy reach to me.
- 4 Hast thou the work of grace begun,  
And brought them to the birth in vain ?  
O let thy children see the Sun !  
Let all their souls be born again.
- 5 Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,  
For whom thy suffering members mourn ;  
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,  
Bid every struggling child be born ! w.

**378**

*S. M.*

- 1 **W**E have a great High Priest  
Over the house of God,  
Who is in robes of mercy drest,  
And sprinkles his own blood.
- 2 A breastplate, lo ! he wears,  
Which shows his mighty love ;  
The names of all his saints he bears,  
Before the throne above.
- 3 A priest he doth appear,  
For all the human race ;  
Repenting sinners may draw near,  
Before the throne of grace.

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 4 Their sighs and prayers below,  
Through him, are heard in heaven;  
The Father doth his grace bestow,  
And all may be forgiven.

H. E.

379

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If ris'n indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's pow'r declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove;  
By actions shew your sins forgiv'n!  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your Head, to heav'n!
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
Seated at God's right hand again,  
In all his Father's majesty,  
In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place;  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who, by faith, your Lord receive,  
Ye nothing seek or want beside:  
Dead to the world and sin, ye live;  
Your creature love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;  
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies. w.

380

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,  
Love divine, thyself impart;  
Every fainting soul inspire;  
Shine in every drooping heart!

*On the Prayer and Fight of Faith.*

- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer ;  
Scatter all our guilty gloom !  
Son of God, appear, appear ;  
To thy human temples come
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour ;  
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in !  
Fill us with the glorious power,  
Rooting out the seeds of sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require ;  
We will covet nothing less ;  
Be thou all our hearts' desire,  
All our joys, and all our peace.

W.

**381**

*6 Lines 8's.*

- 1 **A**LL things are possible to him,  
That can in Jesus' name believe ;  
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,  
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;  
I can, I do believe in thee,  
All things are possible to me.
- 2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
I here shall in thine image shine,  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought :  
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,  
They cannot break the firm decree—  
All things are possible to me.
- 3 All things are possible to God ;  
To Christ, the power of God in man ;  
To me, when I am all renew'd,  
When I in Christ am form'd again,  
And witness, from all sin set free,  
All things are possible to me.

**382**

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who is by angels seen,  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
Mindful of us has ever been,  
And he will keep us still.



2 We once were bound in satan's chain,  
And sin our hearts did fill ;  
The Lord was mindful of us then,  
And he will keep us still.

3 O may we run the heavenly race,  
Obedient to his will ;  
And every moment seek his face,  
And he will keep us still.

4 O may we cast our fears away,  
And on his love depend ;  
He who hath kept us to this day,  
Will keep us to the end.      W. S. & H. B.

## 383

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains  
To all thy people known :  
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest, where all our souls' desire  
Is fixt on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,  
And let me cease from sin !

4 Come, O my Saviour, come away !  
Into my soul descend !  
No longer from thy creature stay,  
My Author and my End.

5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me thine abode :  
Let all I am in thee be lost ;  
Let all be lost in God.

# 384

C. M.—*Part First.*

- 1 **W**HO is this great gigantic foe,  
That proudly stalks along,  
That overlooks the crowd below,  
In brazen armour strong?
- 2 Of his own strength he loudly boasts,  
And on his sword relies ;  
He meets the God of Israel's hosts,  
And all their force defies.
- 3 Tallest of all the earth-born race,  
They tremble at his power,  
And flee before the monster's face,  
And own him conqueror.
- 4 My nature answers from within,  
And tells me who it is ;  
It is my own besetting sin,  
My own great wickedness.
- 5 But in the strength of Jesus' name,  
I with the monster fight ;  
Tho' feeble and unarm'd I am,  
Jehovah is my might.
- 6 Mindful of all his favours past,  
I trust the same to prove,  
And still my helpless soul I cast  
On his redeeming love.
- 7 Now with my sling and stone, I go  
To slay the man of sin ;  
The Lord hath said, 'It shall be so,'  
And I the fight shall win.
- 8 Firm on his promise I rely,  
My trust is in the Lord ;  
Sure I shall win the victory,  
For he hath spoke the word.

385

C. M.—*Part Second.*

- 1 **N**OW in the power of God I rise,  
And run upon the foe;  
Faith, mighty faith, the word applies,  
And lays the giant low.
- 2 Faith slings, in Jesus' conqu'ring name,  
The sin-destroying stone;  
Faith points the word's unerring aim,  
And brings the monster down.
- 3 Arise, ye men of Israel, rise,  
Your routed foe pursue;  
And shout his praises to the skies,  
Who conquers sin for you.
- 4 Lo, Jesus doth for you appear,  
And conqu'ring grace affords;  
He saves you, not with sword and spear—  
The battle is the Lord's.
- 5 Both day and night, the Lord of hosts  
His mighty power displays;  
He stills the proud Philistine's boasts,  
The threat'ning Gittite slays.
- 6 Let all who dwell on earth below,  
The conquering Lord proclaim;  
O that the world might see and know  
The power of Jesus' name. *w.a.byw.s.&h.b.*

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ON THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

386

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESU, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run;  
And let the priests themselves believe,  
And put salvation on.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 2 Cloth'd with the Spirit of Holiness,  
May all thy people prove  
The plenitude of gospel grace—  
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,  
Illustrious as the sun;  
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,  
Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread  
Their light where'er they go;  
And heavenly influences shed  
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might:  
As burning luminaries, chase  
The gloom of hellish night.
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.

W.

387

S. M.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the Gentile race,  
Appear in every heart;  
And may the nations taste thy grace,  
And wth their idols part.
- 2 Thou send'st thy heralds forth,  
To preach in every land;  
To east and west, to south and north,  
They run at thy command.
- 3 Let Jews and Gentiles come,  
And fall before thy throne;  
O bring the wand'ring exiles home,  
To thee the great Three-One.
- 4 Now let thy gospel run,  
And sin and satan fall,  
That all who dwell beneath the sun,  
May crown thee Lord of all. W.S. & H.B.

388

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of life, thy fullness shed  
On us, who are by nature dead,  
Our misery we deplore;  
Our hope is sunk, our bones are dry,  
In sin's dark valley, lo, we lie,  
Where dragons loudly roar.
- 2 By sin and satan we were driven,  
Far off from God as hell from heaven,  
But thou canst bring us near;  
Breathe on us now, and we shall live,  
Thy quick'ning word, O Jesus, give,  
'That all the world may hear.
- 3 Now while thy servants prophesy,  
The cruel power of sin destroy,  
For it has triumph'd long;  
O let a shaking now take place,  
And may we rise before thy face,  
An army great and strong.
- 4 Thy power omnipotent display;  
Deprive the monster of his prey;  
And make us ever thine;  
Thy Holy Spirit now impart,  
And breathe new life in every heart,  
Eternal life divine.

W. S. & H. B.

389

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run:  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest;  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to their King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat its loud Amen.

I. W

390

S. M.

1 **Y**E sleeping souls, arise,  
And cast your sins away;  
Shake off the slumber from your eyes;  
This is the gospel day.

2 O give your hearts to God,  
And walk in wisdom's way;  
Wash in the fountain of his blood;  
This is the gospel day.

3 He offers you his grace;  
He bids you watch and pray;  
You now may turn and seek his face;  
This is the gospel day.

4 His love to you is great;  
No longer now delay,  
For after death 'twill be too late;  
This is the gospel day.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

5 Should you to hell be driven,  
'Twill be in vain to pray ;  
Turn, now, and find your way to heaven ;  
This is the gospel day.      W. S. & H. B.

**391**

C. M.

1 **C**OMMISSION'D by the great I AM,  
I leave my friends and home,  
To spread the triumphs of his name ;  
O'er desert wastes I roam.

2 While the whole counsel of the Lord  
I shun not to declare,  
May sinners fall before the word,  
And lift their hearts in prayer.

3 My soul, at times, is much cast down,  
And press'd with pain and toil ;  
But I'll not dread the sinners' frown,  
Nor will I court their smile.

4 Though grief and sorrow be my lot,  
I shortly shall be free ;  
And whether I'm reproach'd or not,  
May God remember me.

5 I soon shall quit this cumbrous clay,  
And fly to Jesus' breast ;  
Angels will bear my soul away,  
To everlasting rest.      W. S. & H. B.

**392**

L. M.

1 **L**ET God arise, and let his foes  
Be scattered, wheresoe'er he goes ;  
As wax dissolves before the sun,  
Let all his foes his presence own.

2 Let all the powers of darkness fly  
Before the God who reigns on high ;  
And when his ark appears, let all  
The idols of the nation fall.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 3 Let God arise, and win the day;  
The mighty God his sceptre sway,  
(The golden sceptre of his grace,)  
In every land, in every place.
- 4 And let his Name, (who shed his blood  
To bring the guilty nigh to God,)  
Be great in all the earth, and sung  
In every land by every tongue.

**393**

C. M.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, O almighty Lord,  
To spread thy heavenly grace;  
May sinners tremble at thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 2 Unless thou dost our labours own,  
Our efforts will be vain;  
Bless, Lord, the seed already sown,  
With showers of heavenly rain.
- 3 Speak, Lord, and bid the dead arise;  
On all thy grace bestow;  
Shower down salvation from the skies;  
Let heaven begin below.
- 4 Thy mercy, like a mighty flood,  
Throughout the world display;  
Sprinkle the nations with thy blood,  
And take their sins away.
- 5 Answer our prayer, Great Three in One,  
And stoop to earth again;  
Take now the kingdom for thy own;  
So be it, Lord. Amen. W. S. & H. B.

**394**

S. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the voice of God  
Now calling from the sky;  
It sounds through all the earth abroad,  
And asks, 'Why will ye die?'



*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

2 He left the realms above,  
He died to save you all;  
No longer slight the Saviour's love,  
But hearken to his call.

3 The voice of mercy hear,  
Poor sinners—and believe;  
Seek now the Lord while he is near,  
His offer'd grace receive.

4 Arise, ye guilty souls,  
And to the Lord draw nigh;  
Eternal life from Jesus rolls;  
Then, oh! why will ye die?      W.S.&H.B.

395

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey  
The glories of the latter day;  
Its dawn already seems begun,  
Sure earnest of the rising Sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembl'd stand,  
(A chosen, consecrated band;)  
The standard of the cross display,  
And cry aloud, 'Behold the way.'
- 3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell;  
He fixes there his lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place his own.
- 4 Behold the way, ye heralds' cry;  
Spare not, and lift your voices high;  
Convey the sound from shore to shore;  
And bid the captives sigh no more.
- 5 Swift on the wings of heavenly zeal  
They fly, nor seem the toil to feel;  
But faithful to their Master's will,  
The sacred embassy fulfil.

- 6 The north gives up ; the south no more  
Keeps back its consecrated store ;  
From east to west the message runs ;  
The heathen lands give up their sons.
- 7 Auspicious dawn ! the rising ray  
With joy I view, and hail the day :  
Thou Sun, arise, supremely bright,  
And fill the world with purest light.

## 396

*4 Lines 7's.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,  
Christ the Lord invites you home ;  
With your doubts and fears opprest,  
Come, and he will give you rest.
- 2 Come, ye poor backsliders, too,  
Yet, he cries, there's room for you ;  
You his quick'ning power may feel  
He will your backslidings heal.
- 3 You have griev'd him by your fall ;  
Thieves have robb'd you of your all ;  
Yet the good Physician's nigh—  
Jesus Christ is passing by.
- 4 Come, ye followers of the Lord,  
You who feed upon his word,  
Haste to share immortal joys ;  
Run the race, and win the prize. W.S.&H.B.

## 397

*P. M.*

- 1 **K**ING of Zion, give the order ;  
Send thy light and truth abroad ;  
O let Zion stretch her border !  
Zion, favor'd of her God.
- 2 Thou canst form the zealous preacher ;  
Thou canst life and love impart ;  
Send thy word to every creature ;  
Send it to the sinner's heart.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 3 Send thy truth to every region :  
Let the distant people hear :  
Let them turn from false religion,  
And to truth alone give ear.
- 4 Thou art God—who would not fear thee !  
Who that knows thy glorious power !  
O that all the world may hear thee,  
And be slaves of sin no more.

398

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **O** YE heralds of the Lord,  
Preachers of his blessed ord,  
Like a trumpet, loud and strong,  
Cry aloud, and march along.
- 2 Soldiers, fighting round the cross,  
All things else account but loss ;  
Gird your sword upon your thigh,  
And your every foe defy.
- 3 Take the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,  
Fight the battles of the Lord ;  
Faithfully your weapons wield ;  
Stand your ground and win the field.
- 4 In the name of Christ, your friend,  
With the powers of hell contend ;  
Fight the fight of faith with me ;  
Jesus gives the victory.
- 5 Be thou faithful—hear him cry ;  
In my service fight and die ;  
See in heaven the glorious prize,  
Glitt'ring through the starry skies.
- 6 Soon this glorious war shall cease,  
Then commences lasting peace ;  
We our armour shall lay by,  
Victory shout above the sky.

*Orig.*

# 399

P. M.

1 **N**OW let us cease from mourning,  
And wipe off every tear;  
To Zion we're returning,  
Where we shall soon appear;  
Thousands the Lord is bringing,  
To join our pious band;  
Then let us go with singing,  
To Zion's happy land.

2 The wilderness is dreary,  
Which now we have to tread;  
Yet let us not be weary,  
But trust in Christ our head;  
He'll not permit the lion  
To harm us by the way;  
But bring us safe to Zion,  
Where we shall ever stay.

3 Then let us look to Jesus,  
And let our faith be strong;  
From earth he soon will raise us,  
To join the heavenly throng;  
All sorrow, pain, and sadness,  
Jehovah will destroy,  
And fill our hearts with gladness,  
And crown our heads with joy. W.S.&H.B.

# 400

T. M.

1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!  
The wondrous things foretold  
Of thee in sacred writ,  
With joy our eyes behold!  
Still doth thy arm new trophies wear,  
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head,  
Its silver honours pays;  
To thee the blooming youth  
Devote their brightest days;

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

And every age their tribute bring,  
And bow to thee, all-conqu'ring King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,  
That happy glorious day,  
When souls, like drops of dew,  
Shall own thy heavenly sway;  
O may it bless our longing eyes,  
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Eternal be thy reign!  
Behold the nations sue,  
To bear thy gentle chain:  
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure,  
When earth and time are known no more.

401

C. M.

1 **N**OW Jesus makes his gospel known,  
And thousands hear the sound;  
The latter day begins to dawn,  
And glory shines around.

2 Both to and fro, the lab'ers run,  
And prisoners are releas'd;  
Still may they go forth as the sun,  
And knowledge be increas'd.

3 May sons and daughters prophesy,  
And spread the sacred word,  
Till every nation shall draw nigh,  
And bow before the Lord.

4 Still may the opening glory rise,  
And fill the spacious earth,  
Till all who dwell beneath the skies,  
Enjoy the heavenly birth. W. S. & H. B.

## 402

P. M.

- 1 **L**ET us hail the joyful season ;  
Let us hail the rising ray :  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day.  
At his presence, gloom and darkness fly away.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad :  
Every language, soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 O, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
To our hearts, to hear, each day,  
Joyful news from far, arising,  
How the gospel wins its way !  
Thus enlight'ning, who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand ;  
Let the gospel be victorious  
Thro' the world, in every land ;  
And the idols perish, Lord, at thy command.

## 403

T. M.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus, live:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

4 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back, unbought—  
The gift of Jesus' love:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

5 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
And, sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

**404**

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL Source of Light, arise,  
And chase the darkness from our eyes:  
Scatter the gloom of hellish night,  
And fill the world with heavenly light.

2 Go on, go on, all-conqu'ring Lord,  
Subdue the nations by thy word;  
Make bare thy arm, Almighty God,  
And take the purchase of thy blood.

3 Soon may we see that day arise,  
When all who dwell beneath the skies,  
Thy great salvation shall proclaim,  
And shout the triumphs of thy name. W.S.&H.B.

**405**

L. M.

1 **A**SSEMBL'D at thy great command,  
Before thy face, dread King, we stand!  
The voice that marshall'd every star,  
Has call'd thy people from afar.

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 2 Constrain'd by love to Him who died,  
Thy churches pour th' o'erflowing tide;  
'Midst congregated thousands here,  
In a.l thy heavenly power appear!
- 3 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled;  
Along the line—to either pole—  
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 4 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—  
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart  
The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;  
Recall the wand'ring spirit home:  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious world around.

406

C. M.

- 1 **T**O him who fills th' eternal throne,  
We lift our heart and voice;  
Glad tidings thro' the nations run;  
Let all the world rejoice.
- 2 Lo, satan is cast down from heaven!  
We see his kingdom fall!  
To Christ the Lord all power is given;  
We'll crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Thousands, who once in sin were bound,  
Who worship'd wood and stone,  
Now cast their idols to the ground,  
And worship God alone.
- 4 They sing the great Messiah's name,  
Who peace and pardon brings:  
Soon may the world his truth proclaim,  
And hail him King of kings.      W.S. & H.B.



## 407

S. M.

1 **O** FATHER, hear our prayer,  
And let thy Spirit strive:  
Amidst the years thy arm make bare,  
And thy great work revive.

2 Thy all-commanding voice  
Can make the dead alive—  
Can make believers' hearts rejoice,  
And thy own work revive.

3 Our cause, O Jesus, plead,  
That we in thee may thrive;  
Now with the Father intercede,  
And let thy work revive.

4 Grant preachers, leaders, may  
In faith and patience strive;  
And, with thy people, ever pray,  
O Lord; thy work revive.

## 408

C. M.

1 **T**HOU Lord, who dost in glory reign,  
On us vouchsafe to shine;  
And cleanse our hearts from every stain,  
And consecrate us thine.

2 Help us to pray, and never cease,  
While in this vale of woe;  
As days, and months, and years increase,  
May we in knowledge grow.

3 Now may our happy souls proclaim  
The greatness of thy love;  
And sing the triumphs of thy name,  
With all the hosts above.

4 And when our work below is done,  
May we the crown obtain;  
And shine for ever as the sun,  
And in thy kingdom reign.

## 409

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, to thee we pray;  
Be with us on this solemn day;  
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,  
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 While for this favour'd land we care,  
Be not our love confined here;  
To distant tribes we would proclaim  
The mighty glories of thy name!
- 3 Direct to men of upright mind,  
Devoted, diligent, and kind;  
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,  
And light, to guide them on the road!
- 4 Great let the band of those be found,  
Who shall attend the gospel-sound;  
And let Barbarians, bond and free,  
In suppliant throngs resort to thee!
- 5 Where Pagan altars now are built,  
And brutal blood or human spilt;  
'There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,  
And God, our God, alone rever'd.
- 6 Where captives groan'd beneath their chain,  
Let grace, and love, and concord reign;  
The aged and the infant tongue  
Unite in one harmonious song!

## 410

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE in the mountain of the Lord,  
A feast of gospel grace;  
A table with provisions stor'd,  
For all the human race.
- 2 There every want may be supplied;  
There weary souls may rest;  
The hungry may be satisfied,  
And mourners may be blest,

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

3 Christ bids us now his grace partake,  
He calls the wand'ers home;  
Yet many do excuses make,  
And still refuse to come.

4 He did himself the feast prepare,  
May we his call obey;  
We're bound in duty to be there,  
Then why do we delay.

5 O let us all with one accord,  
To Jesus now draw nigh;  
And flock around the heavenly board,  
And feast with God most high. W. S. & H. B.

411

L. M.

1 **H**HEAD of the church enthron'd on high,  
Yet present with thy flock below;  
Thou dost our every want supply,  
And every gift and grace bestow.

2 Hence patriarchs, priests, and prophets rose,  
Chiefly to Israel's land confin'd;  
Till thou didst in thy flesh disclose  
The light of life for all mankind.

3 Then came the Spirit's promis'd hour,  
And lo! glad heralds bore the news  
Of dying love and rising power,  
To save the Gentiles and the Jews.

4 We, distant followers in their train,  
Would spread the sound from place to place;  
And see, with holy joy, again,  
Thy servants crowd thy throne of grace.

5 O may thy Spirit downward bend,  
And warm each heart with love divine;  
Send whom thou wilt, thy gospel send,  
And call the heathen nations thine.

## 412

C. M.

1 **L**ET thousands, Lord, be sent abroad,  
In answer to our prayer:  
As nothing is too hard for God,  
Thy holy arm make bare.

2 May lab'ers in ten thousands rise,  
And may success be given;  
That all who dwell beneath the skies,  
May know the God of heaven. H. B.

## 413

S. M.

1 **A**S truly as I live, *Num. xiv. 21.*  
(Saith he who reigns above,  
Who doth the mourning soul revive,  
And sheds abroad his love,)

2 To spread the living word,  
My heralds shall go forth,  
Until the glory of the Lord  
Shall fill the spacious earth. H. B.

## 414

L. M.

1 **G**REAT was the day—the joy was great,  
When Jesus Christ's disciples met;  
And on them all the Spirit came,  
And each one saw the tongues of flame.

2 What wisdom, and what gifts he gave,  
And power to kill, and power to save!  
Furnish'd their tongues with powerful words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent his champions forth,  
From east to west, from south to north;  
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;  
'Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are!  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low!

*On the Spread of the Gospel.*

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

415

C. M.

1 **M**OST holy Lord, we bless thy name,  
And triumph in thy grace;  
May we thy sacred truth proclaim  
To all the fallen race.

2 May we hold up where'er we go,  
The standard of the cross;  
And tell to all the world below,  
What thou hast done for us.

3 And while we all thy truth proclaim,  
Thy Holy Spirit give;  
Display the virtue of thy name,  
And bid the sinner live. W. S. & H. B

416

P. M.

1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace;  
Blessed jubilee, let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,  
Let the rude Barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
Let the gospel, wide resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Let them have the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption, freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer; never cease;  
May thy lasting wide dominions  
Multiply, and still increase;  
Sway thy sceptre, Saviour, all the world around.

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LOVEFEAST.

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417

L. M.

- 1 **B**E present at our lovefeast, Lord,  
And feed us richly with thy word;  
O may we taste the joys above,  
And have, indeed, a feast of love.
- 2 Now, Lord, the living faith impart,  
And enter every waiting heart;  
Then shall we thy salvation prove,  
And fully taste the feast of love.
- 3 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And visit all thy praying host;  
That we, with all thy saints above,  
May share the feast of heavenly love.

H. B. & W. S.

418

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **C**OME. and let us sweetly join,  
Christ to praise in hymns divine!  
Give we all with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord.
- 2 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above;  
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 3 Strive we, in affection strive;  
Let the purer flame revive;  
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,  
Dying champions for their God.

- 4 We, like them, may live and love;  
Call'd, we are, their joys to prove;  
Sav'd with them from future wrath;  
Partners of like precious faith.

W.

## 419

L. M.

- 1 **O** MAY the Holy and the High,  
Unto his children now draw nigh;  
And graciously supply their wants,  
And make them like the olive plants.

- 2 O may his children humbly rise,  
And speak of him who fills the skies,  
His saving grace and truth proclaim,  
And show the wonders of his name.

- 3 'Tis he who saves our souls from death,  
And purifies our hearts by faith;  
'Tis he prepares the feast of love,  
And lo! we share the joys above.

H. B.

## 420

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Jesus, in our midst appear,  
And manifest thy glory here;  
On us thy Holy Spirit shed,  
And feed our souls with living bread.

- 2 Let all thou hast to us be given,  
And bring us all, at last, to heaven;  
Where we shall share in realms above,  
An everlasting feast of love. W. S. & H. B.

421

C. M.

1 **S**PRINKLE our hearts, O Lord, this hour,  
 And make thy goodness known;  
 On us thy Holy Spirit pour,  
 And make us all thy own.

2 Fulfil, fulfil th' enlarg'd desire  
 Of all thy praying host;  
 Baptize us now with heavenly fire,  
 Ev'n with the Holy Ghost. H. B.

422

C. M.

1 **W**E read in thy most holy word,  
 That grace for all is free;  
 And that our children, gracious Lord,  
 Must all be brought to thee.

2 Submissive to thy great command,  
 We now approach thy throne;  
 Receive this infant at our hand,  
 And seal *him* for thy own.

3 'While we baptize *him* in thy name,'  
 O crown *him* with thy love;  
 Let grace descend thro' all *his* frame;  
 Baptize *him* from above.

4 As olive plants, both green and fair,  
 May all our children be;  
 But let them not become a snare,  
 To draw our hearts from thee. H.B.&W.S.



423

L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS child we now present to thee ;  
O take *him*, Saviour, in thy hands :  
Baptize *his* soul, and grant that we  
May train *him* up in thy commands.
- 2 Unless the Holy Ghost be given,  
Ah ! what avails the outward sign ?  
But if we are baptiz'd from heaven,  
'Twill make us holy and divine.
- 3 Send down, O Lord, a gracious shower,  
And sprinkle every waiting soul ;  
Daily on us thy Spirit pour ;  
Baptize, and sanctify the whole. H. B.

424

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, behold, we bring to thee,  
Our helpless infant race :  
Receive them in thine arms of love,  
And bless them with thy grace.
- 2 O wash them in thy precious blood ;  
Show all their sins forgiven ;  
And may thy Spirit sanctify,  
And seal these heirs of heaven.
- 3 And may they, Lord, endu'd with grace,  
'Triumphantly proclaim,  
We conquer'd sin, and death, and hell,  
Through faith in thy great name.

425

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS infant, Lord, we now baptize  
In thy most holy name ;  
Increase, O Lord, the parents' joys,  
And fan the heavenly flame.
- 2 Without thy aid, this gracious hour,  
Vain is the outward sign ;  
But, if thou dost thy Spirit pour,  
'Twill make us all divine.

*The Lord's Supper.*

- 3 Send down, O Lord, the teeming shower,  
On all who here agree;  
On us thy Holy Spirit pour,  
Baptize us into thee.

H. B.

426

L. M.

- 1 **F**ULFIL, O God, thy promis'd word,  
Baptize and cleanse us from all sin;  
Clean water sprinkle on us, Lord,  
And bring thy heavenly nature in.

- 2 This infant\* now to thee we give;  
Baptize *him* with the Holy Ghost,  
That *he* in thee may ever live,  
And all *he* is, in thee be lost.

- 3 While we on *him* this water shower,  
Confirm and own the outward sign;  
Thy Holy Spirit on *him* pour;  
Baptize *his* soul, and seal *him* thine.

H.B

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

427

C. M.

- 1 **W**E now approach thy table, Lord;  
O bless the bread and wine,  
And feed us richly with thy word,  
And consecrate us thine.

- 2 Thy meek example may we learn,  
And feast on heavenly food;  
And may we now, by faith, discern  
Thy body and thy blood.

H. B.

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\* Person, if he be grown up. Also, *she, her, &c.*, if a female.

428

C. M.

1 **T**HY flesh, O Lord, is meat indeed,  
For us so freely given ;  
May we by faith on Jesus feed,  
And taste the bread of heaven.

2 His sacred body, once for all,  
A sacrifice he gave ;  
He drank the wormwood and the gall,  
Our precious souls to save.

3 The Lamb of God for us did bleed,  
And bow'd his sacred head ;  
His precious blood is drink indeed,  
For us so freely shed.

H. B.

429

L. M.

1 **W**E thy last supper can't forget,  
Thou sinners' friend, thou Son of God ;  
And now, O Lord, by faith, we're met,  
To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood.

2 With thee we now desire to sup ;  
O visit us, great One in Three ;  
Break thou the bread and give the cup,  
And may we eat and drink with thee.

3 We now are waiting to receive  
The bread of life sent down from heaven ;  
Help us thy promise to believe,  
And all thou hast will then be given.

4 And when our work is finish'd here,  
We hope to feast with thee above ;  
And live and reign for ever there,  
In the enjoyment of thy love. W. S. & H. B.

ON THE NATIVITY.

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430

6 Lines 10's.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy  
morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, 'Behold!  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
To you, and all the nations upon earth;  
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word;  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 3 In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find  
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind;  
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe divine  
Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.'  
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.
- 4 The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
The heaven's whole orb with halleluias rung;  
God's highest glory was their anthem still;  
Peace upon earth, and mutual good-will;  
To Bethlehem th' enlighten'd shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
- 5 And found with Joseph, and the blessed maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amaz'd, the wondrous story they proclaim—  
The first apostles of his infant fame;  
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,  
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.

# 431

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **H**ARK! what sounds salute our ears,  
Christ the Lord at length appears;  
Unto us a Son is given:  
Angels bring the news from heaven.
- 2 Come, ye saints, arise and sing,  
Glory to our God and King!  
Unto us a child is born;  
Zion is no more forlorn.
- 3 Who are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob's rising star?  
Lo, they gather like a cloud;  
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.
- 4 Strangers there to Zion come,  
There to seek a peaceful home.  
Zion wonders at the sight;  
Zion feels a strong delight.

# 432

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our heart and voice,  
To him who reigns above;  
Now in glad songs of praise rejoice,  
And shout redeeming love.
- 2 Now may we cease to weep and mourn;  
Good news is come from heaven;  
Behold! to us a child is born,  
To us a Son is given.
- 3 On him the government shall rest;  
His greatness we'll extol;  
High over all for ever blest,  
His name is Wonderful.
- 4 In him what excellencies shine;  
We now his glory see;  
He is the Counsellor divine,  
The mighty God is he.

5 He is our Father and our Friend—  
The Prince of life and peace ;  
And since his mercy knows no end,  
His praise shall never cease. W. S. & H. B.

433

C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promis'd long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire :  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In satan's bondage held :  
The gates of brass before him burst—  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray ;  
And on the eyes opprest with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring,  
With thy beloved name.

D.

434

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **H**ARK, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King ;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.

*On the Resurrection, &c. of Christ.*

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
  - 3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd ;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;  
Late in time behold him come,  
Offspring of the virgin's womb.
  - 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;  
Hail ! th' incarnate Deity !  
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear ;  
Jesus, our Emanuel, here.
  - 5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace ;  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness ;  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing in his wings.
  - 6 Mild he lays his glory by ;  
Born, that man no more may die ;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born, to give them second birth.
- 

ON THE RESURRECTION, &c. OF CHRIST.

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435

L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
**H** Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around :  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
On the dear bosom of your God ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you :  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!  
The Lord of glory dies for man!  
But, lo! what sudden joys I see!  
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;  
Up to his Father's court he flies;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him 'Welcome to the skies.'
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing,—how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 Say,—'Live for ever, wond'rous King!  
'Born to redeem and strong to save!'  
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?  
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

436

C. M.

I. W.

- 1 **T**HE Sun of Righteousness appears  
To set in blood no more!  
Adore the scatterer of your fears,  
Your rising God adore!
- 2 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Forbid an early rise,  
To him who breaks the gates of hell,  
And opens paradise.
- 3 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,  
Did not their eyes uncloze;  
But soon he burst the bands of death,  
And then the dead arose.

437

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is ris'n indeed!  
And are the tidings true?  
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
And saw him living too.



2 The Lord is ris'n indeed!

Then is his work perform'd:  
The captive surety now is freed,  
And death our foe disarm'd.

3 The Lord is ris'n indeed!

He lives, to die no more;  
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame he bore.

4 Then swell your triumphs higher—  
Praise him, by all ador'd;  
And join the bright celestial choir,  
To sing our ris'n Lord.

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OPENINGS, ANNIVERSARIES, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, &c.

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438

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

1 **E**XCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed:  
We spend our wretched strength for nought,  
But if our works in thee be wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire  
Our souls with this intense desire,  
Thy goodness to proclaim—  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O let our deed begin and end  
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for thy will:  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up thy rising church, and place  
The city on the hill.

- 4 O let our faith and love abound,  
O let our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine :  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,  
The heavenly Light divine!

W.

## 439

C. M.

- 1 COME, Saviour, and our souls inspire,  
To feel how good thou art :  
Send down a flame of heavenly fire,  
To cheer each waiting heart.
- 2 Great Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy glories now display ;  
As thou hast giv'n a place of pray'r,  
Lord, give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled spirit ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 The feeling heart—the streaming eye—  
The humbled mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
And make our graces grow.
- 6 Lord, send thy gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace ;  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

## 440

S. M.

- 1 GREAT everlasting King,  
Thou source of light and love,  
Whom saints and angels join to sing,  
In shining worlds above.

2 We're met with one accord,  
In thy great name alone;  
Look down upon us, gracious Lord,  
From thy eternal throne.

3 While at thy feet we bend,  
Do thou thyself appear;  
And let the heavenly fire descend  
On all assembled here.

4 Help us to worship thee,  
In this thy house of prayer;  
And grant, Almighty God, that we  
May all thy fulness share.

5 May sinners now be bless'd  
With pardon, peace, and love;  
And find with us thy heavenly rest,  
And share the joys above. W.S. & H.B.

## 441

*4 Lines 7's.*

1 "GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"  
Zion's children cry aloud:  
See their numbers how they swell!  
How they gather like a cloud!

2 O how bright the morning seems!  
Brighter, from so dark a night:  
Zion is like one that dreams—  
Fill'd with wonder and delight.

3 Zion, now arise and shine;  
Lo! thy light from heaven is come!  
These that crowd from far are thine;  
Give thy sons and daughters room.

4 Lo! thy sun goes down no more;  
God himself shall be thy light;  
All that caus'd thee grief before,  
Bury'd lies in endless night.

## 442

L. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, great God, in songs of praise,  
Our hearts and voices now we raise;  
And while we bow before thy face,  
Descend, and consecrate the place.
- 2 And while we preach, and while we pray,  
Thy all-victorious power display;  
Thy Spirit with thy word impart,  
And enter every waiting heart.
- 3 Now in this place thy work revive,  
And may the dead be made alive;  
May every captive soul be free,  
And find eternal life in thee.
- 4 Now, Lord, pour eye-sight on the blind;  
May all who mourn, true comfort find,  
And know and feel their sins forgiven,  
And find in thee the way to heaven.
- 5 While now to thee our wishes rise,  
Accept our grateful sacrifice;  
Our labours with thy blessings crown,  
And let the heavenly fire come down. W.S.&H.B.

## 443

L. M.

- 1 **T**HESE walls we to thy honour raise,  
Long may they echo to thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train;  
While power divine his word attends,  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 3 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.

444

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, we fall before thy face,  
And worship at the throne of grace;  
Our humble thanks to thee we give,  
That still we do in bodies live.
- 2 Accept our thanks, Almighty God,  
For mercies which thou hast bestow'd;  
Thy blessings are in number more  
Than sands upon the ocean's shore.
- 3 Thy mercies, Lord, again repeat,  
While here we worship at thy feet;  
O let thy house be fill'd with thee,  
And may we now thy glory see.
- 4 Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly crave,  
Since thou hast bid us ask, and have;  
Let faith increase, let love abound,  
And shed thy glory all around. W. S. & H. B

445

T. M.

- 1 **T**HIS house which we have rais'd,  
Be sacred to thy cause;  
Here may thy mandates sound,  
And we obey thy laws;  
Do thou descend, and fill the place  
With all the fulness of thy grace.
- 2 When prayer ascends thy throne,  
Thy ear in mercy lend,  
And to thy humble poor,  
The heavenly manna send;  
O may we feed beneath that rock  
Where Christ, the Shepherd, feeds his flock.
- 3 Here conqu'ring on his throne,  
May our Redeemer reign;  
And with his glitt'ring sword,  
The holy truth maintain;  
Till all mankind obey his word,  
And own him their triumphant Lord.

- 4 And when the trump of God  
Shall shake the earth and skies,  
And with dread awe proclaim,  
‘Ye waiting dead, arise!’  
May thousands born for glory here,  
With joy before the Judge appear.

## 446

C. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of old hosannas sung,  
To praise the Saviour’s name;  
We too would join our infant song,  
To celebrate his fame.
- 2 We bless the Lord for all his gifts,  
For life, for food, and friends;  
We bless him for the word of life—  
The choicest gift he sends.
- 3 God’s sacred word we learn to know,  
Where heav’nly wisdom lies;  
Here too are kind instructions giv’n,  
That teach us to be wise.
- 4 We bless his name that we are taught  
To keep his sacred day,  
And that we thus are brought to join  
With those who praise and pray.
- 5 O may we prize these favours well,  
Nor let them be in vain;  
Teach babes and sucklings, Lord, to raise  
Their songs to thee again.

## 447

T. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above!  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
(Thy earthly temples) are!  
To thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires, to see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray,  
Where God delights to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
There constant service there!  
They praise thee still, and happy they  
Who love the way to Sion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Thro' this dark vale of tears,  
Till each o'ercomes at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat! Thou God, our King,  
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield;  
Our light and our defence;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence:  
He shall bestow upon our race,  
His saving grace and glory too.

I. W.

448

S. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who reign'st above,  
Thine influence now impart;  
Grant to our friends thy special love;  
To us, a grateful heart.
- 2 Descend, O God of love,  
And bless our king's design;  
Send thy good Spirit from above,  
And make these children thine.
- 3 O what a vast delight,  
Their happiness to see;  
Our warmest wishes all unite  
To lead their souls to thee.

## 449

T. M.

1 **T**HE wish'd-for time is come,  
To God our hearts we raise,  
The top-stone is brought home,  
With shouts of humble praise ;  
Now in the house of God we meet,  
And crowd around the Saviour's feet.

2 We worship the Three-One,  
Who life and power imparts ;  
'Tis heaven on earth begun,  
To feel him in our hearts.

In songs of praise to him we'll join,  
Since all his favours are divine.

3 Our tribute, lo ! we bring,  
To God who rules the skies ;  
Now may th' eternal King  
Accept our sacrifice ;

And here display his saving power,  
Till sin shall fall, to rise no more.

*Orig.*

## 450

L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL Lord of earth and heaven,  
By whom each perfect gift is given,  
We would our humble tribute bring,  
And grateful halleluias sing.

2 To thee we look, who fill'st the skies,  
From thee our expectations rise ;  
Make now to us thy goodness known,  
And let our prayers ascend thy throne.

3 O let thy grace direct our youth,  
Impress on all our hearts thy truth :  
From snares of sin preserve us free,  
To love, adore, and honour thee.

4 O smile on those, whose liberal care,  
Provides for our instruction here ;  
And let our conduct ever prove,  
We're grateful for their generous love.



# 451

T. M.

1 **C**OME, let our voices join,  
In songs of richest praise;  
For favors so divine,  
Our grateful notes we raise;  
To God alone the pow'r belongs,  
His love demands our noblest songs.

2 When wand'ring far astray,  
In paths of vice and sin,  
You kindly pointed out  
The danger we were in;  
Behold, great God! our infant race,  
Lift up the voice of humble praise.

3 Now we are taught to read  
The book of life divine,  
Where our Redeemer's love  
In brightest glories shine;  
We sing the mercies thou hast shewn,  
The love reveal'd thro' Christ thy Son.

4 For favours such as these,  
Our grateful thanks receive;  
Lord, here accept our hearts,  
'Tis all that we can give!  
Great God, accept our infant songs,  
To thee alone the praise belongs.

# 452

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

1 **O** THOU whose grandeur fills the skies  
Beyond where human thought can rise  
Or angel minds can soar:  
Before thy glorious throne we bow;  
Almighty Lord, assist us now,  
Thy goodness to adore.

- 2 We thank thee for thy mighty grace;  
Thy Providence hath rais'd this place,  
Where we on thee may call;  
The whole creation's full of thee,  
In all thy works, thy hand we see—  
Our light, our life, our ail.
- 3 Accept our humble tribute, Lord,  
And feed us richly with thy word,  
And all our wants supply;  
This house, these hearts, to thee we give,  
O may we to thy glory live,  
And in thy favour die.
- 4 May faithful ministers of thine,  
Endued with power and love divine,  
Continue to proclaim  
The riches of thy heavenly grace,  
To multitudes within this place,  
And cry, 'Behold the Lamb.'
- Original*

## 453

T. M.

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains,  
The King of Glory praise:  
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,  
Thro' everlasting days;  
He, with a nod, the world controuls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,  
His throne of grace divine;  
Wide is his bounty known,  
And wide his glories shine;  
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of Glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy home,  
This people as thy own:  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,  
How God can dwell with men below.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

- 4 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise,  
And shine like polish'd stones,  
Through long succeeding days:  
Here, Lord, display thy saving pow'r,  
While temples stand, and men adore.

[N. B. There are a variety of other hymns, both in this and in the small Hymn Book, which are suitable to these occasions. And the system of printing hymns at such times, should be generally avoided; as, by its expense, it frequently injures the charity.]

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MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

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454

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us use the grace divine,  
And all with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves, thro' Jesus' pow'r,  
His name to glorify:  
And promise, in this sacred hour,  
For God to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make,  
Be ever kept in mind:  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow:  
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,  
Come down and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Let all our hearts receive!  
Present with the celestial host,  
The peaceful answer give!

- 6 To each the covenant-blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day!

W.

## 455

C. M.

- 1 **O**NE thing, O Lord, do I require;  
One thing I ask of thee;  
Grant me, O God, this one desire—  
O give thyself to me.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I long to dwell,  
While I remain below;  
That I may of thy goodness tell,  
And in thine image grow.
- 3 I want to rest in thine embrace,  
To share immortal joys,  
And evermore behold thy face,  
With rapture and surprise.
- 4 Then in thy temple I'll enquire  
The secrets of thy will;  
My soul would after thee aspire,  
And all thy law fulfil.

W. S. & H. B.

## 456

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **O** RIGHTEOUS Father, Lord of all,  
When parents for their children call,  
Bow down a gracious ear;  
Regard, O Lord, our infant charge,  
And all our tender hearts enlarge,  
And fill us with thy fear.
- 2 May we as in thy presence walk,  
And with our children daily talk,  
And tell them of thy name:  
That they in righteousness may grow,  
And perfect holiness below,  
And all thy truth proclaim.

- 3 Fill all their hearts with living faith,  
And guide them in the perfect path,  
That leads to realms on high;  
May wisdom crown their rising years,  
While passing through this vale of tears,  
To joys that never die. H. B.

457

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace!  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

458

6 Lines 8's.—Part First.

- 1 **L**O! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel his pow'r,  
And silent bow before his face!  
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,  
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.
- 2 Lo! God is here! Him day and night  
Th' united choirs of angels sing;  
To him enthron'd above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;  
To thee, our will, soul, flesh, we give:  
O take, O seal them for thine own!  
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;  
Be thou by all thy works ador'd. w.

459

6 Lines 8's.—Part Second.

- 1 **B**EING of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;  
To thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless accepted sacrifice.
- 2 In thee we move:—all things of thee  
Are full, thou source of life of all;  
Thou vast, unfathomable sea!  
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,  
Ye sons of men; for God is man!)  
All may we lose, so thee we gain.

- 3 As flow'rs their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch thy every ray,  
So may thy influence us inspire;  
Thou beam of the eternal beam!  
Thou purging fire, thou quick'ning flame! w.

460

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET eastern tribes their offerings bring;  
'Twas there the pious men  
Prepar'd to visit Christ their King,  
When they his star had seen.
- 2 Through dreary deserts, lo, they pass'd,  
They journey'd from afar;  
Till Bethlehem they reach'd at last,  
Led by the heavenly star.
- 3 These first-fruits of the Gentile race,  
Did their rich offerings bring;  
They bow'd before the Saviour's face,  
They crown'd their infant, King.
- 4 Now Christ on us as well as them,  
Sheds forth his heavenly rays;  
We'll crown the Star of Bethlehem,  
And give him thanks and praise. H.B. & W.S.

461

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove;  
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints, we go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him!  
And nothing know beside—  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his belov'd embrace;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart;  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death, can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore;  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more!

W.

## 462

C. M.

1 **H**OW precious is thy word, O Lord,  
To our believing hearts;  
Comfort and peace it doth afford,  
And life and power imparts.

2 Our friend, our dear companion, this,  
When earthly comforts cease;  
Pointing the way to endless bless,  
To perfect joy and peace.

3 Therefore whate'er thou dost command,  
Let us in faith fulfil;  
For blest are they that understand,  
And do thy righteous will. *W. Howcroft.*

## 463

C. M.

1 **T**HRO' thee we now together came,  
In singleness of heart;  
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,  
And in thy name we part.



- 2 We part in body, not in mind;  
Our minds continue one;  
And each to each in Jesus join'd,  
We hand in hand go on.

W.

## 464

C. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, and sisters, we must part;  
With you I'd gladly stay;  
But precious souls lie near my heart,  
And I am call'd away.

- 2 I'm call'd to spread the Saviour's grace:  
And when I hence remove,  
Another may supply my place,  
Who may more useful prove.

- 3 Tho' sorrow may each heart o'erflow,  
To God I all resign;  
No matter where I'm call'd to go,  
So long as Christ is mine.

- 4 We may each other's burden bear,  
Tho' we are call'd to part;  
When absent we in body are,  
May we be one in heart.

- 5 May we be found at Jesus' feet,  
Till our reward is given;  
And if no more on earth we meet,  
O may we meet in heaven. W. S. & H. B.

## 465

C. M.

- 1 **I**N Jesus Christ together we  
In heavenly places sit;  
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see  
The moon beneath our feet.

- 2 Our life is hid with Christ in God—  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And shed his glory all abroad,  
In all his members here.

3 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a vile house of clay;  
But he shall to the utmost save,  
And keep us to that day.

4 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall surely stand  
With him on Zion's hill!

5 Him eye to eye we there shall see;  
Our face like his shall shine;  
O what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

6 O what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white array'd,  
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,  
And crowns upon our head.

w.

## 466

L. M.

1 **M**OSES, the man of meek report,  
Forsook the grandeurs of a court,  
Lightly esteem'd an earthly crown,  
With all its pomp, and its renown.

2 Riches and honour, wealth and fame,  
A monarch's crown, and monarch's name.  
He did esteem as toys, compar'd  
With virtue's great and rich reward.

3 Faith, blessed principle divine,  
In all its lustre, here did shine;  
Grace did his humble heart inspire,  
And quell'd each earthly vain desire.

4 This living faith to me be given;  
(Sure pledge and earnest of my heaven;)  
'Twill make me glorious all within,  
And conquer earth, and hell, and sin.

- 5 Then shall I suffer and fulfil  
My heavenly Father's righteous will;  
Nor ever murmur or complain,  
But smile at toil, and grief, and pain.

467

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair;  
Inseparably join'd in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

- 2 Jesus, the Corner-Stone,  
Did first our hearts unite,  
And still he keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with him in white.

- 3 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below;  
And following our triumphant Head,  
To farther conquests go.

- 4 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before his labourers lies;  
And, lo! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

W.

468

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of thy sheep,  
To thee for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep!  
For, oh! the wolf is nigh!

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay:  
He seizes every straggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.

- 3 Us into thy protection take,  
And gather with thy arm!  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,  
While by our Shepherd's side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live—  
Together let us die!  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

W.

469

L. M.

1 **B**LESS us, O Lord, before we part,  
And write thy law in every heart,  
Unite the branches to the Vine,  
And make us altogether thine.

2 When at a distance from this place,  
Keep and support us by thy grace;  
And may we every moment bear  
Each other up, by faith and prayer.

3 As we in membership are join'd,  
O keep us one in heart and mind;  
Tho' satan strive to make us twain,  
Still one in Christ may we remain. W.S. & H.B.

470

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

1 **S**UPPLY, O Lord, our children's wants,  
And may they, like the olive plants,  
Around thy table stand;  
That they in righteousness may grow,  
And perfect holiness below,  
Upheld by thy right hand.

- 2 Pour out the Spirit of thy grace,  
Endue their hearts with righteousness,  
And cause their lives to shine;  
Make them obedient, meek, and mild,  
And holy, harmless, undefil'd,  
And full of love divine.

H. B.

## 471

C. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise his love,  
And glorify his name.

- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end;  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!  
The King is now our Friend!

- 3 We, for his sake, count all things loss;  
On earthly good look down;  
And joyfully sustain the cross,  
Till we receive the crown.

- 4 O let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works t' approve,  
By holy, purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love.

W.

## 472

L. M.

- 1 **A**T times we find it hard to part,  
And sorrow seems to fill each heart;  
But may we in thy footsteps run,  
And ever say, 'Thy will be done.'

- 2 We soon shall reach the realms of day:  
Our tears will then be wip'd away;  
And when we reach the heavenly shore,  
All pain and parting will be o'er. W. S. & H. B.

# 473

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **D**AYS and years are rolling on;  
Time with us will soon be gone;  
Death is stalking through the land;  
Thousands fall beneath his hand.
- 2 Many of our friends are dead;  
They from earth to heaven are fled;  
There they taste the joys unknown;  
Here we in the bodies groan.
- 3 They the crown of glory wear;  
We the cross awhile must bear;  
They have reach'd the realms of day;  
We are on the heavenly way.
- 4 They are gone awhile before;  
We shall soon the stream pass o'er;  
We our friends again shall join,  
In the realms of bliss divine.
- 5 When we reach that happy place,  
We shall see each other's face;  
All our conflicts will be o'er,  
We shall live to die no more.      W.S. & H. B.

# 474

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
In concert with the blest;  
Who joyful in harmonious lays,  
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was display'd,  
By God, th' eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.
- 3 He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief and pain extreme;  
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,  
'Twas greater to redeem.      S. W.

475

L. M.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye heralds, and proclaim  
The wonders of the Saviour's name ;  
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,  
And bid the captives now be free.
- 2 Go, spread the victory of the cross,  
And reckon all things else but loss ;  
Waft the glad sound from sea to sea,  
And bid the captives now be free.
- 3 Go tell poor sinners Jesus died,  
And they may all be justified ;  
Show what he purchas'd on the tree,  
And bid the captives now be free.
- 4 Make known the gospel news around,  
That all may know the joyful sound ;  
Sound,—sound the trump of jubilee,  
And bid the captives now be free. W. S.

476

S. M.

- 1 **U**NTO our children, Lord,  
Thy praises we'll make known,  
That they may treasure up thy word,  
And bow before thy throne.
- 2 Their spirit steadfast make,  
With thee their heavenly guide ;  
And keep their souls for Jesus sake,  
And cleanse their hearts from pride.
- 3 Richly supply their wants,  
While they remain below,  
And may they, like the olive plants,  
With heavenly oil o'erflow. H. B.

477

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus Christ resign'd his breath,  
A guilty world to save ;  
He quickly burst the bonds of death,  
And triumph'd o'er the grave.

- 2 Tho' once, for all he bow'd his head,  
He conquer'd when he fell;  
And at his death he captive led  
The powers of death and hell.
- 3 He now his blessing doth reveal,  
And all his fullness shower;  
The dead in sins may know and feel  
His resurrection's power.
- 4 The heart of stone his love can break;  
He, life and strength can give;  
O that he would in mercy speak,  
And bid the sinner live. W. S. & H. B.

473

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye sons of men—  
He revives his work again;  
All around his truth proclaim,  
Shout the triumphs of his name.
- 2 Many who were far from God,  
Now are wash'd in Jesus' blood:  
He hath pluck'd them from the flame;  
Glory, glory, to his name.
- 3 Still go on, ye saints of God;  
Spread his mighty name abroad;  
Go, and call the wanderers home,  
Christ invites them all to come.
- 4 Servants of the heavenly King,  
Join with us his praise to sing;  
Fight the battles of the Lord;  
Soon you'll reap a full reward. W. S. & H. B.

479

T. M.

- 1 A GAIN, thou sinners' Friend,  
We in thy house appear;  
Before thy throne we bend,  
O make us all sincere.  
Thou hast commanded us to pray.  
And we thy gracious call obey.



- 2 Accept our sacrifice,  
And fill each heart with love;  
Let our petitions rise  
Before the throne above;  
And while to thee our hearts aspire,  
Baptize us all with heavenly fire. W. S.

## 480

4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, maintain thy sovereign sway,  
Till all mankind thy truth obey,  
And praise thy glorious name:  
Open their eyes, unloose their bands,  
And may they all be pluck'd, as brands,  
From the devouring flame.
- 2 Go on, thou all-victorious Lord,  
Subdue the nations by thy word,  
And speak their sins forgiven:  
In every heart do thou reside,  
And let thy name be glorified,  
By all in earth and heaven. W. S.

## 481

L. M.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone,  
Lies a fair type of Babylon.  
Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,  
God will avenge your long complaints.
- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,  
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:  
'Thus terribly shall Babel fall,  
'Thus, and no more be found at all.' I. W.

## 482

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN shall I quit this vale of woe,  
And fly to Jesus' breast?  
I thirst, I faint, I long to go,  
To my eternal rest.

2 O when shall I his fullness share,  
And gain that heavenly place?  
By faith I seem already there,  
And wait to see his face.

3 To earthly toys I cannot stoop,  
But scale the mount above;  
My happy soul is swallow'd up  
In the Redeemer's love.

4 My thoughts are carried far away,  
From transitory things;  
I soar to realms of endless day,  
On faith's triumphant wings.      W.S. & H.B.

## 483

C. M.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheering beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw—and, O! amazing love!  
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for such love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues,  
The Saviour's praises speak.      I. W.

## 484

C. M.

1 **E**RE long, the trump of God shall sound,  
And time shall have an end;  
The Judge of all, with glory crown'd,  
Shall with a shout descend.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

- 2 The end of all things is at hand;  
I see them all decay;  
The rolling seas and solid land,  
Like lightning pass away!
- 3 The trumpet wakes the sleeping dead!  
God's awful voice they hear;  
With shouting, some—and some with dread,  
Before the Judge appear.
- 4 Jesus, may I on that great day,  
In thy blest image shine;  
And let creation pass away,  
If I but call thee mine. W. S. & H. B.

485

T. M.

- 1 **M**Y life's a shade, my days  
Apace to death decline;  
But Christ my dust shall raise,  
And I with him shall shine.  
Sweet truth to me; I shall arise,  
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 2 Why is my trembling heart  
So much afraid of death?  
My life and I shan't part,  
When I resign my breath. Sweet, &c.
- 3 The grave my dust shall keep,  
Until the judgment day;  
I then shall wake from sleep,  
And soar from earth away. Sweet, &c.
- 4 That day will soon be here,  
When Christ the Judge will come;  
He will with clouds appear,  
And take his followers home. Sweet, &c.

486

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **L**ED by the God of truth and grace,  
We seek a glorious happy place,  
That lies beyond the tomb;

A place where sorrows flee away,  
Where beauty never shall decay—  
Where we shall ever bloom.

2 The day is follow'd here by night,  
But in that happy world of light,  
Darkness can ne'er be found;  
The Lamb, who was on Calvary slain,  
Illumines all the heavenly plain,  
And sheds his beams around.

3 He sits enthron'd in glory bright;  
Ten thousand saints array'd in white,  
His mighty name adore;  
They tune their golden harps, and cry,  
'All glory be to God on high,  
Who lives for evermore!'

4 When with that glory we compare,  
The sufferings which on earth we bear,  
How light they all appear!  
With Canaan's happy land in view,  
Our heavenly journey we'll pursue,  
And cast off every fear. W.S. & H.B.

487

C. M.

1 **F**AREWELL, dear friend, a long farewell,  
For we shall meet no more,  
Till we are rais'd with Christ to dwell,  
On Zion's happy shore.

2 Our friend and sister, lo! is dead!  
The cold and lifeless clay  
Hath made in dust its silent bed,  
And there it must decay.

3 But is she dead?—no, no, she lives!  
Her happy spirit flies  
To heaven above; and there receives  
The long expected prize.

- 4 Methinks I see her joyful stand  
Before the God of heaven;  
He smiles,—she enters Zion's land,  
And her reward is given.
- 5 In robes of innocence and love  
Her virgin soul is drest;  
And all the angel hosts above,  
Rejoice to see her blest.
- 6 Then let us dry our mournful tears,  
From gloomy grief refrain;  
In heaven our sister now appears,  
And shall for ever reign.
- 7 A little while and we shall go  
To yonder happy skies;  
And join our friend we lov'd below,  
In everlasting joys.
- 8 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell,  
Soon we shall rise to thee;  
And when we meet, no tongue can tell  
How great our joys shall be.

488

C. M.

- 1 **A**S pilgrims in this vale of woe,  
We seek a heavenly rest;  
Jesus will soon the heavens bow,  
And take us to his breast.
- 2 Though in a dreary desert land,  
We have a faithful Guide,  
Who gently leads us by the hand—  
In Jesus we confide.
- 3 He gives us strength to run our race,  
And conquers all our foes;  
Still may we trust him for his grace,  
Tho' earth and hell oppose.
- 4 We soon shall mount the lofty skies,  
And gain the peaceful shore;  
Where we shall taste immortal joys,  
And live, to die no more.      W. S. & H. B.

## 489

C. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my Christian friends, farewell ;  
Though call'd awhile to part,  
May we, by faith, in Jesus dwell,  
And still be one in heart.
- 2 Though we be separated here,  
Our journey we'll pursue ;  
Remember us in humble prayer,  
And we'll remember you.
- 3 Our happiness will be complete  
When we with Jesus reign ;  
O may we all in glory meet,  
And never part again.
- 4 Then let us haste to realms above ;  
Soon we shall reach the shore,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
Where parting is no more. W. S. & H. B.

## 490

C. M.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,  
In everlasting day ;  
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,  
But Jesus is the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame,  
Hear and obey his word ;  
Then let us triumph in his name,—  
Our Saviour is the Lord. N.

## 491

L. M.

- 1 **T**O God our daily thanks we owe  
For all the blessings we enjoy ;  
Let gratitude our hearts o'erflow,  
And prayer and praise our tongues employ.

- 2 He still upholds us by his power:  
His wondrous, his supporting hand,  
Hath kept us to the present hour,  
And here we in his presence stand.
- 3 We are the monuments of grace,  
The objects of his tender care;  
A feeble but a blood-bought race;  
His dying love we all may share.
- 4 O may we live by faith below,  
And daily trust him for his grace;  
And still in love and knowledge grow,  
Till we in glory see his face. W. S. & H. B.

492

S. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith we humbly trace  
The way which Jesus trod:  
With joy we'll run our heavenly race,  
And ever look to God.
- 2 How pleasant is the path,  
And yet how thorny too!  
It leads to heaven, it leads from wrath,  
And brings the crown in view.
- 3 While we on earth remain,  
At times we're much oppress'd;  
But when that happy world we gain,  
We shall be ever blest.
- 4 No sorrows will be there,  
Our comfort to destroy:  
Our God will wipe off every tear,  
And fill our hearts with joy.
- 5 We soon to heaven shall come,  
If we but watch and pray;  
Thousands are now arriv'd at home,  
And we are on the way. W. S. & H. B.

# 493

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a sinner at thy feet,  
Opprest with grief and care;  
I bow before thy mercy-seat,  
And lift my heart in prayer.
- 2 To thee I lift my streaming eyes;  
My heart is fill'd with pain;  
Regard, O Lord, my mournful cries,  
Nor let me seek in vain.
- 3 None ever stood in greater need  
Of pard'ning grace than I;  
Thy death on Calvary, lo! I plead;  
Oh, save me, or I die.
- 4 If thou wilt of me be found,  
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;  
And tell to sinners all around,  
The glories of thy name. W. S. & H. B.

# 494

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;  
Regard me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse from sin;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Yea, tho' I've griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
And plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;  
But oh! look down with pitying eye,  
And save a soul condemn'd to die.



- 5 Then will I teach the world thy ways—  
Sinners shall learn thy heavenly grace;  
I'll lead them to the Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

## 495

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, thy blessings we implore;  
Thou only canst enrich the poor;  
Thy promise binds thee to be here;  
O make us earnest and sincere.
- 2 Thou seest us meet in thy great name,  
And we thy gracious promise claim;  
Pour out the Spirit of thy grace,  
And let thy glory fill the place.
- 3 On thee alone our souls depend,  
Thou art our Saviour and our Friend;  
Thy full salvation now reveal,  
And stamp on us thy Spirit's seal.
- 4 Thy cleansing blood we long to prove,  
Made meet to dwell with saints above;  
O cleanse us now from every stain,  
Nor let one spot of sin remain.      W. S. & H. B.

## 496

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heavenly praise;  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house,  
Which pay their night and morning vows;  
But makes a more delightful stay,  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old!  
What wonders were of Zion told!  
Thou city of our God below!  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew ;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

I. W.

497

6 Lines 8's.

1 **J**ESUS, thou God of truth and love,  
In all our waiting hearts appear ;  
Pour out the Spirit of thy grace  
On all the souls assembled here ;  
Help us, O Lord, to wait on thee,  
And let us now thy glory see.

2 Let all thou hast to us be given ;  
To us thy mighty name make known ;  
O let our prayers ascend to heaven,  
And bring the promis'd blessing down ;  
Increase our faith, Great One in Three,  
And may we all be fill'd with thee. W.S.&H.B.

498

S. M.

1 **T**O thee, O Lord, we pray,  
For all the human race ;  
To sinners now thy power display,  
And save them by thy grace.

2 Revive thy work this hour ;  
May all thy goodness know ;  
Destroy the tempter's hellish power ;  
His kingdom overthrow.

3 O send thy heralds forth,  
Salvation to proclaim,  
That all may know the second birth,  
And join to praise thy name. W.S.&H.B.

499

C. M.

1 **M**Y Saviour left the realms above,  
And suffer'd on the tree ;  
How great ! how wondrous was his love !  
I know he died for me.

2 When sunk in thick Egyptian night,  
He gave me eyes to see ;  
Now I can say with great delight,  
The Saviour died for me.

3 When I was bound in sin and thrall,  
His pitying eye did see ;  
He died to save me from the fall ;  
Yes—Jesus died for me !

4 And now I'm sav'd by blood divine ;  
The Lord has set me free ;  
His Spirit witnesseth with mine,  
That Jesus died for me.

5 From earth I shortly shall remove,  
I then his face shall see ;  
And tell to all the saints above,  
That Jesus died for me. W. S. & H. B.

500

L. M.

1 **T**HICK darkness hath the world o'erspread ;  
In sin, by nature, all are dead :  
But, O great God, thy wondrous grace  
Can all the clouds and darkness chase.

2 We long have walk'd the downward road,  
And groan'd beneath our sinful load ;  
Satan hath led us at his will,  
And some are willing captives still.

3 But now for liberty we pray ;  
Come, Lord, and take our sins away ;  
Maintain thy right, our foes subdue,  
Then we shall praise and love thee too.

W. S. & H. B.

# 501

## P.M.—CAMP MEETING FAREWELL.

- 1 **D**EAR brethren and sisters, awhile we must part;  
But though separated, we'll keep one in heart;  
Our way we'll pursue, and triumphantly sing,  
Salvation and glory to Jesus our King. :  
CHO. To Jesus who died, but now liveth again,  
We'll sing, Halleluia, halleluia, Amen.
- 2 The love of the Saviour can ne'er be exprest;  
In holding Camp-Meetings the prophets were blest;  
They laid the foundation, we're building the wall,  
And soon the dire kingdom of satan shall fall.
- 3 Farewell, guilty sinners, who still live in sin;  
This day we have show'd you the danger you're in;  
The mercy of Jesus you long have abus'd,  
He often has called, but as oft you've refus'd.
- 4 But still from destruction he calls you away;  
Come now to the Saviour, no longer delay;  
You all may find mercy, since Jesus hath died;  
Come, wash in the fountain that flows from his side.
- 5 Farewell, my dear brethren, who trust in his grace,  
And constantly walk in the light of his face;  
Tho' oft we may part while on earth we remain,  
When landed above we shall ne'er part again.
- 6 Our troubles and trials will then be all o'er;  
The Head of Camp-Meetings we there shall adore;  
There, there, we shall join the assembly above,  
And dwell in the ocean of Jesus's love.

## 502

C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God of love divine,  
Do thou unloose our tongue;  
And let us now with angels join,  
To sing a heavenly song.
- 2 May all our ransom'd powers unite,  
Thy goodness to proclaim;  
And spread, with rapture and delight,  
The triumphs of thy name.
- 3 O how amazing is thy love!  
Its greatness we admire;  
It lifts our hearts to things above,  
It fills with heavenly fire.
- 4 Thy love, O God, shall be our theme,  
While we on earth remain;  
And when we've cross'd the swelling stream,  
We'll join the heavenly train.
- 5 Almighty King of earth and heaven,  
One God, in Persons three;  
To thee be all the glory given,  
'Tis only due to thee.

W. S. & H. B.

## 503

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, in Persons three,  
Camp Meetings have been blest by thee;  
Met in thy own appointed way,  
We ask thy blessing here to-day.
- 2 Before thy face, great King, we bow,  
Come down, O Lord, and bless us now;  
On all thy sons and daughters shine,  
And shed abroad thy love divine.
- 3 While in thy name they prophesy,  
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;  
Now the converting grace impart,  
And let thy word reach every heart.

- 4 And hasten, Lord, that happy day,  
When all mankind shall own thy sway;—  
When every nation, tribe, and tongue,  
Shall join in one harmonious song. W.S. & H.B.

## 504

L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT happy day will shortly come,  
When we shall gain the promis'd land;  
We now are on our journey home,  
And we shall soon on Zion stand.
- 2 Our songs of praise shall then abound,  
While angels shout the loud Amen;  
We then with glory shall be crown'd,  
And never, never weep again. W.S. & H.B.

## 505

4 Lines 7's.

- 1 **T**IME is swiftly rolling on;  
We shall soon have run our race!  
Lo! another year is gone;  
Yet we see each other's face!
- 2 Multitudes from earth have fled,  
Since we last assembled here;  
They are number'd with the dead,  
But we in thy house appear.
- 3 Author of our lengthen'd days,  
Three in One, and One in Three,  
Take the glory and the praise,  
For 'tis only due to thee.
- 4 While permitted here to stay,  
Let thy praise fill every tongue;  
And when call'd from earth away,  
May we join the heavenly throng. W.S. & H.B.

506

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who reign'st above the skies,  
Supremely great and good,  
To thee we lift our longing eyes,  
O wash us in thy blood.
- 2 Thy Holy Spirit now impart,  
Thy fullness, Lord, bestow ;  
Reign thou thyself in every heart,  
And make us white as snow. W.S.&H.B.

507

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL triune God, Most High,  
Almighty Lord of earth and sky,  
From thy abode thy children see,  
Who now lift up their hearts to thee.
- 2 Father, descend and fill the place,  
Eternal Son, make known thy grace,  
Spirit of Truth, thyself impart,  
And write thy law on every heart. W.S.&H.B.

508

C. M.

- 1 **A**T God's command, who made the skies,  
By whom all power is given,  
We're pressing onwards to the prize,  
The prize, laid up in heaven.
- 2 The crown we now, by faith, behold,  
It glitters through the skies ;  
The holy city pav'd with gold,  
Lies just before our eyes.
- 3 While here on earth we'll nothing know,  
But Jesus crucified ;  
We'll leave all vanities below,  
And in his love abide.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

4 In search of happiness complete,  
We soar above the skies;  
And tread the world beneath our feet,  
With all its gilded toys.

5 Satan would fain our souls deceive,  
And draw our feet astray;  
But lasting blessings we'll not leave,  
For pleasures that decay.

6 O may we never rove abroad,  
Nor cleave to earthly toys;  
But hasten to the blest abode,  
And share immortal joys.

W. S. & H. B.

**509**

L. M.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast bid us always pray.  
O may we thy command obey;  
And still our heavenly way pursue,  
And ever keep the prize in view.

2 May we in grace and knowledge grow,  
And daily walk by faith below,  
Until we reach the heavenly place,  
And view the Lord with open face.

W. S. & H. B.

**510**

C. M.

1 **N**OW, Lord, the power of sin controul,  
And banish all my fears;  
O Come, and heal my sin-sick soul,  
And wipe away my tears.

2 On me thy heavenly grace bestow,  
Thy mercy I implore;  
Speak, Lord, and bid the captive go,  
And bid me sin no more.

W. S. & H. B.

**511**

L. M.

1 **W**HEN the last trumpet shakes the ground,  
And heaven and earth shall pass away,  
Poor sinners, how will you be found?  
How can you meet that awful day?



*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

- 2 With trembling you will leave the tomb,  
(Unless you from your sins forsake ;)  
The Judge will then pronounce your doom,  
And plunge you in the fiery lake.
- 3 But tho' his grace you've long withstood,  
And would not to his septre bow,  
He waits to save you by his blood,  
And crown you with salvation now.
- 4 For crimes that you and I have done,  
He gave himself a sacrifice ;  
That we eternal wrath might shun,  
And reign with him above the skies.
- 5 Believe in him with all your heart,  
And all your sins shall be forgiven ;  
Believe, till you from earth depart,  
And then he'll take you up to heaven. w.s.&r.

**512**

*4 Lines 8's and 2 6's.*

- 1 **H** E A D of the church, enthron'd above,  
Before we from this place remove,  
Thy Holy Spirit pour ;  
And when our work is finish'd here,  
May we before thy face appear,  
And meet, to part no more.

W. S.

**513**

P. M.

**L** O R D, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
Bid us now depart in peace ;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase :  
Fill each breast with consolation ;  
Up to thee our hearts we raise :  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.  
Halleluia ! &c.

## 514

C. M.

1 **G**REAT God of truth, our hearts inspire,  
While at thy feet we bow;  
Send down, O Lord, the heavenly fire,  
And sanctify us now.

2 Let not one spot of sin remain,  
Write thy pure law within;  
And let thy grace triumphant reign,  
And make an end of sin.

W. S. & H. B.

## 515

C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, who spilt his precious blood,  
Is now exalted high;  
He is our Advocate with God,  
And bids us all draw nigh.

2 He offers peace and pardoning love,  
To all the human race:  
We now may his salvation prove,  
And taste redeeming grace.

3 Thousands his mercy have implor'd,  
And none have been denied;  
And if we venture on his word,  
We may be justified.

W. S. & H. B.

## 516

C. M.

1 **W**HILE thro' the wilderness we go,  
We have no cause to fear;  
Rivers of life from Jesus flow,  
Our drooping hearts to cheer.

2 From him who suffer'd on the cross,  
They flow to dying men;  
Sinners, you all may drink with us,  
And need not thirst again.

W. S. & H. B.

517

S. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thou Corner Stone,  
Unite us all to thee;  
May we in heart continue one,  
Till we thy glory see.

2 Endue us with thy grace,  
And hold us in thy hand,  
Till we appear before thy face,  
And gain the promis'd land. W.S.&H.B.

518

C. M.

1 **N**OW, Lord, we in thy house appear,  
We came, thy truth to prove;  
O Jesus, let us feel thee near,  
And triumph in thy love.

2 With heavenly fire baptize us all;  
Thy Spirit now impart;  
On thy great Name, in faith we call,  
For all thou hast, and art. W. S.

519

C. M.

1 **A** MOURNER at thy feet behold,  
On me, O Jesus, look;  
And let my name be now enroll'd  
In life's immortal book.

2 Long time I wander'd far from thee,  
And did thy Spirit grieve;  
But now I groan to be set free;  
O help me to believe. W. S.

520

S. M.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
But, take to arm you for the fight,  
The armour of your God.

4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

W.

## 521

C. M.

1 **D**ANIEL, a holy man, was cast  
Into the lion's den;  
But God, (whose mercies ever last,)  
Did not forsake him then.

2 This holy man was not afraid,  
Nor was he put to shame;  
He knew that God, who all things made,  
Could roaring lions tame.

3 According to his faith 'twas done;  
The lions' mouths were clos'd;  
The Lord—the mighty Three in One—  
For Daniel interpos'd.

4 Then let us never be afraid,  
For Daniel's God is our's;  
He bruises the old serpent's head,  
And spoils his hellish powers.

5 Long as we trust in Jesus' name,  
We shall be kept from harm;  
That God who did the lions tame,  
Will all our foes disarm.

W. S.

522

S. M.

1 **P**RAY without ceasing, pray,  
(Your Captain gives the word,)  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord.

2 To God, your every want  
In instant prayer display;  
Pray always; pray, and never faint;  
Pray without ceasing, pray.

W

523

C. M.

1 **T**HY arm, O Lord, has been made bare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Now, (while we lift our hearts in prayer,)  
Revive thy work again.

2 Thy quick'ning word like fire has run,  
And we have caught the flame;  
Still may thy glorious work go on,  
Till all shall know thy name.

3 Thy mighty name is Jesus still;  
Thou hast not lost thy power;  
Let every heart thy presence feel;  
Revive thy work this hour.

W. S.

524

L. M.

1 **T**HO' Job was tried and tempted sore,  
With meekness all his pains he bore:  
He with affliction was opprest,  
But God with patience arm'd his breast.

2 Tho' earth and hell against him rose,  
By faith he triumph'd o'er his foes;  
The Lord upheld him by his power,  
And sav'd him in the trying hour.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

3 The Lord supports his people still,  
Who are obedient to his will.  
All glory to the Saviour's name,  
His grace and truth are still the same.

4 May we, like holy Job, depend  
On him whose mercy knows no end;  
And tho' we can't his footsteps trace,  
Still may we trust him for his grace. W. S.

525

L. M.

1 **T**HE Lord our God ascends on high,  
And reigns enthron'd above all height;  
And angel hosts above the sky,  
Fall down and worship at his feet.

2 They hide their faces with their wings,  
And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry;  
They glorify the King of kings,  
Whose presence fills both earth and sky.

3 Let mortals now their voices raise,  
And join to sing the heavenly song:  
To shout the great Creator's praise,  
Join every heart and every tongue. W.S. & H.B.

526

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, who can in thy presence stand,  
Or match Omnipotence?  
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,  
Or pluck the sinner thence?

2 Sworn to destroy, let hell assail;  
Nearer to save thou art;  
Stronger than all the powers of hell,  
And greater than my heart.

3 Thy powerful Spirit can subdue,  
And conquer, every sin;  
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
And write thy law within.

- 4 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
Yet let me hear thy call;  
My soul with confidence shall rise,  
Shall rise and break through all.
- 5 The Ethiop then shall change his skin;  
The dead shall feel thy power;  
The loathsome leper shall be clean;  
And I shall sin no more. w.

## 527

L. M.

- 1 **E**NOCH, by faith, with Jesus walk'd,  
And daily of his goodness talk'd;  
By faith he triumph'd o'er the grave,  
And prov'd the power of God to save.
- 2 The vale of death he never trod,  
But in a chariot went to God.  
The Lord, by whom his life was given,  
Translated him from earth to heaven.
- 3 May we in faith like Enoch grow,  
And walk with God while here below;  
And soar at last from earth away,  
To regions of eternal day. w. s. & h. e.

## 528

L. M. .

- 1 **J**ESUS, behold me sore distress;  
No earthly thing can make me blest;  
But one reviving look of thine,  
Can cheer this drooping soul of mine.
- 2 My heart is fill'd with pain and grief;  
I come to thee, Lord, for relief;  
I groan and struggle to be free;  
I weep, I mourn, I pine for thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, dispel my gloomy fears;  
Remove these doubts, dry up my tears;  
And fill me with thy perfect love,  
And hide my life with thee above. w.s.&h.e.

529

C. M.

- 1 **W**HO hath despised or contemn'd  
The day of feeble things?  
Lo, I shall be by grace redeem'd;  
'Tis grace, salvation brings.
- 2 Ready my Lord, my Saviour stands;  
Him I rejoice to see,  
Now with the plummet in his hands,  
To build and finish me.
- 3 O may my Lord, my Saviour come,  
And bid my sin depart;  
And dwell and take up all the room,  
In my believing heart.
- 4 O Son of God, arise, arise,  
And to thy temple come,  
And look, and with thy flaming eyes,  
The man of sin consume.
- 5 O slay him with thy Spirit, Lord,  
And reign thyself alone;  
Speak, speak the sanctifying word,  
'And seal me for thy own. *W. a. by H. B.*

530

L. M.

- 1 **A**TTEEND, ye nations all around,  
And hear the trumpet's awful sound;  
It shakes the earth, and sea, and skies,  
And bids the sleeping dead, arise.
- 2 The Judge in majesty comes down,  
Wearing a rainbow and a crown;  
With glory beaming in his face,  
He comes to judge the human race.
- 3 Lo, twice ten thousand thunders roll,  
While horrors seize the guilty soul;  
But those who lov'd, and serv'd him here,  
With joy at his right hand appear.



- 4 May we prepare for that great day,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
Then shall we find eternal rest,  
And share a lot among the blest. W. S. & H. B.

## 531

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E sinners, now begin to pray;  
Aloud for mercy cry;  
For if you put it off to-day,  
To-morrow you may die.
- 2 And then, alas! what would you give,  
To have an hour to pray?  
But death will grant you no reprieve;  
His hand he will not stay.
- 3 O seek the Lord with hearts sincere,  
While yet he may be found;  
O call upon him while he's near—  
While mercy doth abound. W. S.

## 532

L. M.

- 1 **W**E thank thee, O thou God of grace,  
That yet we see each other's face;  
Many have left this mortal shore,  
Since we assembled here before.
- 2 They've paid the debt we all must pay;  
They've left the cumbrous house of clay:  
O solemn thought! we all must die!  
Our bodies in the grave must lie.
- 3 But after death, our souls must dwell,  
With God in heaven, or sink in hell:  
Then let us now for death prepare,  
That we eternal life may share. W. S.

## 533

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE scene how solemn, yet how sweet,  
When Jesus calls his saints away!  
They meekly gather up their feet,  
Their bodies mingle with their clay.

- 2 Their happy souls to glory rise,  
Beyond where mortal eyes can view;  
By angels borne above the skies,  
They bid this lower world adieu.
- 3 In the bright realms of endless rest,  
They dwell in love, and joy, and peace;  
No more they are with grief opprest;  
The toils of life for ever cease.
- 4 O may we like the righteous live;  
Then we like them at last shall die;  
Our God to us a crown will give.  
And we shall reign above the sky. w. s.

## 534

C. M.

- 1 **T**O save us who in sin were dead,  
And turn away our doom,  
The Father gave his Son to bleed—  
A victim in our room.
- 2 The Son his spotless life resign'd,  
And suffer'd on the tree:  
His love extends to all mankind;  
His grace for all is free.
- 3 O may we in his name believe,  
And from all sin depart;  
Then we his blessing shall receive,  
And feel him in our heart. w. s.

## 535

L. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaketh once, yea twice;  
He utters forth his mighty voice;  
He calls aloud to Adam's race,  
At every time, in every place.
- 2 He speaks from heaven, his high abode,  
By mercies every hour bestow'd;  
He loudly speaks by judgments too:  
Ye sons of men, he speaks to you.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

- 3 To you he speaks in various ways—  
His justice and his grace displays;  
He speaks—yet some do not perceive;  
The word of God they won't believe.
- 4 While some refuse to lend an ear,  
His voice with trembling may we hear,  
And give our sinful wand'rings o'er,  
And slight his offer'd grace no more. w. s.

**536**

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW vast, how wondrous is that love,  
Which brought the Saviour from above  
That love, if sinners did but know,  
They would not slight the Saviour so.
- 2 May Jesus now his grace impart,  
And may his love fill every heart,  
And change the vulture to the dove,  
And turn their hatred into love. w. s.

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w. Charles Wesley.  
s. w. Samuel Wesley.  
i. w. Isaac Watts.  
d. Doddridge.  
n. Newton.  
c. Cowper.  
w. a. by H. B. & w. s. Wesley, altered by H. B. & w. s.  
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w. s. William Sanders.  
H. B. & w. s. or w. s. & H. B. Hugh Bourne and William Sanders, jointly.  
*Orig.* Original Hymns, by several hands.

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## ON THE METRES.

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- L. M. Long Metre.  
 C. M. Common Metre.  
 S. M. Short Metre.  
 P. M. Peculiar Metre.  
 T. M. Trumpet Metre, or 4 lines  
     6's & 2-8's.  
 4 lines 7's, 7 syllables in each  
     line.  
 6 lines 8's, 8 syllables in each  
     line.

All these metres are usually given out by two lines at once.

4 lines 8's & 2-6's—Are usually given out first one line, and then two.

All 10's, or 10's and 11's—Are given out by one line or two, as is thought most agreeable.

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